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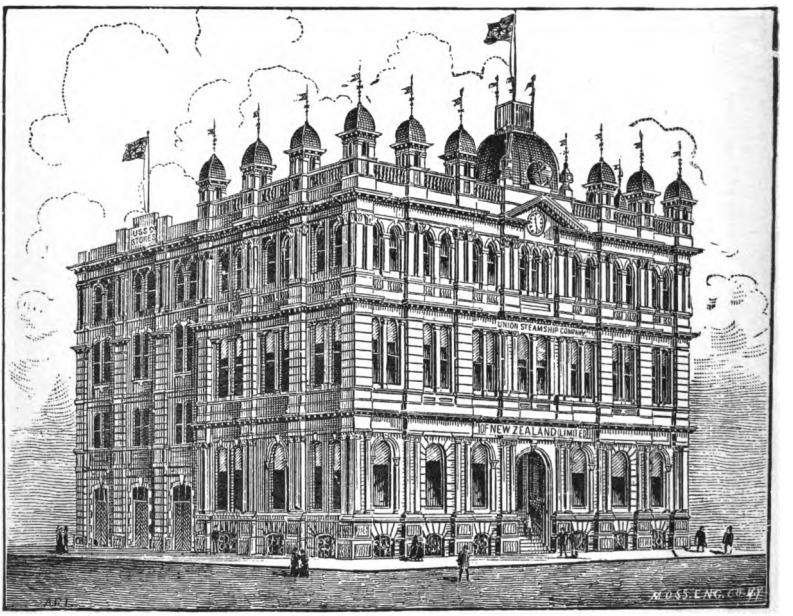


HEAD OFFICE UNION STEAM SHIP COMPANY OF N.Z., LIMITED, DUNEDIN.
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J. Bryce

# MAORILAND

—AN—

## ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK

—TO—

# NEW ZEALAND.

—ISSUED BY THE—

**Union Steam Ship Company of New Zealand**

(LIMITED)

GEORGE ROBERTSON AND CO. (LIMITED),

MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, ADELAIDE, AND BRISBANE.

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# PREFACE.

The facilities for communication between the Old World and the Colonies have increased so rapidly of late years that journeys which were at one time looked forward to with dread, and undertaken with misgiving, are now made, not only under circumstances that recall the comforts aud luxuries at the command of the traveller on shore, but with a rapidity which barely allows him time to become accustomed to his new surroundings before his destination is reached. Tourists are already looking further afield, and the dark places of the earth are having the light of exploration thrown upon them. The Grand Tour is not now limited to the round of the European Continent—its boundaries have been extended until they embrace almost the entire globe.

The enterprise of the New Zealand Shipping Company and the Shaw, Savill and Albion Company, in establishing a direct service between Great Britain and New Zealand, and carrying it on by steamers unsurpassed for speed and appointments by any afloat, has drawn more closely the tie that binds this Colony to the Mother Country, and afforded opportunities to English people to become acquainted with the attractions of a country which but for this they might have left unvisited.

Already English tourists are wandering from the beaten track and seeking in New Zealand life and scenery that change which is the charm of all travel.

The sister colonies have not been slow to show their appreciation of the proximity of a country, the bracing summer climate of which offers a welcome relief to the

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enervating atmosphere of their own, and season after season the increasing number of visitors that cross over from Australia by the splendid boats that carry on the inter-colonial trade testify to the growing popularity of New Zealand as a tourist country.

Recognising that without a guide to the various attractions of a new country the traveller's pleasure in his visit is very much diminished, the Directors of the Union Steam Ship Company of New Zealand have on two previous occasions issued publications of this nature, which have served their purpose and met with the appreciation of the public. The rapidity with which the Colony has progressed, and the opening up of new routes of travel, however, has made the issue of a Handbook on a more extended basis than their previous publications a matter of necessity.

With a view to supplying this want the Directors of the Company entrusted the preparation of a work, such as was required, to three gentlemen who have made themselves familiar with the characteristic features of the parts of the Colony which they have respectively described. The present volume is the result of their joint labours. The description of the North Island has been written by Mr. Alex. Wilson, M.A., and that of the Middle Island by Mr. Rutherford Waddell, M.A., while the account of the West Coast Sounds is contributed by Mr. T. W. Whitson.

Every place described has been visited by the writers, and reliable information collected on the spot; and while keeping its primary object as a Guide Book to the Colony prominently in view, the compilers have aimed at making the work one of interest to the general reader.

DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND,
*1st October, 1884.*

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# INTRODUCTORY.

The object of the present work is twofold: first, to enable the visitor to New Zealand to understand what places and things are most worth seeing, and how best to see them; and secondly, to supply the visitor who has seen the most noteworthy sights of the Colony with a description which it is hoped may be faithful enough in its details to recall to his mind those places with which he has been most impressed, and to revive his impressions. With this object in view the writers have spared no pains to make the various routes clear and intelligible, and to give a faithful record of their own impressions of the many noteworthy sights which are to be seen in the course of a tour through New Zealand. It may be objected to a book of this kind that the record of any single individual's impressions is useless either as a preparation for what is to be seen, or as a reminder of what has been seen; because no two persons see the same object with the same eyes. On the other hand it may be said that, as regards at least the reviving of old impressions, a record from which you dissent is as effective as a record with which you agree. In reading a description of any scene as a preparation for seeing it, the danger lies in over-colouring. To the accusation of over-colouring most descriptions are more or less liable, according to the angle at which the various readers see the thing described. The writers of this work hope they may be accused rather of subduing than of heightening colour.

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According to native tradition, the ancestors of the Maori race reached New Zealand many ages ago in canoes from a distant island called Hawaiki. Where Hawaiki was the tradition does not say, but that it lay somewhere in the Pacific is certain, from the close affinity of the Maori language to the languages of some of the Pacific islands. Possibly it was Hawaii, the language and traditions of the Sandwich group having much in common with those of New Zealand. The first canoe to arrive was the Arawa, commanded by the great ancestor of the Rotorua tribes, Tama te Kapua. Other canoes followed, the various detachments of immigrants appropriating to themselves on their arrival certain districts of the North Island. The most celebrated of the canoes were the Aotea, Tainui, Kuruhaupo, Takitumu, Tokomaru, Matatua, Mahuhu, Mamari, and Moekakara. The Shaw, Savill and Albion Company have very appropriately named the steamers of their fleet after the primeval canoes, as the New Zealand Shipping Company have given to their steamers the native names of New Zealand mountains, and the Union Steam Ship Company to theirs the native names of New Zealand lakes.

It is just 115 years since Captain Cook first landed on the shores of New Zealand. Since that time, in little more than a century, the face of the country has changed more than Cook could have conceived possible in his wildest visions of colonization and settlement. The formidable native population, which swarmed along the shores wherever he attempted a landing, has dwindled down to a comparatively insignificant remnant of 44,000, whilst the white population which has displaced the natives numbers about half-a-million. Except in the untravelled fastnesses of the King Country, there is no considerable area of agricultural or pastoral land that has not its fields of corn or its

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thousands of cattle and sheep. Stations, farm-steadings, townships, and cities have sprung up where, in the beginning of the century, nothing was to be seen but endless tracts of tussock, fern, swamp-land, or stretches of trackless bush. To-day New Zealand can hold her own among British Colonies which are considerably older than herself. The Colony is fast being opened up by a vein-system of railways, and the natural products of the country are thus being brought within reach of the markets. Increased facilities of communication both by sea and land, not only between the various parts of the Colony, but also with other colonies, have naturally led to increased activity in commercial and industrial centres. New industries are springing yearly into existence, and industries already established are being rapidly extended and improved.

The regular colonization of New Zealand may be said to date from the year 1839, in which year the New Zealand Company sent out a party of settlers under Colonel Wakefield, who established themselves on the shores of Port Nicholson, founding the city which they called Wellington. Up to this time New Zealand, so far as it had been governed at all, had been under the jurisdiction of New South Wales. In May, 1841, however, New Zealand was constituted an independent Colony, and in the same month the first Legislative Council was held at Auckland. From this time till 1852 special settlements were made in various parts of the Colony. The settlement of Nelson and Taranaki followed hard upon that of Wellington. In 1848 a band of Presbyterian emigrants established themselves in Otago, and founded the City of Dunedin; and shortly after this the settlement of Canterbury—the centre of which was Christchurch—was established, also on a religious basis, the settlers in this instance belonging exclusively to the Church of England.

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In 1852 an Act was passed in the Imperial Parliament granting to the people of New Zealand a charter of Self-Government. By this Act the sovereign power was vested in a General Assembly, consisting of a Governor appointed by the Crown, and two Houses—a Legislative Council, or Upper House, the members of which are nominated by the Government, and a House of Representatives, chosen by the people. To provide for local government the Colony was divided into six provinces—Auckland, Taranaki, Wellington, Nelson, Canterbury and Otago—the affairs of each province to be managed by a Superintendent and Provincial Council. Subsequently four additional provinces were created—Hawke's Bay, Marlborough, Southland, and Westland. In 1875 this system of provinces was abolished, and the whole Government of the Colony was vested in the General Assembly. At the same time New Zealand was divided into 62 Counties, the affairs of each County being managed by a County Council.

Of late years the increasing facility and speed of communication between New Zealand and the sister colonies, as well as between New Zealand and the Mother Country, have been bringing to the Colony a class of visitors quite distinct from that which business enterprise draws to our shores. New Zealand is now becoming known as a land of the picturesque and the wonderful. Those who may be said to have "done" Europe and America find on this side of the world sights which are novel and charming even to travellers familiar with the magnificence of Switzerland and Norway, and with the wonderful volcanic phenomena of Iceland. To the various Australian Colonies, as they grow in wealth and population, the existence of New Zealand within easy distance must prove a natural advantage of inestimable value. Apart

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from all consideration of the beauty of New Zealand scenery, it seems hardly possible to over-estimate the blessing, to a continent possessing the hot and exhausting climate of Australia, of having within practicable distance, a climate which, by comparison with its own, may be called vigorous and bracing. But the difference in the climates of Australia and New Zealand is not more marked than the difference in their scenery. Beautiful as much of the Australian scenery is, it is very different in the character of its beauty from that of New Zealand. A slight knowledge of the physical conditions of the two countries must make it sufficiently clear that the contrast between the scenery of Australia and New Zealand is not less marked than the contrast between the scenery of the Australian Colonies generally and that of Europe.

And what does New Zealand offer by way of attraction to the traveller in search of the picturesque? Rather, what does she not offer? Let him commence with a visit to the West Coast of Otago, where he will lose himself in admiration of the sublimity and beauty of the Sounds; let him proceed along the chain of lakes that stretches north-east from Lake Manapcuri in Otago to Lake Tekapo in Canterbury — colossal mountain-tarns lying under the shadow of magnificent snow-capped ranges; thence let him visit the glaciers that hang on the sides of Mount Cook and his satellites; let him cross by the Otira Gorge from Canterbury to Westland; let him visit the enormous forests and plains, and the beautiful rivers and harbours of both islands; let him finish his round with one of the most wonderful experiences to be had in the Old World or the New—a visit to the fumaroles, boiling cauldrons, geysers, and terraces of the Auckland hot-lake district; and then

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let him say whether New Zealand does not offer attractions to the lover of the wonderful and picturesque.

In considering the question as to how far any country may offer itself as an attractive field for travellers who are in search of health or recreation, one of the most important points to be considered is the means of locomotion. This is a question that nearly concerns the most robust—how much more nearly the invalid? By all reasonable travellers it will be allowed that, considering the youth of the Colony, the speed and comfort of its means of locomotion are such as reflect upon it no discredit. On March 31st, 1884, the total length of railway open for traffic was 1450 miles, the total amount of money expended on railways up to that date being over £12,000,000. Since that time the work of extending the railways has been steadily pushed forward, so that in a few years we may expect to see an unbroken line running the whole length of each island.

The opening of the Waimea Plains railway has brought the magnificent lake-district of Otago within easy reach of Dunedin; and we may confidently look forward to seeing the hot-lake district of Auckland made equally easy of access to those who wish to see its wonders, or to try the healing power of its waters. In those places of interest not yet penetrated by railways there are well-conducted coach services; and though travelling by coach is neither so fast nor so comfortable as by rail, yet in bowling along through the crisp New Zealand air, seated on the box-seat of a coach, there is a pleasure which is wanting to the most improved style of railway travelling.

The comfort of visitors to New Zealand will, of course, to a great extent depend on the completeness of the steam service which runs between New Zealand and the various other colonies, and along the coasts of the two islands.

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Fully alive to this, the Union Steam Ship Company of New Zealand has exerted itself to the utmost to provide for the comfort and convenience of those who travel by sea, either along the coasts of this Colony itself or to the neighbouring colonies of Tasmania, Victoria and New South Wales.

The Company was grafted on the older Harbour Steam Company which was started by Mr. John Jones, in Dunedin, some twenty-three years ago; and one of the chief causes of its success and of its present pre-eminence amongst Australian shipping companies lies in the fact that—beginning with small things—it has so adapted itself, under careful management, to the growing needs of the Colony, that the growth and prosperity of the Company have kept pace with the advance of the Colony itself.

The Harbour Steam Company began its existence in 1861 with the small paddle steamer, "Golden Age." The increased trade consequent upon the opening of the Otago Goldfields soon induced the proprietary to purchase five additional steamers, and to extend its operations, hitherto confined to the local trade in the neighbourhood of Dunedin, to the more distant New Zealand ports. On Mr. Jones's death in 1869, Mr. James Mills became a large proprietor, and undertook the active management of the Company. This marked an epoch in its history, and this period may be looked upon as the starting point of the Company which, in 1875, developed into what is now the extensive Union Steam Ship Company of New Zealand, Limited. The necessity for providing increased freight and passenger accommodation to meet the demand arising for it, induced Mr. Mills to visit Great Britain in 1874, and while there he arranged for the building of two new steamers, the Hawea and Taupo.

By this time the trade of the Company had grown so

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considerable that it was felt that, in order to give it full scope for the possible development that lay before it, the proprietary must be so extended as to enlist the interest of the more influential men in the community; and accordingly in 1875 the Harbour Steam Company was merged into the Union Steam Ship Company of New Zealand, Limited, with a powerful proprietary and an influential directory.

Until 1878, the operations of the Company were confined to the carrying out of services between the coastal ports of New Zealand and New Zealand and Sydney; but in November of that year the inter-colonial fleet of Messrs. McMeckan, Blackwood, and Co. was purchased, and the entire inter-colonial and New Zealand coastal trade thus passed into the hands of the Company. Since that time the progress of the Company has been continuous and steady. Steamer after steamer—all constructed from the designs and under the supervision of Mr. John Darling, who as Marine Superintendent of the Company had been associated with Mr. James Mills since its initiation—each more luxuriously fitted up than its predecessor, has been added to the fleet. Every scientific improvement, either in the machinery or the fittings of vessels, has been brought into requisition for their construction, until, from small beginnings, the fleet of the Union Steam Ship Company of New Zealand has grown to be the largest and most powerful in the Southern Hemisphere. It comprises 28 steamers of an aggregate tonnage of 28,000 tons and 26,330 i.h.p. As further showing the magnitude of the Company's operations it may be interesting to mention that, in the course of the past year (1883-84), the steamers travelled in their regular services 853,218 miles, entailing a consumption of 94,574 tons of coal. The ordinary services of the Company include weekly boats

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from Melbourne and from Sydney to New Zealand and *vice versâ*, and almost daily communication is carried on between the principal New Zealand ports. In addition, there is a monthly service between Melbourne and Fiji, and between Auckland and Fiji, while in the latter Colony one of the Company's steamers plies regularly between different islands of the group. During the summer season supplementary services are run over all the Company's lines, and special excursions are made to the West Coast Sounds of New Zealand. A new feature has been the initiation this year (1884) of mid-winter excursions to the South Sea Islands, including visits to Fiji, Samoa, and Tonga; and in future seasons it is contemplated embracing in the programme Tahiti and other groups of the South Pacific.

It only remains to add that in describing the country, the writers have followed the routes that would probably be taken by tourists; those arriving from Melbourne, working the South Island from Invercargill and the Lake District, northwards to Wellington; and arrivals from Sydney making Auckland their starting point, and working southwards through the North Island to Wellington.

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# THE SOUTH OR MIDDLE ISLAND.

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# CHAPTER I.

## GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS.

The South or Middle Island (as it is indifferently called) of New Zealand comprises the Provinces of Southland, Otago, Canterbury, Westland, Marlborough, and Nelson. The scenery of the South Island differs largely from that of the North. In the latter, volcanic forces have been stronger, or perhaps more recent in their action, and, as a consequence, the North Island is the home of burning mountains and boiling springs and lakes. These of course are very remarkable, and hitherto have chiefly attracted the attention of travellers who have visited New Zealand; but recently it has been found that the South or Middle Island possesses attractions, if somewhat different in kind, not inferior in degree.

The South Island is the "land of the mountain and the flood." It is the chosen home of the ice king—of lakes of enormous depth, and of surpassing beauty—of mountains, whose passes are as high as the famous peaks of Scotland—and of glaciers unequalled almost outside the region of Polar snow. The lakes in the South Island are sometimes called the cold lakes of New Zealand in order to distinguish them from the hot lakes of the North Island. They are very numerous, somewhere about sixty can be counted. Many of them are of course not only of small dimensions, but of comparatively little interest.

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There are twelve large lakes, and the country in which they lie is usually called "The Lake District." If the reader will look at a map, he will see that a line drawn north-east, from Preservation Inlet to the Rangitata River, would pass through these twelve lakes. They are divided into five groups. The southern groups includes Pouteriteri, Hakapoua, and Hauroto. The south-western group comprises Monowai, Manapouri, and Te Anau, and is drained by the Waiau River. The central group consists of Wakatipu, Hawea, and Wanaka, drained by the Clutha River. All of these are in Otago; the only group outside Otago is the northern one, which comprises Ohau, Pukaki, and Tekapo, and is drained by the Waitaki River. This group is in Canterbury. Now, the ultimate route of tourists will lie along this line, beginning with the group of lakes in the extreme south, and going right through to those in the north. As yet, however, with the exception of the lakes in the south-western and central group, the journey is not such as every visitor would care to undertake. If one is willing to undergo some fatigue, it is possible to make the journey right through from south to north; but in order to do this the distance, from the southern to south-western group, *i.e.*, from Monowai to Manapouri, and again from the central group to the northern, *i.e.*, from Wanaka and Hawea to Ohau, must be covered either on foot or on horseback. To accomplish this the southern group would have to be reached either from Preservation Inlet, or by the railway from Riverton to Otautau or Nightcaps, thence across the Waiau, and thence northward to Monowai, and thence up the valley of the Waiau to Manapouri and Te Anau. From here, joining the railway at the Elbow, and then on to Wakatipu; or else going from the northern arm of Te Anau down the Greenstone Valley; or, better still, up the Mararoa River, past the two Mavora

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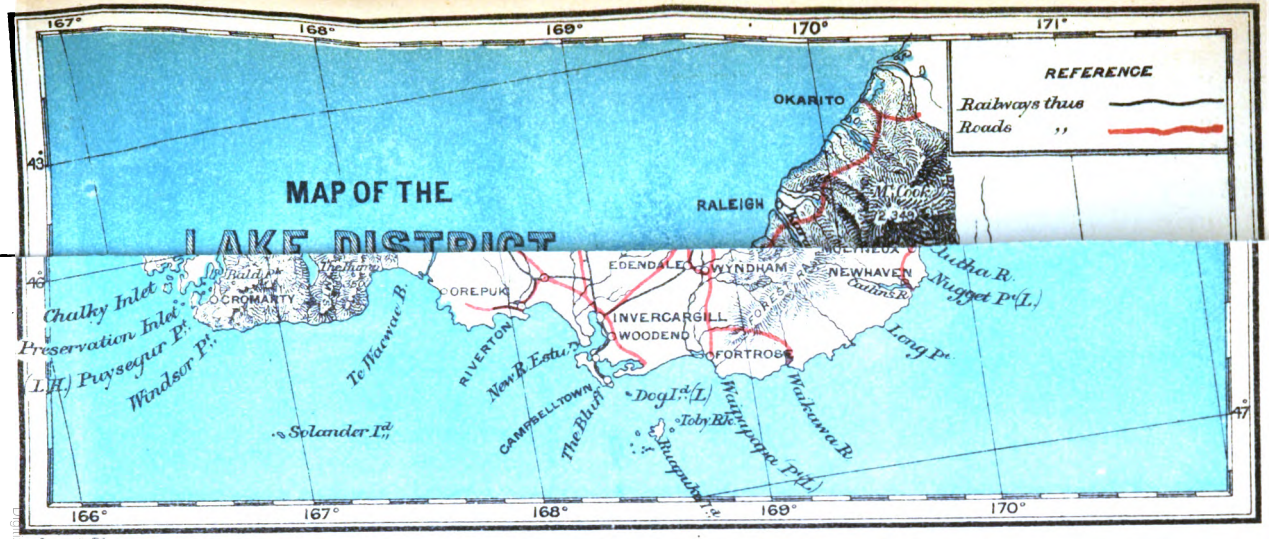


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lakes, and down the Von River to Wakatipu. Then on from Wakatipu by coach to Cromwell, thence to Wanaka; or Wanaka may be reached, on foot or horse, by going over the Crown Ranges, and down the Cardrona Valley. From Wanaka there is a track down the Haast Valley, which leads to the West Coast. But the road to the northern group branches off at Alberton, about four miles from Pembroke, up the Lindis Pass to Lakes Ohau, Pukaki, and Tekapo, and from this last the coach is caught to Fairlie Creek, thence by train to Timaru. This is what will ultimately be the tourist's route, but meantime it only exists, at least the greater part of it, as an ideal. The track is already formed; but with the exception of the distance between Wakatipu, and Wanaka, and Hawea, there are no coaches, and the only means of locomotion is on foot or on horseback. This journey therefore, meantime, cannot be recommended to tourists unless they are willing to undergo some little difficulty and fatigue. The route laid down in the following pages will be found the most practicable for seeing the scenery of this wondrous region. We say wondrous, for that is the unanimous verdict of those who know it best, and are the best qualified to form an opinion regarding it There is just one thing in which the scenery of this region is distinctly inferior to that of older countries—it has no human or historic background.

There is a story told of Robert Burns, that he stood with Dugald Stewart one day on the Braid Hills, looking out on the fair morning world. "Beneath were cottages, early sparrows, doubtless noisy in the thatch, pillars of blue smoke, telling of preparation of breakfast for labourers afield, curling in the calm air. Burns took in the whole scene, and declared that in his view the worthiest object it contained was the cluster of smoking cots. Poetry for him lay in the cottage

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rather than in the tree that overshadowed it, or the stream that sparkled past." This element of enjoyment will be absent from the greater portion of the scenery of these lake districts. In the more remote parts, Wordsworth's lines are almost literally correct :—

> No habitation can be seen ; but they
> Who journey thither find themselves alone
> With a few sheep, with rocks, and stones, and kites,
> That overhead are sailing in the sky ;
> It is in truth an utter solitude.

And yet we are not sure if that is not in some respects desirable ; the presence of man rather detracts from the charm of these regions—the real live being is a little jarring amid the sublimities of these solitudes We do not greatly miss the *actual* thing, but we do miss the *ideal* human background, for, if not in reality, yet in imagination, the human historic element adds an immense charm to Nature's scenes. In proof of this one has only to think of what the Cumberland Lakes, the Yarrow, the Scottish Highlands, the European Alps, would be without their historic associations. In his "Seven lamps of Architecture," Ruskin touches upon this point. After describing, as he only can, the charm of a pine forest in the Jura, above the village of Champagnoli, and the impression it made upon him, he goes on to remark that "it would be difficult to conceive a scene less dependent upon any other interest than that of its own secluded and serious beauty ; but the writer well remembers the sudden blankness and chill which were cast upon it when he endeavoured, in order more strictly to arrive at the sources of its impressiveness, to imagine it for a moment a scene in some aboriginal forest of the New Continent. The flowers in an instant lost their light, the river its music ; the hills became oppressively desolate, a heaviness in the boughs of the darkened forest showed how much of their former power had been depen-

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dent on a life that was not theirs, how much of the glory of the imperishable, or continually renewed creation is reflected from things more precious in their memories, than it in its renewing. Those ever springing flowers, and ever growing streams, had been dyed by the deep colors of human endurance, valor, and virtue; and the crests of the sable hills that rose against the evening sky received a deeper worship because their far-shadows fell eastward over the iron wall of Joux and the four-square Keep of Granson."

This is all very true, and the traveller who visits this new country will be able to verify it to the letter.

The mountains, lakes, rivers here are almost entirely destitute of any human history. True, indeed, there are some traces here and there of man. His bleaching bones have been picked up amid the brown tussocks of the lonely plains, and the hills and hollows bear traces of his efforts to wring from the hard clasp of nature, the yellow gold. These tell the story of a time that was, a time in which human passion and pathos played their parts in the history of the vanished Past. But it is a Past, for the most part, unhistoric if not unheroic. Doubtless this may be because it is so near to the present. It does not recede far enough from our view to lose its commonplace details, and gather round its pathos and its passion, that ideal mellowing light, with which the setting sun smooths out the shadows westward, and bathes the far hills in a soft purple glory. As yet no Ariosto of the south has arisen to do for these mountains and lakes, what the "Ariosto of the north" has done for those of Scotland.

But, indeed, the task of the former will be much more difficult, for he will have to create the very materials which the latter found ready to his hand. Wakatipu and Wanaka have no Lady of the Lake, no story of beauty and anguish

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walking hand in hand to death. Manapouri or Te Anau has no Lausanne or Ferney—no Rydal Mount or Rotha Stream that

> . . . . "have been the abodes
> Of men that unto them bequeathed a name."

The mountains and valleys are vacant, all, of those heroic records that weave their deathless memories round the Highlands of Scotland, or the Alpine passes of Switzerland. Nor have the woods and rivers here any of those histories and legends that give such charms to those of older lands. The Clutha, the Waiau, and the Waitaki may have much to attract, but they have no Coblentz or Ehrenbreitstein on their banks; no Byron or Scott or Wordsworth has yet immortalised them in song. What a recent writer in the Melbourne Review has well said of one of these rivers is equally true of all: "they are rivers without a history, they want that sanctification which others, less sublime, have acquired after centuries of contact with human life; of grandeur they have enough, but they lack pathos. Human beliefs and passions have not consecrated their waters, nor has any human struggle glorified their banks; superstition has not peopled them with those embodiments of protective or destructive forces which haunt other streams — river gods and nymphs, water-wraiths, brownies and kelpies; no one in whom the world has had any interest has ever lived upon the shores, or even visited the rivers; they have no association, no romance, no tragedy, no poet." It will not therefore be denied that that soft and mellowing light with which the historic imagination invests the Past of older countries, and in which that Past lies bathed in a "glory that never was on sea or land," is absent from New Zealand, or at least from that part of it to which we now particularly refer. But

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when this is said all is said; when this abatement from the attractions of these districts is made there is no more to be done.

In everything else the scenery stands unique and alone. As if to make up for the lack of human history, nature has been specially painstaking with these regions, and has adorned them with a beauty and a grandeur all their own. Some day, no doubt, they will gather round them, like all the others, the passion and pathos of human history, and "after the chemist, the geologist, the ethnologist, shall come the poet worthy that name—the true son of God shall come singing his songs;" but, meantime, they ground their appeal to the mind and heart of man solely on their own inherent charms—on the surpassing grandeur of their mountain ranges, on the witching loveliness of their woods and waters.

How the visitor may best become acquainted with them—by what means of travelling, and at what expense of time and money, we shall now proceed to indicate.

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# CHAPTER II.

## BLUFF-INVERCARGILL: INVERCARGILL TO LAKES TE ANAU AND MANAPOURI.

The first point in New Zealand at which the Union Steam Ship Company's steamers from Melbourne and Hobart touch is The Bluff. The township built on the harbour is named Campbelltown, but it is generally spoken of as The Bluff. The visitor will not be greatly impressed by his first view of New Zealand, as the Bluff presents rather a bleak appearance, but his attention will be attracted by a remarkable hill or headland which rises immediately over the entrance of the harbour, and from the summit of which (855 feet) a magnificent view of the surrounding country is obtained. Here, too, is to be found a large variety of Botanical treasures, there being no less than one-fourth of the Phanerogamic and Fern Flora of the Colony to be gathered on this hill by the diligent collector. If the tourist is not proceeding to Dunedin in the steamer, but means first to visit the Lake District, he will proceed by rail to

### INVERCARGILL.

HOTELS.—Southland Club, Albion, Prince of Wales, Crescent, and Commercial.

BANKS.—New Zealand, Union, Bank of Australasia, Colonial, National Bank of New Zealand, Bank of New South Wales.

NEWSPAPERS. — "Southland Times" (morning), "Southland News" (evening).

Athenæum and Reading Room.

Invercargill is 18 miles distant from the Bluff (trains leave each end four times daily), and is the chief town of the Provincial District of Southland. It is the outlet of a

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very rich and extensive agricultural district, and the town is growing rapidly. Twenty-five years ago it had scarcely 50 inhabitants, now it has nearly 5000. Those who laid out the town are much to be commended for their taste and foresight. It is distinguished above all other towns by the width of its streets, and the liberal provision which has been made for its prospective expansion into a large and populous city. It possesses already several fine buildings, and these are being constantly added to. Although being built on a plain detracts from the picturesqueness of its appearance, the great width of the public thoroughfares offers great facilities for the planting of trees, and the day is looked forward to when one of the attractions of Invercargill will be its length of shady boulevardes. The town is at present somewhat scattered, but the services of cabs and tram-cars overcome this drawback.

There is an excellent Athenæum and Reading Room, to which visitors are admitted on being introduced.

An excursion may be made by train to *Riverton*, a picturesque little place, and a rising summer resort, about 21 miles from Invercargill. So far as scenery is concerned, Invercargill need not detain the visitor long, and he may start as soon as he wishes for the Lake District.

### INVERCARGILL TO TE ANAU AND MANAPOURI.

ROUTE.—Train to Elbow: Thence by buggy or horse to Takitimos Hotel, thence to the Lakes.

DISTANCES.—Elbow to Takitimos Hotel, 40 miles; Takitimos to Lake Manapouri, 10 miles; to Te Anau, 18 miles.

Hotel charges at Elbow and Takitimos Hotels, 8s. to 10s. per day.

Two trains run from Invercargill to Elbow every day, Sunday excepted: one leaves in the morning between six and seven o'clock, and goes right through to Kingston, on the shores of Lake Wakatipu, and if the visitor does not wish to go to Manapouri or Te Anau, he must travel by this train, as it catches the steamboat to Queenstown. The

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other train leaves in the afternoon at 4.30 p.m., and reaches the Elbow about 8 p.m., and stops there for the night.*

The visitor may select the train that suits him best. Should time be an object, if he takes the morning train, he may, by hiring horses at the Elbow, go right through to Takitimos Hotel that same day. If he travels by the afternoon train he must stay at the Elbow all night, and start the next morning.

The Railway line from Invercargill to the Elbow passes through some magnificent agricultural country. It will be a pleasant change from the watery waste to the green fertile slopes and meads along which the train runs.

If the visitor should chance to come from the inner and hotter parts of Australia, where the vegetation in summer is scanty, and the fields parched and arid, his eye will be charmed with the different scene that meets him here. Verdant fields, richly wooded downs, rivers and rippling streams, cosy homesteads and thriving villages—all these he will see as the train sweeps on, and the first view of New Zealand, if it be indeed the first, cannot fail to win his admiration.

A smart run of about four hours brings the visitor to the Elbow, and here he will find comfortable hotel quarters.

It has been mostly the custom of visitors to go on from Invercargill to Queenstown and Lake Wakatipu, and not visit Manapouri and Te Anau at all. This is a very great mistake, and has arisen partly from ignorance of these lakes, and partly from the difficulty of reaching them. It is, indeed, a matter of great regret that better facilities do not exist for seeing them.

Anthony Trollope said of Wakatipu when he visited it many years ago, "it is the most beautiful lake in New

*Note.—As the hours at which trains leave are liable to frequent alteration, travellers should not depend on those given in the guide, but should refer to their Bradshaw, or to the handy little time-table published by the U.S.S. Company, which may be had gratis at any of their agencies.

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**LAKE MANAPOURI.**

*From a Photograph by Burton Bros., Dunedin.*

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Zealand." In his book, "The High Alps of New Zealand," published in 1883, Mr. Green, of Alpine fame, writes thus of the same lake, "it is amazingly beautiful, the only lake which can surpass it is Lucerne." Neither of these gentlemen ever saw Te Anau or Manapouri; if they had, we are quite certain Trollope would have changed his mind, and Mr. Green would have been compelled to admit that if Lucerne excels, it excels, not because of its own inherent charms, but because of the historic memories that are associated with it.

If tourists, therefore, wish to see the most beautiful of the New Zealand lakes—perhaps, indeed, two of the loveliest lakes in the world—they should visit Manapouri and Te Anau. There are no great hardships to be endured, the road from the Elbow to Takitimos hotel is very good indeed, and they will find the hotel plain but comfortable.

Arrived there, horses can be hired, and a short ride of about ten miles brings them to the shores of Manapouri, and five more up the valley of the Waiau to Te Anau. Tents, blankets, etc., for camping out, and guides may be obtained at the hotel, but the proprietor contemplates building a cottage beside Manapouri, for the convenience of tourists, which will probably be ready soon.

MANAPOURI.—"This lake is of indescribable shape and indefinite dimensions, being so cut up into bays, gulfs, and arms as to make it impossible to determine what is length and what is breadth. It covers an area of some 50 square miles." The lake is almost entirely surrounded by mountains, except half-a-mile on its eastern edge—Surprise Cove—where it makes its exit by the Waiau. Climbing a little eminence here, called View Hill, a capital view of the lake is obtained. No more charming scene could be imagined—the mountains sweep round in the form of an amphitheatre,

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stepping back from the water's edge in tier after tier of beautifully wooded terraces. On the left the Hunter mountains run up some 6000 feet; on the right the white towers of the Spire Peaks (7587) look down over the snowy heads of the Cathedral Peaks and the lower summits of the Kepler ranges, while far away, between the west and north arms, Leaning Peak and Steep Peak watch the lake and guard the pass to the West Coast Sounds. These mountains are covered with timber, and ridged all round above with snow, and below them, in sylvan beauty, Manapouri wanders in and out in the most promiscuous manner among the jutting heads. There are four distinctly marked fiords or arms, and in the lake itself there are five beautifully wooded islands :—

> "Whose beauty so enamoured hath the lake,
> It clasps them ever in its summer arms,
> And wastes itself away on them in kisses."

It is these islands which lend so great a charm to the witching loveliness of Manapouri. They are of convex shape, thickly wooded, and not very high, and in their light green robes they look like emeralds in the calm of a silver sea.

Not hours but days may be spent in climbing these islands and exploring the creeks and coves of the lake. These are almost without number and of endless variety. Hardly any two are alike, and no greater delight is conceivable than to sail in and out and around these "all a summer's day," or to lie in the boat and gaze at the water-fowl—teal and paradise ducks, and the curious white crested grebe, "most beautiful of birds,"—disporting themselves upon the lake; or, as evening descends, to watch the shadows lengthening from the west, the solemn soft stillness, broken only by the twitter of a bird, the whish of water-fowl on the wing, the double-croak of the crested grebe, or from the heart of the

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wood the hoarse cough of the kakapo, and the shrill cry of the weka and the kiwi.

"And still the light is changing. High above
Float soft pink clouds; others with deeper flush
Stretch like flamingoes bending toward the south.
Comes a more solemn brilliance o'er the sky,
A meaning more intense upon the air,
The inspiration of the dying day.

Day is dying—
Pierced by shafts of Time he bleeds,
Melted rubies sending
Through the water and the sky,
Earth and Heaven blending.

All the long-drawn "wooded slopes"
Up to cloudland lifting.
Slow between them drifts the swan,
'Twixt two heavens drifting."

A summer evening sail around the islands and arms of Manapouri, like that of one down Wanaka, of which we shall speak again, is an experience never to be forgotten.*

. . . "Earth and heaven seem one,
Life a glad trembling on the outer edge
Of unknown rapture."

TE ANAU.—From Manapouri the tourist may return to the hotel, and go from there to Te Anau. This is a ride of about 16 miles. The path is good and well-defined, leading across the Mararoa River and Lynwood Downs to the Te Anau Plains.

Te Anau may also be reached from Manapouri. We recommend this as the shorter route, the distance being only about seven miles. The path is good, but is a little difficult to follow without a guide. The tourist, leaving View Hill

* As yet there is no boat that can be obtained for hire on this lake. The one that is there at present is the property of one or two of the station-holders of the district, and their permission to use her has to be sought.

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behind him, strikes off into the plain, keeping about half a mile from the bush on his left hand side. Riding on, midway across the plain, he turns sharp to the left, and soon comes to a deserted station and woolshed. Here he strikes upon a path which he follows for about three miles, skirting the banks of the Waiau. At the end of that distance he will find the ruins of rabbiters' huts. Passing through a wire fence he rides straight on, crossing a dry riverbed, and he shortly meets a swamp. He keeps this on his right hand till he is past it, when he will see a narrow opening in the low tussock ridges a little to his right. He rides through this, keeping straight on, and in a short time he emerges within sight of the Te Anau Lake.

Te Anau is the largest lake in the Middle Island. It is about 38 miles long, varies in breadth from 1 to 6 miles, and covers an area of 132 square miles. It has three great arms, or fiords, these again being broken up into smaller ones, ranging from 10 to 18 miles long, and from 1 to 3 miles broad. This lake is the least known of all, parts of the country adjacent to it having never yet been explored. The first view of Te Anau is a little disappointing, the shore on the eastern side, for about 28 miles, being flat, shingly, and scrubby, but after that the timber begins, mountains rise, and the whole northern and western side is surrounded by a rampart of high ranges, covered with dense forests, and crowned with perpetual snow. These mountains are not nearly so imposing as those of Wakatipu or Wanaka, the average height not being more than about 5,000 feet. But what they lack in rugged grandeur is far more than compensated by their beauty. With the exception of these twenty-eight miles on the eastern side, the whole of Te Anau is surrounded with densely wooded mountains, and the green sheen of the forest, crowned with the gleaming

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snow above, makes up a picture which, for extent and loveliness, is unsurpassed. It is greatly to be regretted that better facilities for exploring the beauties of this lake do not at present exist. There is one boat upon the lake, belonging to Messrs. Melland and Williams, who own the Te Anau station, and whose picturesque homestead is on the eastern shore of the lake. Mr. Henry, the guide, also owns a small boat, and handles her with consummate skill, but the uncertainty of the weather sometimes makes excursions tedious. There is every probability, however, that in a short time visitors to this lake will be able to explore its beauties with comfort and despatch. It has all the charms of Manapouri, but on a much more extensive scale. The scenery of the fiords and arms is of the most varied and beautiful character, resembling not a little that of the West Coast Sounds. From one of them —the south-west arm of the middle fiord—it is possible to reach Caswell Sound on the West Coast. The distance is only about 15 miles, but it necessitates some very difficult climbing. Dr. Roberts, of Dunedin, with some friends, made the journey in three days. Like Manapouri, Te Anau has numerous islands—ten in all. Some of them stand within the fiords, and they are all wooded, and afford endless enjoyment to the seeker after pleasure and knowledge. A portion of the north-western side of Te Anau has never yet been explored, and as ignorance gives a wide range of probabilities, it is conjectured that Moas and Maoris—the latter the remnants of the Ngatimamoe tribe—are concealed in those dense and trackless forests.

The valleys of these lakes were once well known to the Maoris. Those from the West Coast finding their way down through the Haast Pass at the head of Wanaka to Wakatipu; and those from the north up the Kawarau River,

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the meeting place being, it is conjectured, in the neighbourhood of Lake Hayes. A brisk trade was carried on, chiefly in greenstone, which they used for axes and chisels; and in these valleys, especially about Arrowtown, many Maori implements, chisels, porphyry, mere-mere, &c., have been found. A curious legend is current among the Maoris regarding the discovery of greenstone by the residents on the East Coast of the Island. The tribe occupying the West Coast were shut out from communication with the others by the impassable barriers of the Southern Alps. But what natural wisdom could not find out, a mad woman discovered. Wandering from her home about the year 1700, this woman, Raureka by name, made her way up the bed of the Hokitika River, and then across what is known as Browny Pass, and thence down to the East Coast. There, in the neighbourhood of Horowhenua, between the Opihi and Rangitata river-sheds, "she came upon some men engaged in shaping a canoe, and taking notice of their tools remarked how very blunt they were. The men asked her if she knew any better. She replied by taking a little packet from her bosom and displaying a sharp fragment of greenstone. This was the first the natives there had ever seen, and they were so delighted with the discovery that they sent a party over the ranges to fetch some, and it subsequently came into general use for tools and weapons." But the discovery which brought joy to the one brought death to the other, for it led to a series of conflicts between the East and West Coast tribes, resulting at last in the total destruction of the latter. Elated by their successes, the East Coast tribe resolved to continue their conquests and subdue the Ngatimamoe, the earlier possessors of the South. Crossing the Waitaki, they divided into two divisions—one going inland and the other along the sea coast. A series of conflicts occurred on the banks of the Aparima River, in one

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of which—that at Waitaramea — an incident occurred similar to the one recorded as having taken place between Menelaus and Paris, on the Plains of Troy. The final stand was made at Teihoka, and after a desperate resistance the Ngatimamoe were defeated with great slaughter, the bleaching bones, till quite recently, witnessing to the number of the slain. The few who escaped fled into the forests, towards the west, across Lake Te Anau. Of this remnant, most were either gradually destroyed or absorbed into the conquering tribes. There is a tradition, however, that the last relics, under the leadership of a celebrated chieftain named Te Uira, "The Lightning," from the dexterity with which he wielded the battle-axe, withdrew into the forest recesses between Te Anau and the West Coast, and are living there yet. They were in possession of a "mere punamu," named by them Tongo, which they regarded as the last symbol of their tribe. As the scattered partridge covey, that has outlived the sportman's gun, call to each other and gather together again when the twilight deepens, so the last relics of the Ngatimamoe tribe gather round Te Uira, their great leader, and bearing with them the "mere punamu," the symbol of their former glory, withdraw into the forest depths and are seen no more.

This unconquered band, or their descendants, are said to be living in the unexplored fastnesses between the head of Lake Te Anau and the West Coast, traces of their existence having been seen not many years ago.

(See Hochstetter's "New Zealand;" also, paper on "The Traditional History of the South Island Maoris," by Rev. J. W. Stack, in Transactions and Proceedings of New Zealand Institute, vol x.)

There is thus a certain human and historic interest about Te Anau and the district around, and it may perhaps

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have had something to do with the name given to Manapouri, which in Maori means "sorrow producing," a name that has no apparent sanction from its natural surroundings. This tract of unexplored territory, with vague probabilities of Maori and Moa, adds to the other interests of these districts a sort of mysterious charm. Many days may be spent around Te Anau, and if the visitor happens to go when the sheep-shearing is in progress—about February and March—he may, by the courtesy of Messrs. Williams and Melland, secure a passage in their boat which brings down the wool from the station to the foot of the lake.

Byron sang of the Northern Lake :—

"Lake Leman woos me with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue ;
There is too much of man here to look through
With a fit mind the might which I behold."

Had he been privileged to visit Te Anau, he would have had all the beauties of Lake Leman, and been freed from the disturbing presence of man. Te Anau is far away from the hum of cities and the wrath of human life, and he who wishes to escape these and be alone with nature in her loveliest solitude should visit Manapouri and Te Anau, and we are sure that in regard to each of them, Whittier's words regarding Lake Kenoza, will well express his feelings :—

. . . "O'er no sweeter lakes
Shall morning break or noon cloud sail ;
No fairer face than theirs shall take
The sunset's golden veil.

Long be it ere the tide of trade
Shall break with harsh resounding din
The quiet of their banks of shade,
And hills that fold them in."

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The visitor having spent as long time as he wishes around Manapouri and Te Anau, returns to the Takitimos Hotel. Before he leaves he should climb Excelsior Peak, right behind the hotel, from which he will have a splendid view of Te Anau and Manapouri, of Lake Hauroto in the southern group, and of the whole country around.

MANAPOURI TO WAKATIPU.—A choice of two ways. One by Lake Mavora. This is recommended to those only who wish to walk or ride. The distance is about 53 miles, and takes three days. The tourist has thus the opportunity of seeing the two Mavora Lakes, which possess many attractions, and if time be not a consideration, are well worth a visit. He may hire horses at the hotel, 7s. 6d. per day; or he may walk. The first stage is to Mr. Hodge's station, which is close to South Mavora Lake. The path leads past Burwood on up the banks of the Mararoa River, and from thence the tourist will be directed past the South and North Mavora Lakes till he reaches the north branch of the Von River. Following this down he comes to Fern Hill station on the shores of Wakatipu, where the steamer calls twice a week.

The usual and easiest route to Wakatipu, however, is to return to the Elbow, and take the train to Kingston. This way only takes about a day and a half, and is the one tourists are recommended to take if they wish to save time and avoid fatigue.

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# CHAPTER III.

## LAKE WAKATIPU.

KINGSTON-QUEENSTOWN, GLENORCHY AND KINLOCH.

The visitor to Lakes Te Anau and Manapouri returns to the Elbow, and from there he starts for Kingston; the train leaves every morning, Sunday excepted, at 10.40 a.m.

ELBOW TO QUEENSTOWN, VIA KINGSTON.—A short run of about three hours along the skirt of the plains of the Five Rivers, through the mountain gorge of the Dome Pass, and down a narrow strip of mountain girt valley, and the train pulls up at Kingston on the shore of Lake Wakatipu. Comfortable accommodation can be had here, but there is not much to detain the pleasure-seeker, and we should therefore recommend him to push on at once to Queenstown.

KINGSTON TO QUEENSTOWN.—Tourists will find the "Mountaineer" awaiting the arrival of the train. After the experience of Manapouri and Te Anau, if they have been there, they will be surprised at the completeness of the "Mountaineer." The comfort of passengers is secured, not only in the sailing capabilities of the boat, but in her whole equipment. They will find a comfortable cabin, and excellent cuisine arrangements.

The sail up the Lake to Queenstown is not so impressive as from the latter place to the head of the Lake; still, tourists will find much to occupy their attention. Those who have come from Manapouri and Te Anau will be struck at once with the altered appearance of the mountains. The dark green coverings of the birchen forests are gone, and

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they are face to face with that stern, rugged, desolate grandeur that is characteristic of Wakatipu. As the steamer moves away, the tourist finds himself hemmed in between precipitous rocks, which frown down upon him on every side. On his left are the advanced peaks of the Eyre Mountains – Mount Dirk, Bayonet Peaks, names which sufficiently indicate their appearance; and just on the bend of the Lake facing Queenstown, Walter and Cecil Peaks hide themselves high in the clouds. On the right runs the range of the Hector Mountains, beginning with the Devil's Staircase, and culminating in what is called "The Remarkables." The bare desolate grandeur of these mountain ranges, fills the spectator with a sense of loneliness and awe. Nature does her best to clothe their nakedness, and she has been able to weave over their lower parts a carpet of bracken, and cover their heads with clouds or snow. Here and there too, she has scattered little clumps of trees and scrub, but she has not succeeded well in softening the gloomy and forbidding aspect of these giant children of hers. With one she seems to have failed entirely. As the steamboat glides on its way beyond Staircase Peak, tourists will notice on their right hand a range of bare rugged rocks culminating in a peak 7,688 feet high. This he will be told is the Double Cone, and these haggard jagged rocks are named "The Remarkables." The name is appropriate, for certainly they are the most extraordinary creations that are to be seen even in this region of wonders. They are truly a *lusus naturæ*, and nature herself hardly knows what to do with them. Sometimes she wreathes them in a cloud as if ashamed to let them be seen. At other times she tries to cover them above with a mantle of snow, but it does not care to stay—it slips down their precipitous sides. What Ruskin says in his Modern Painters of the Rochers des Fys, above the Col

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d'Anterne, almost exactly describes "The Remarkables:" "In many spots inaccessible with safety, dark in colour, robed with everlasting mourning, for ever seeming to totter like a great fortress shaken by war, fearful as much in their weakness as their strength, and yet gathered after every slide into darker frown and unhumiliated threatening; for ever incapable of comfort or healing from herb or flower, nourishing no root in their crevices, touched by no hue of life on buttress or ledge; knowing no shaking of leaves in the wind, nor of grass beside the stream—no motion except that of the shivering shale and the deathful crumbling of atom from atom in their corrupting stone."

They remind one irresistibly of Scott's picture of Coolin, in "The Lord of the Isles"—

Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power
The weary eye may ken.
For all is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone,
As if were here denied
The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain side.

Such is "The Remarkables"—a waste of weary jagged precipices frowning down upon the blue depth of the water, and darkening nigh 8000 feet of the blue depth of heaven.

But while we have been musing, the steamer has glided round Jack's Point and Peninsula Head, and in a few minutes more we are moored to the little jetty at

QUEENSTOWN.

HOTEL.—Eichardt's. Charges, 10s. per day.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Private rooms, single person, one week ... | ... | £5 | 0 0 |
| „ „ „ „ two or more weeks .. | | £4 | 10 0 |
| „ „ two or more persons ... | ... | £4 | 0 0 |

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BANK.—Bank of New Zealand.

NEWSPAPER.—Wakatipu Mail

FARES BY MOUNTAINEER :—From Queenstown to Head of Lake, 10s. single ; 15s. return ; from Queenstown to Kingston, 10s. single ; 15s. return.

WALKS, DRIVES, &c., in or close to the town — The Park, Esplanade, Rowell's Gardens, &c.

| | Miles. | | Miles. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Queenstown—Shotover Gorge | 2 | Queenstown to Skippers ... | 20 |
| „ to Arrowtown, *via* Miller's Flat, or *via* Frankton and Lake Hayes ... | 12 | „ to Ben Lomond and Mount Bowen ... | 6 |

Travellers will find plenty of hotel accommodation in Queenstown. Eichardt's is the chief resort of tourists. The arrangements are excellent in every respect, indeed the hotel is surpassed by few in the Colony.

Having selected where he will stay, the visitor may wish to take a look round. He will find Queenstown to be a little village of some 600 inhabitants. Its situation is very picturesque. Lake Wakatipu is shaped like the letter S, and Queenstown stands on the bend about half-way between Kingston and the head of the Lake. It nestles under the shadow of high hills, and steps down gentle terraces left and right, to meet the deep blue waters of the Lake. Looked at as the little steamer glides up the bay, the town is the very picture of health and happiness, and it is no surprise to be told that its death-rate is one of the lowest in the world. But tourists will form their own opinions regarding Queenstown, and as probably their time is limited, we shall say nothing more of the town itself, but proceed at once to tell them how to make the best use of their opportunities. The places of interest about Queenstown itself can be seen in a very short time. Five minutes walk from Eichardt's Hotel will bring them to

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THE PARK.

It is a pleasant resort with walks and seats, and commands a fine view of the Lake. The walk may be extended to the

ESPLANADE,

which runs along the shore of Queenstown Bay. The return from this may be made by "Rowell's garden, where the visitor will gather some idea of the capabilities of the soil and district as evidenced by the flowers, vegetables, and trees growing there." Those who wish to meditate among the tombs will find not far off from here the cemetery, while, returning to the town, the Reading-room and Athenæum with its 3000 volumes, will furnish additional food for thought. Having spent as long time as he may desire about the town itself, the tourist will wish for longer excursions. These will be supplied to him by a walk or ride to Shotover Gorge, to Frankton, the Hospital and Kawarau Falls, or a drive to Arrowtown *via* the Shotover and Lake Hayes, returning by Miller's Flat. As this last would include all the others just mentioned, we should strongly recommend it to be made, and we shall give a note or two regarding the points of interest on the road.

QUEENSTOWN TO ARROWTOWN AND BACK *via* MILLER'S FLAT AND LAKE HAYES.—Taking the Miller's Flat road, the tourist plunges at once into a deep mountain gorge ; on both sides high peaks tower up hundreds of feet with numerous caves in their base. In one of these "a shepherd is said to have found the fleshly remains of a moa with the feathers adhering." The precious relic is now in the Kensington Museum, London. About four miles on, the Suspension Bridge that spans the Shotover is reached, and tourists will be arrested here by a magnificent scene. Standing on the narrow bridge, the Shotover comes tearing down through the rugged breast of the mountains, and rushes in a wild volume

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of seething waters at a depth of 100 feet below the bridge. Steep precipices hem the river in on both sides, and the raging mass of waters lashes and foams in ineffectual but unhumiliated wrath against its rock-bound barriers. The remainder of the road is comparatively tame. It runs along a wide belt of splendid agricultural land, and in about an hour Arrowtown is reached. A short stay for refreshments and the return journey may be undertaken. Less than three miles out of Arrowtown, the road skirts the shore of

LAKE HAYES,

a very beautiful sheet of water about one mile long and one mile broad. It has not the stern grandeur of Wakatipu, nor yet the surpassing loveliness of Manapouri; still, it has a quiet beauty of its own. In the season, on the Arrowtown side, green slopes and yellow fields of wheat and corn spread along its shores. Away beyond, the "Remarkables" are becoming visible, while away as far as the eye can reach, the high ridges of Walter and Cecil Peaks cut the blue horizon. Lake Hayes is said to be the paradise of fishes. Fabulous stories are told of their size and numbers. In the Irishman's poetic phraseology, it is just "stiff" with them. A run of four miles along a splendid road, and through magnificent agricultural land, and the long bridge across the Shotover is reached. Crossing this, and ascending a steep hill, the visitor will come upon another delightful view. Behind him the Shotover wanders over a broad shingly bed. Following its course a little way down it joins the Kawarau, and pollutes with its muddy waters the clear blue volumes which the latter brings down from Wakatipu. From this point, too, there is obtained a very striking view of the eastern face of the "Remarkables" of which we have already spoken. A little further on the eye is relieved by the clear placid waters of Wakatipu, and in a few minutes we reach

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Close by stands the Hospital, and across the water is seen the charming residence of Mr. Boyes, beside which are the Kawarau Falls, formed by the outgoing waters of the Lake falling into the Kawarau River. If the visitor has time to turn aside, a look at these will well repay the trouble. If not, he can continue on his course to Queenstown. The scenery along this last stage is very beautiful, and one arrives at the end of the journey with a feeling of pleasure and an appetite for dinner. The whole journey need not occupy more than a day. It is a capital road all the way, and there are hotels every few miles.

Two more excursions are open to the visitor before he quits Queenstown, one is

QUEENSTOWN TO SKIPPERS.

This drive is one of very great attraction, not only for the scenery obtainable, but because it introduces the visitor to the great gold mining industries of the Colony. The road runs, for the most part, through the valley of the Shotover. A magnificent view of the surrounding country is obtained from the saddle; indeed with the exception of Ben Lomond, there is nothing to equal it about Queenstown. The drive to Skipper's itself is about twenty miles, and takes two days to do it properly; but the drive to the saddle is only about nine miles, and is, of course, easily done in a day.

QUEENSTOWN TO BEN LOMOND AND MOUNT BOWEN.—Whatever other excursions tourists omit, let them not on any consideration leave Queenstown without ascending Ben Lomond, or, at any rate, Mount Bowen. They will possibly read the Visitors' Book at the hotel, and if they do, they will just as possibly be puzzled as to where Ben Lomond is and how the ascent can best be made. This information we shall try to give. Starting from the hotel and catching up

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the bridle-track, which anyone will point out to him, the tourist follows this path, which is distinctly enough marked, some three miles up, till he reaches a wire fence that bars his further progress. He will observe on his right hand a long, low spur running out towards the lake. This is Wedge Peak, from which a very good view is obtained of Wakatipu and the Kawarau Valley. Going on through the gate the tourist continues his upward climb till he reaches what is called the Saddle. He will easily recognise this by the circling sweep of snow-clad mountain ranges that bound the entire horizon in front of him. He will see on his right and left hand two high peaks. The former is Mount Bowen, the latter is Ben Lomond. He can elect to climb either or both; but if he only cares to negotiate one, let him by all means choose Ben Lomond. Mount Bowen is much easier of ascent, and the view from it is undoubtedly very fine; but Ben Lomond is to be preferred. The tourist will notice close on his left hand another wire fence If he has a horse, this is the place to fasten him, as the rest of the journey must be done on foot. Here also he should deposit all superfluous clothing, for the climb becomes steep and difficult. Passing through the gate, which he will see in the fence, he begins the ascent, and, if he be a tolerable "mountaineer," he will gain the summit in about three-quarters of an hour. The view from the top will be an ample reward for all the toil. No description of ours could convey any adequate conception of its sublime grandeur. It is possible, perhaps, to describe details, but the power to paint in words that unity which we call a "bird's-eye view," that consummate vision which the swallow and eagle see far off as they lean upon the viewless wind, is given to none but a very few of the sons of men. It is such power that is needed to sketch the scene from the summit of Ben Lomond,

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and we have it not; all we can do is to indicate some of the geographical points, and for the rest leave the tourist in that silence which doubtless will be most congenial to his own feelings. Turning his face to the east, his eye will catch Frankton and the long range of the Hector Mountains. The forward peaks of the range, with their jagged edges, we know at a glance. They are the "Remarkables," which seem to haunt us everywhere. At their base sweeps round the Kawarau River, which a little way down is joined by the Shotover, then by the Arrow, and hurries on through the Carrick Ranges with its mass of dirty waters to meet and contaminate the Clutha at Cromwell. On the left bank of the river are spread out the wide plains of the Arrow. Lake Hayes glasses itself in the midst, surrounded with green fields, and flanked on the far horizon by the Crown Terraces, rich with their ripening wheat and corn. Travelling northwards the eye rests on the southern peaks of the Harris Mountains and the long stretches of the Richardson Ranges. Nothing can be more magnificent than the view in this direction. At the foot of Ben Lomond, westward from the Shotover Valley, there are multitudes of low, round hills, covered with bracken and shrub. They gradually increase in height as they increase in distance. They lie in sloping ridges, "rounded by old glaciers into long, dark, billowy swellings, like the backs of plunging dolphins." In the ravines there are dense timber forests, and here and there birch, pine, and manuka climb their sides like scattered armies in broad, green battalions, and at last, in the far horizon, the high summits crown themselves—peak after peak—in one long glory of eternal snow. Further westward, at the head of the lake, lie the Forbes Mountains, and on its further side the Humboldt and Thomson Mountains.

Right at the foot of Ben Lomond sleeps a quiet little tarn,

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called Moke Lake, near which is the copper mine of that name. The best view of Lake Wakatipu is obtained from Ben Lomond, all except the Head and the Kingston end of it can be seen. Nothing can be lovelier than the vision. It is a relief to take the eye from the torn and tumbled peaks and let it rest at last upon the placid waters of Wakatipu, as they wind like a deep blue vein far hidden within the still bosom of Nature. But we may not linger; the descent has to be made; it does not occupy so long a time as coming up, and we reach our hotel a little tired perhaps, but with the feeling that the good wine has been kept to the last.

The best time to ascend Ben Lomond is in the early morning, before the sun's heat has become great. Ladies who are fairly good walkers can easily enough accomplish the climb, but those who have doubts of their ability had better take horses (which can be obtained at the hotel) to the saddle, and from thence the ascent is easy.

Having "done" Queenstown and its surroundings, tourists should set out at once for

### THE HEAD OF THE LAKE.

It is possible that some at Queenstown may seek to dissuade them from going to the Head of the Lake, or at any rate from spending any time there. Let them pay no heed to such, on the contrary we should recommend tourists to give as much time as they possibly can to this excursion, as the scenery here is by far the finest about Wakatipu, and the means of seeing it, as well as the hotel accommodation, are all that can be desired. Two routes to the Head of the Lake are open to tourists—one by land and one by water. The former lies up the eastern side of Wakatipu, but unless tourists are prepared to spend at least three days and sleep under canvas at night, this way cannot be chosen. The usual course is by steamer. There is a daily service, and the

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tourist is recommended, if possible, to select the "Mountaineer," as being the most comfortable boat by which to travel.

While the steamer is making its way round the bend of White Point, tourists will have time, if they choose, to take a note or two regarding the lake.

LAKE WAKATIPU is 52 miles long, and from one to three miles broad, covering an area of about 114 square miles. It lies 1070 feet above the sea level, and is of enormous depth. Dr. Hector says "it has been found by soundings to vary from 1170 feet to 1240 feet, the bottom of the lake being nearly level from side to side and from end to end." The glacier origin of Wakatipu is apparent on every hand; "the mountain slopes," writes Mr. W. N. Blair (Engineer in charge of Middle Island), generally consist of small ledges, smooth and round, suggestive of the work of a machine that had a downward and forward motion. There are several glacier deposits along the shores, and the terminal moraine at Kingston, through which the railway runs, is probably the most perfect in Otago." Those who have visited the Continental Lakes, will notice one very marked difference between them and these southern ones of New Zealand. In the former they nearly all lie outside the mountain ranges, but "the lakes in the Southern Alps wind themselves closely round their bases, presenting scenery unsurpassed probably in the world —showing glorious views, to which Lucerne and Brienz cannot aspire."—(Capt. F. W. Hutton, F.G.S.) The sail to the head of the lake is very grand, growing more and more impressive as Queenstown recedes. You are shut in on all sides by huge walls of rock, towering away up from five to ten thousand feet There are seven peaks over 8000 feet high. "The snow line of the district (*Descriptive Guide to Southern Alps*) may be drawn at a little over 7000 feet,

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while the forest line reaches 3,500 feet above sea level. It will thus be seen what an ample margin is left for the display of bare rocks," crowned with snow fields and glaciers. Wakatipu stands unique in the consummate grandeur of its mountain walls, and in the awe, almost oppressive, with which they fill the spectator as he looks up at them from the deck of the little steamer. But the attention of the tourist will be already attracted to the passing scenery, and we may give a note or two regarding the principal points of interest on the way up from

QUEENSTOWN TO THE HEAD OF THE LAKE.

As the steamer moves out of the little bay at Queenstown the tourist leaves behind him on his left Cecil and then Afton Peaks; on his right, some twelve miles up, is Bob's Cove, a favourite spot for pic-nic parties. It abounds in beautiful views, while the limestone quarries and the peculiar rock formation may engage the attention of the scientifically inclined. Rounding White Point, and nearly opposite to it is Mount Nicholas (4827), and further up Mount Turnbull (6283). Between these flows down the Von River which is the outlet for tourists who have come up by the Movora Lakes The steamer calls here once or twice a week. Both these peaks are black and desolate looking, forming a decided contrast to Mount Crichton (6189), on the right, clothed as it is with bracken, and dotted with clumps of manuka and pine.

A little further up, and nearly opposite the curious Toothpick Peaks, the steamer passes three islands, the only ones in the lake; One Tree Island, a very small affair, Pig Island, much larger, and Pigeon Island, the largest of all. The last-named is very beautiful, though not possessing the attractions of the Manapouri or some of the Wanaka ones. It shares with its comrades the high distinction of being the

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only place in the whole Lake country that is free from rabbits; there are however some hares upon it. It contains about 600 acres, and is rented as a sheep run. Pigeon Island is a favourite resort of pic-nic parties. It is covered with fern and clumps of trees variegated with the pale purple flush of the veronica, and the white blossoms of the convolvulus, while it commands a splendid view of the whole head of the lake. Rounding Pigeon Island the grandest scenery of Wakatipu opens full upon our view; a little behind us on our left, the Greenstone River (which flows in and out through a beautiful little lakelet—Rere Lake) cuts its way by the southern base of the Ailsa and Humboldt Mountains into the lake. Facing the Head of the Lake the scenery is varied and magnificent. On the right the Richardson Mountains—bare and desolate looking—weary the eye. But on the left the contrast is complete. The Humboldt Ranges gleam green in the sunlight. Immense forests of timber clothe their sides down to the very water's edge, and climb away upwards until they reach the region of perpetual snow. Bald Peak and Mount Bonpland (8102) look down upon us from their white thrones. Right in front, at the head of the lake, the Forbes Mountains send down Mount Alfred like a wedge, between the Humboldt and Richardson ranges; while far away behind, Cosmos Peak (8000), Mount Earnslaw, and Mount Anstead, lift their white gleaming heads into the azure heavens. While we stand and gaze at the majestic scene the steamer has reached

GLENORCHY,

and Mr. Birley is waiting to convey tourists to his hotel.

Hotel charges—

| | |
|---|---|
| One person, per day ... | 8s. to 10s. |
| One person, per week ... | 2 to 3 guineas. |
| Single horses, per day.. | 10s. |
| Horse and guide „ ... | 30s. |

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It is usual for tourists to come up the lake one day and return the next. No mistake could be greater. The real scenery of Wakatipu is at the head of the lake, and the district adjacent. Visitors, therefore, should by all means spend a day or two at the very least, either at Glenorchy or Kinloch, or at both if possible.

If they elect to stay at Glenorchy they will find a very comfortable hotel, and see some of the best views that can be obtained about Wakatipu. We shall briefly indicate the more important of these.

GLENORCHY TO PARADISE FLAT, *via* DIAMOND LAKE.—This is a distance of about twelve miles, and can be done easily in a day. The ride follows for a few miles the valley of the Rees River, then up the Diamond Creek, a swift deep current overhung with trees and shrubs, and flowing round the base of Mount Alfred. The track then skirts the shores of Diamond Lake, and the scenery here is most beautiful. You ride for about a mile through the "forest primeval." Huge trees over 100 feet high stand like sentinels along the path. Grey grim faces of rocks, hundreds of feet high, half hidden behind tangled brushwood, frown down upon you. Some of these giants of the forest primeval have fallen across the path, and lie far out into the lake. Numerous birds flit around and peer at you with curious eyes. The clear notes of the tui ring liquid through the silence. Here and there you come across patches, sometimes 100 yards broad, where a flood, rushing down from the snow-hills above, has dragged away the earth from the roots of the trees, and has smothered them in its fatal embrace. They still stand, but are dead, their giant leafless, ragged branches forming a strange contrast to the dense foliage of their brethren, and fretting the blue sky overhead.

In a short time the path runs into Paradise Flat. On

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the left hand is the picturesque house of Mr. Mason, and on the right that of Mr. Fens. The tourist rides forward for a little and he is close to the banks of the Dart River. Here he is face to face with a scene of surprising loveliness. The tourist will not wonder that the place is named Paradise Flat, for if any spot on earth might be the image of that region this would surely serve.

Standing with our back to Mount Alfred, in front and on the entire right, a huge amphitheatre of snow-clad mountains bounds our view. Immense forests cover their sides. The tourist stands on a wide plateau, level almost as a billiard table, its brilliant green grass flecked with sheep, and losing itself in the long shadows where the pine and birch trees "lay their dark arms about the field." Through an enormous ravine, clad with deep green forests of timber, the Dart River brings its waters down from Cosmos Peak, and wanders away over its white sand to meet Lake Wakatipu. Across the river, the bed of which here is about a mile wide, and nestling cosily at the base of Upper Peak sleeps a little lakelet, about two and a-half miles in circumference, called Sylvan Lake. Far away from the rubbish and wrath of the world, it gathers into its bosom nothing but the snowy glories of the mountains, and the solemn shadows of the embattled pines that guard its sacred beauty, and as the tourist turns his face homewards again his eye rests on Mount Alfred, sending down its deep green bush to meet the deeper green of Diamond Lake.

GLENORCHY TO MOUNT EARNSLAW AND LENNOX FALLS.—There are two routes to the celebrated glaciers of Mount Earnslaw: one is to ride up the Rees Valley for about eight miles till you strike upon the first spur of Mount Earnslaw, and make the ascent from there. This was the route Mr. Green, member of the English Alpine Club,

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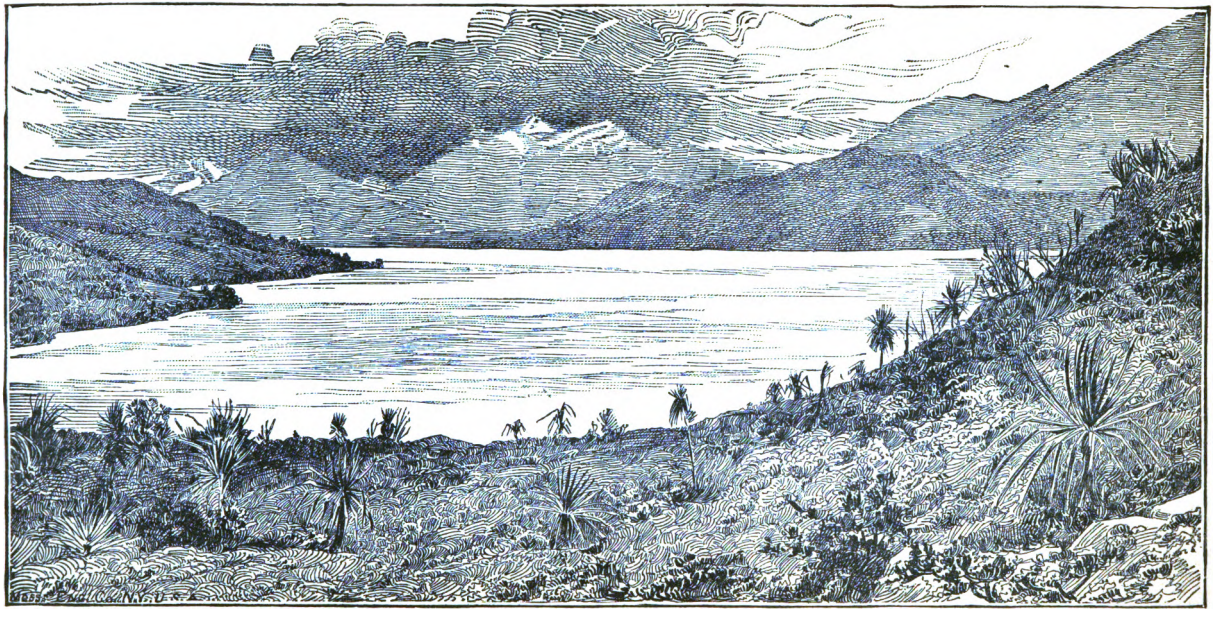

**VIEW OF MOUNT EARNSLAW, LAKE WAKATIPU.**
***From a Photograph by Burton Bros., Dunedin.***

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selected when he made the attempt in 1882; but, partly from want of good weather, he failed to reach the glacier fields. It is a long, difficult climb, this, and requires at least two days to accomplish it.

The alternative route will be found comparatively easy. It necessitates a ride of about twenty-five miles up the Rees Valley; but this ride is full of interest and varied scenes of beauty. The path, after some eight miles, runs along the base of the Richardson Mountains. About twelve miles on the tourist will see on his right the drive of The Invincible Quartz Mining Company. The path pursues its way, now past gullies where the flood has torn down and ripped open the sides of the mountains; now through long stretches of tall, slender birch trees, now into little open glades of luxuriant grass, flecked with innumerable bells, and skirted with the white-flowered ribbon tree; while on the left, blinking between its timbered banks, the ice green waters of the Rees River tear and tumble and hurry on to the lake. Soon a wide open plateau is reached, bounded on left and in front by high forest-clad mountains, and crowned on the summits with everlasting snow. The one on the left is Earnslaw; those away in the front are Mount Anstead and Mount Tyndal. A short ride on and the spot to make the ascent to the saddle of Mount Earnslaw is gained. The following account of the ascent of Mount Earnslaw made by Mr. G. M. Marshall, of Dunedin, last year, under the superintendence of Mr. Birley, the guide, may be read with interest:—

"Fixing the bridles of our horses to the stirrup-irons, we commenced to divest ourselves of the greater part of our clothing, till we were reduced to shirt, trousers, and Cookhams—which latter, by the way, were well studded with large hob-nails. Only on condition that some such garb is

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adopted will our mountain guide be induced to try the ascent, and so I have perforce to comply. Grasping our alpenstocks we start. Three-quarters of an hour's hard work through the fern brought us to an almost perpendicular wall of rock, which frowned down defiantly on us. A small stream trickled over it; the surface was consequently exceedingly slippery, but the mountain vegetation stood us in good stead, and clutching the silvery tussocks known as snowgrass, we made our way up, up, up. It was a hard climb. We had, however, surmounted another barrier, and determined to push on. For about 500ft. we passed through a belt of large birch trees. Beneath our feet lay the leaves of centuries, the uppermost stratum being composed of leaves recently blown from the trees and not yet withered, the whole forming a beautiful springy carpet, quite a treat to walk on after about a couple of hours' toiling over rough surface through fern and snowgrass. Such a path was, however, too good to last long, and our shady belt of birch trees came to an abrupt termination right under a high ledge of rock, which appeared more difficult to climb than the one we had previously encountered. For some time we were greatly puzzled to find a way over it, but Birley at last proved himself equal to the occasion. Jack, a fine specimen of a black collie, had been quietly trotting by our sides, and all at once it occurred to his master that he might be able to help us out of the dilemma. 'Jack,' said he, 'away for'ard,' and Jack, obedient to his master's command, climbed a small ledge about six or eight feet high. This ledge had been hidden by a large birch tree, and so we had not noticed it. Following our trusty canine friend, we climbed the ledge, and were led through an easy pass. We traversed a dried-up water-bed for some 800ft, avoiding the prickly spear-grass—which proved a great source of annoyance—as

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much as possible. Here we got our first view of the beautiful mountain lily, with its saucer-shaped leaves, which make very suitable drinking-vessels. The mountain at this part was so thickly covered with the lilies that it looked for all the world like a large cabbage-garden—rather an unpoetical comparison no doubt, but one which is nevertheless forcibly impressed on the mind of the tourist. We were still a long way from the top, though it seemed somewhat near. Refreshing ourselves with a long drink from the lily leaves, we made another start. Our pace had become by this time somewhat slower than it was at the commencement, and we each vowed that this should be our last mountain climb. A glance at the barometer showed us to be 3500ft. above the level of the lake. Climbing round a steep ledge of rock which thoroughly tested the 'gripping' powers of the Cookhams, we reached a comparatively easy slope, thickly covered with the ever-present snowgrass; then over two gullies, the sides of which were plentifully bestrewn with slaty rocks, which rolling down the declivities at every step, made it particularly lively for the man below. Then we scaled a grassy saddle, and fondly hoped we were near our destination. Such, however, was not the case, though a glimpse of the snow 500ft. or 600ft. above urged us to redoubled efforts up an almost perpendicular incline. After half-an-hour's really hard climbing we reached the snow. It was plentifully covered with the red lichen, which at the distance made it appear as if besmeared with blood. Here we cried a short halt, and indulged in a mild form of snowballing, so that we might be able to say we had snowballed in the middle of summer. A small lagoon in the vicinity we duly christened, but without the orthodox bottle of 'fizz.' And now came the real tug-of-war. Right ahead towered the white dazzling peak of old Earnslaw.

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No man's foot had ever trodden his snow-capped summit, and to all appearance no man is ever likely to do so unless he reach it in a balloon. But we had not much time to muse on the beauties of this scene, so we plodded along, and at length reached the saddle right under the huge glacier itself. And what a sight! Miles and miles of solid ice towering up hundreds and hundreds of feet above us, while every few minutes masses of detached ice many tons in weight went thundering and crashing down the mountain slopes into the valley below. It was indeed a grand and awful scene, and its impressiveness came home to our minds with full force, removed as we were 'far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,' where never man had trod before. We had reached a point 6700ft. high, and the cold was intense, so we began to have serious thoughts of starting for lower and more congenial climes. Two thousand feet below us the guide pointed to the spot where the Rev. Mr. Green, the Swiss guides, and himself were overtaken in a snowstorm last year and forced to return. Content with having reached the highest point scaled by any tourist, we commenced the descent. Climbing down was almost as bad as climbing up, though of course we got over the ground much more quickly. Half-way down we came across a flock of keas—a bird very destructive to sheep, killing them by the score just for the sake of the kidney-fat. Some of the runholders give as much as 2s. 6d. per head for these destructive birds; and as they are pretty easily shot, the shepherds, one would think, should find it profitable to carry a gun on their every-day rounds. The guide called the birds down by imitating the bleating of a sheep and their own peculiar cry. Birds were here in plenty. The inquisitive weka, otherwise called Maori hen, came round us in dozens, and we had the good fortune to capture

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a fine specimen of that nearly extinct species of wingless birds the kiwi. But there was little time to study the fauna of the locality. Already 'the western waves of ebbing day rolled o'er the glen their level ray,' and we knew if we were to reach the foot before dark we should have to do some smart work. So, hurrying on, we came to the fern, and after a lot of scrambling and rough walking at last got through it, and reached the botton just at dusk—11 hours from the time we started in the morning."

Should the tourist not wish to make the ascent, a ride of some two miles further brings him to the Lennox Falls, called after Lord Walter Lennox, who had recently visited them.

The waterfall is formed by the melting snow from the back of Mount Earnslaw, and it is a very strange spectacle, looking away up thousands of feet to see the streams, like long silver bars, converging together, and then, having united, gliding like a great white serpent into the sombre green of the forest. Here its course is partially hidden from sight, except that here and there it dashes over rocks. These rocks form the waterfalls, of which there are three. The first is a very short distance up the mountain, and can be reached by any person. To one of these falls has been given the humorous and suggestive title of "The Widow's Tear,' so called because it usually disappears six weeks after the snow begins to melt on the sides of Earnslaw.

The falls range from about 15 to 40 feet in breadth, and from 100 to 300 feet in height. The volume of waters varies according to the state of the weather. Waterfalls, though common enough among the Northern Alps, are comparatively rare among the mountains of New Zealand, and the Lennox Falls are therefore of special interest, and in themselves are certainly well worth a visit.

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GLENORCHY TO MOUNT ALFRED AND MOUNT JUDAH.—Having seen Paradise Flat, Mount Earnslaw, and the Lennox Falls, the tourist may take some shorter excursions if he pleases. One of the pleasantest of these is to the top of Mount Alfred. He can either walk or ride—as he chooses, the distance from the hotel being only some 10 miles. A splendid view is had from the summit, embracing all the high glacier peaks and no less than five lakes—viz., Wakatipu, Rere, Sylvan, Diamond, and Reid; or the visitor may amuse himself by climbing Mount Judah, a short distance from the hotel, and exploring the cliffs above Buckler Burn and Stony Burn. This was once a busy mining centre, and enormous nuggets of gold were found in these localities. Rough gullies, deep shafts, and the remains of old camps still bear witness to the past.

If the tourist wishes to take life easier, he will find provision made for that. A lawn tennis ground is attached to the hotel, and there is also a boat on the lake for those who wish for a sail. The Diamond Creek abounds in trout, and rabbits may be had to any extent close to the hotel. The comfort of guests is studied by Mr. and Mrs. Birley, while their son is the most courteous and competent of guides.

Having spent as long time as he wishes at Glenorchy, the tourist should cross over and visit

KINLOCH.

He will find here, also, a very comfortable hotel, and the rate of charges similar to that at Glenorchy. On this side the lake scenery is perhaps not quite so romantic as that around Glenorchy, but it has special attractions of its own. It is the point of departure for exploring the valley of the Dart River and the magnificent scenery around Lake Harris, and down the Hollyford Valley to Martin's Bay on the West Coast.

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KINLOCH UP THE DART RIVER TO THE ROUTEBURN.—This is a splendid ride, the scenery being something similar to that up the Rees Valley. "The glacier creek abounds in lovely views, and the Routeburn Valley in an endless variety of waterfalls." "There is a glacier here (says the 'Vagabond') not published on any of the maps. It is comparatively easy of access; the visitors' book records that ladies ascend it."

KINLOCH TO LAKE HARRIS AND MARTIN'S BAY.—Lake Harris is about 18 miles from Kinloch, and for the first 15 miles there is a fair bridle-track, the remainder must be done on foot. The path follows, for about 8 miles, the west bank of the Dart River, and then turns up the Routeburn Valley. The scenery here is simply magnificent. "Turning a bend in the valley, a singular spectacle presents itself. An apparently perpendicular cliff of horseshoe form rises to a height of about 2000 feet. About 400 feet from the summit and from the face of the precipice, issues a waterfall without any indication of stream or watercourse, as if the mountain had burst a blood vessel from which issued its very life current. The fall descends in one clear leap about 300 feet, but presently reappears, and after another leap of about 200 feet, disappears as mysteriously as it had appeared."—(Descriptive Guide to the Otago Lakes).

A short journey brings the tourist to the "Hut," a deserted whare, where the traveller to Lake Harris leaves his horse and usually stays for the night. The rest of the road has not been formed, but anyone following the stream across a mossy kind of swamp cannot go far wrong. Most of the glades into which the tourist emerges every now and again as he rides up the Routeburn Valley, and the mossy swamps, are covered with mountain lilies, gentians, and small varieties of rare alpine plants.

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Lake Harris lies 4000 feet above the sea, and a magnificent view is had from a knoll beside it of the glaciers of Tutoko and Christina, the long stretch of the Hollyford Valley, and on a clear day, the waves of the Pacific Ocean may be seen breaking on the beach at Martin's Bay.

The following sketch of a journey to Lake Harris, made recently by a Dunedin gentleman (Mr. T. Brown), may be read with interest, and may be of assistance to those who undertake the journey without a guide :—

"Having arranged for our journey the evening before, we mounted our horses and started from Bryant's Hotel about 7 o'clock on a bright March morning. Turning our back on the placid lake we were soon on the bush track which led us to the south branch of the Dart River. Keeping to the shingly river bed for some distance we had a magnificent view of the Bryant Glacier on our left, with Mount Alfred rearing its shapely form on the right, and in front the mysterious looking vista of the Valley of the Dart, and the snowy peaks and rugged outline of Earnslaw.

Bearing to the left we joined the track running along the fern-clothed terraces and through cultivated paddocks to Routeburn Station, which we reached before 9 o'clock, where without dismounting we enjoyed our "morning" of new milk fresh from the cow. Accepting a kindly invitation to call on our return we pushed on, and soon left the cheery open for the sombre shadows of the birch forest, through which the track leads into the lovely valley of the Routeburn. The remainder of the equestrian journey to the foot of the saddle is about 8 miles, and leads through most diversified and charming scenery.

Passing through the thick forest of straight-stemmed birches, where even the shade loving ferns seem gladdened by the shafts of sunlight which here and there manage to

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penetrate the leafy canopy, we come out on one of the terraces of a beautiful valley, part of which is clothed with bush of every shade of green, with here and there an opening which revealed glimpses of water far down below. The opposite mountain is clothed with bush from base to summit. Passing along the edge of the upper terrace, the track led through a thicket of beautiful shrubs into an open grassy space of several acres, studded here and there with noble trees, and completely surrounded with a natural hedge of dense bush. This lovely spot, with a precipitous mountain at least a thousand feet high, rocks and trees for a background, and half-circled with a murmuring stream, was like a fairy scene. No English park could be planted with better taste, and certainly not one is situated amidst scenes so fair.

Turning reluctantly away we dip into a ferny gully and cross the streams knee deep and clear as crystal; then up through the heavy bush, across a slender wooden bridge high over a roaring cataract, round a narrow siding with the foaming river roaring and fretting in its confined channel hundreds of feet below, while above us on either side tower the almost perpendicular mountains close enough to diminish materially the daylight. As the track gradually descends again, we once more see the river, and our eyes are feasted on a succession of linns and falls, natural bridges, and seething rushing waters, a tithe of which would make Scotland's fortune over again.

Before noon we enter an open space where the stream makes a graceful bend, and before us on the opposite bank half hidden by trees is the hut at the foot of the saddle. The view from here is unquestionably the finest we have ever beheld, and requires to be seen. I cannot attempt to describe it.

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Having tethered our horses and fortified the inner man with sandwiches and pure water, we soon found the track at the back of the hut, and started the pedestrian part of our journey. For some distance the track is very good, only here and there a heavy land-slip or fallen tree increases the labour. The only dangerous place is at the top of the bush-line where you have to crawl round some rather smooth rocks. A couple of men and a few pounds of powder would remove this difficulty in a few hours. From several points the view below is very fine. After a sweating pull we came in sight of Lake Harris Falls, which consist of a succession of leaps and bounds over rugged rocky terraces.

Striking a bee-line through wet grass and rushes over the knees, and up over the face of the rocks on the left of the falls, we reached the lake at its outlet in about two hours from the camp. Lake Harris cannot be beautiful at any time, as it is almost surrounded by bare black walls of rock which rise sheer up from the water's edge ; but to us the whole scene was weird and ghostly. A thick mist had been gathering over the mountain tops and came creeping down the black precipitous margin to within a few hundred feet of the lake which lay dark and silent and motionless. It seemed as if the spirit of silence and death brooded over the black still waters. One almost expected to see some fearful unearthly monster appear from its hidden depths.

After about half-an-hour's contemplation of this fascinating though death-like scene, we retrace our steps and reach Kinloch again about 10 p.m."

This excursion can be made without a guide, but we would recommend that one be taken. Mr. and Mrs. Gregg, who know the track, are always on the spot, and can be relied on. Mrs. Gregg is a splendid horsewoman, and invaluable when ladies are of the party, but even no man

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need feel ashamed to be piloted by one so lithe of foot and fearless on horseback."

To Hollyford Valley and Martin's Bay.—This takes at least two days, and can scarcely be done in that time— certainly not as far as Martin's Bay.

It would not be possible to give an outline of the journey that would be of much service. Those who undertake it must arrange for a guide.

Tourists who may not wish to go so far even as Lake Harris, ought by all means to ride up the Dart River as far as the Routeburn Valley. The scenery will far more than repay them for any slight fatigue they may have to undergo.

Shorter excursions may be made up the mountain behind Kinloch. The face of the mountain is covered with forests of red and white birch, and the summit is crowned far down with perpetual snow. Pleasant days may be spent here. The Kinloch side is the side for ferns and shrubs of all kinds, and those so inclined can increase their store by many rare and beautiful specimens.

Kinloch to Rere Lake,—This is reached by boat. It is a few miles down the shore of the lake, where the Greenstone River flows into it. It is a charming little lake, not perhaps possessing the quiet loveliness of Sylvan Lake, but yet having a beauty of its own. It is a favourite resort for pic-nic parties.

The tourist having satisfied himself with the scenery here, may embark again and return to Queenstown. If he be one who knows the Swiss lakes, he will probably agree with Mr. Green that "Wakatipu is amazingly beautiful. The only lake in Europe which can surpass it is Lucerne; but to see no more of Wakatipu than can be seen by a trip to Queenstown and back, is to see Lucerne and omit the Bay of Uri."

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The sail down Lake Wakatipu, whether made in early morning, when the sun is rising beyond the snowy crowns, or at eve, when he gilds them with a solemn glory, is a fitting close to the pleasures of these excursions. And as the boat glides over the deep blue waters, tourists may perhaps think of Byron's words with a kindred feeling. Substituting Wakatipu for Lucerne, he may say :—

"Clear, placid" Wakatipu, "thy . . . lake
. . . . . is a thing
Which warns me with its stillness to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring ;
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction."

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## CHAPTER IV.

# LAKES WANAKA AND HAWEA.

**ROUTE.—Queenstown to Pembroke (by coach) *via* Arrowtown and Cromwell, or (on horseback) *via* Arrowtown and Cardrona Valley.**

Hitherto it has been largely the custom with tourists, on returning to Queenstown, to set out at once for Dunedin. They have no more time, perhaps, to spend, or oftener they are told that there is nothing more to be seen. Let them not listen to any such talk, or at least pay no heed to it, but at once make up their minds to go on to Lake Wanaka. We can promise them that, in some respects, the loveliest of all the lakes remains to be seen. If, however, they resolve to go on straight to Dunedin, they take steamer to Kingston, thence by train to the Elbow. Here they stay for the night, and next morning they start by the Waimea Plains Railway for Gore. The Waimea-Gore service connects with the northern express from Invercargill, and the tourists reach Dunedin by this about 7 p.m. This gives an opportunity of seeing some magnificent agricultural land. The railway line from the Elbow to Gore runs through what is called the Waimea Plains, which belongs to the New Zealand Agricultural Company. This is a splendid estate, consisting of some 310,000 acres, more than half of which is freehold. On the estate there are 3000 horses, a large number of thoroughbred cattle, and 300,000 sheep. Last summer was to be seen here the

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singular spectacle of a thousand-acre paddock of wheat. The quality of the soil may be judged from the fact that the average yield of oats is 50 bushels, and in some places over 70. In one field of 1200 acres the yield of wheat was 52 bushels to the acre. The estate is being cut up into smaller holdings, and the settlement of tenants upon the land is steadily going forward.

The tourist may take another route to Dunedin, viz., by coach from Queenstown *via* Arrowtown and Cromwell, connecting with the train at Lawrence, and thence to Dunedin. The coach leaves Queenstown every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, arriving in Lawrence next day in time for the afternoon train to Dunedin. The advantage of this latter route is that it takes the tourist through an entirely different kind of country. The road passes through the famous goldfield districts of Cromwell, Clyde, Gabriel's Gully, &c., and also through some very wild and striking scenery. If he does not object to the fatigue of coaching, we should recommend him to take this route. The fare from Queenstown to Lawrence is £3 10s. But we would strongly urge upon tourists to reserve to themselves sufficient time to enable them to pay a visit to Lake Wanaka, the route to which we shall now describe. The first stage reached is

### ARROWTOWN.

Arrowtown is a very pretty little village, the centre of a fine agricultural district, and the outlet for some of the richest quartz mines of Otago. If the tourist has time he can spend a day or two here with pleasure and profit. He may visit Macetown, about ten miles from Arrowtown, and inspect the quartz mines of that famous district. From here he can ride up Advance Peak (5740 feet), and he will have a view of the surrounding country, hardly less extensive or less striking than that from Ben Lomond. He can

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also spend a pleasant forenoon in visiting the Kawarau Falls, eight miles from Arrowtown—scenery on a somewhat grander scale than that of the Shotover Gorge, on the Miller's Flat Road; or he can ascend Arrow River, on horseback, and he will see scenery as wild and weird as is to be met with anywhere.

A writer in the "Otago Daily Times" says that "the road through the Otira Gorge, between Christchurch and Hokitika, has nothing to compare with this Macetown dray road, either in the daring of its design, or the efficacy of its erection. Running for a short distance up the bed of the Arrow River, it emerges therefrom at a grade, the steepest part of which is 1 in 9," until an elevation of 400 feet is reached. So steep is this vale of rock that you have to lean well over the parapet to see its foot, "while away in the far depths 400 feet below frets and foams the Arrow River in its rocky bed with ceaseless roar."

ARROWTOWN TO PEMBROKE, *via* CROMWELL, OR *via* CARDRONA.—Pembroke is a little village on the shore of Lake Wanaka, standing in the same relation to Wanaka that Queenstown does to Wakatipu. To reach it from Arrowtown the visitor has a choice of two ways, each of which has its own attractions. He can go *via* Cardrona, this will take him across the famous Crown Ranges. Here he will see some of the richest land in New Zealand, producing sometimes over 100 bushels of wheat to the acre. The saddle is some 3000 feet above the level of the sea, and commands a magnificent view of the whole sweep of the Shotover and Arrow Valley, and the far snow-crowned summits of Cecil and Walter Peaks, closing in the horizon.

Up to the saddle it is a continuous ascent of some eight miles, and the path then winds down the Cardrona Valley. This portion of the way is a little uninteresting. It used to

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be the scene of busy and tumultuous life, but it is now almost abandoned to the Chinese. Numbers of these are passed busily engaged in sluicing, and the whole bed of the river is tortured and torn with tail races. About ten miles and Cardrona is reached, and here the tourist will have the opportunity of seeing a mining village in the last stages of decay. Nineteen miles more, partly down the bed of the Cardrona River, and along a fairly good road, and Pembroke is reached. If the tourist selects this route he must either walk or hire horses at Arrowtown. There is a dray road in course of formation, but from the saddle of the Crown Range to Cardrona there is meantime only a bridle track. It is possible to ride through to Pembroke in a day; or, by starting early, to ride to Cardrona and walk the remainder. The only hotel on the way is at Cardrona, and it is as good as could be expected in such a place.

ARROWTOWN TO PEMBROKE, *via* CROMWELL, 59 MILES.—This is the road the coach goes, and the road which, unless the tourist is prepared to do some walking or riding, he too should go. It is much longer, and takes at least two days. The scenery is in many places wild and romantic. For twenty-five miles the road runs along the side of a gorge, through which flows the Kawarau River. The "Vagabond," Mr. Julian Thomas, says:—"It is the most lovely stretch I have seen in the Colonies. One to two hundred feet below the track, on the left bank, the river (already joined by the Shotover and Arrow), flows in a channel so steep and precipitous that one could just step out of the coach and be at the bottom in the water. It changes its shape at every turn, now swift, strong, and fierce, boiling over rocks, resistless in its wrath, the waters churned into snowy foam, fretting with fury at the impediments; anon flowing in a broad rush round patches of sandy shore at the bottom of the cliffs; everywhere the

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rocks shaped into a thousand fantastic forms with a weirdness of outline which man could never design." Twenty miles from Queenstown "Roaring Meg" is reached. This, continues the same writer, "is a thing unsurpassed in my experience. When the waters of Wakatipu first sought their outlet through the canyon, which forms the bed of the river, and were stopped here by a mass of rock, a considerable disturbance took place. Kawarau must find its level at the sea, and so it fumed and fretted, and whirled round and worked underneath the barrier, till it got out on the other side. The subterranean canal is small, and so Roaring Meg is formed. Round and round the waters go. Sticks and trees and bodies of dead animals are often weeks before being at last sucked down." This locality has been immortalised in one of B. L. Farjeon's mining stories, and is a sight worth travelling many miles to see. Arrived at Cromwell the tourist will find comfortable quarters at the Commercial Hotel. The coach for Pembroke leaves twice a week, Wednesday and Saturday, at 12.30 p.m., arriving there the same evening.

## LAKES WANAKA AND HAWEA.

### PEMBROKE.

HOTELS.—Russell's Wanaka, 10s. per day; £2 10s. per week.

PLACES OF INTEREST, WITH DISTANCES FROM HOTEL:—

| | Miles. | | Miles. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Glendhu ... ... | 10 | Outlet of Lake into Clutha River ... ... | 4 |
| Up Matukituki River to Mount Aspiring ... | 30 | Mount Iron ... ... | 4 |
| Lake Hawea ... ... | 10 | | |

The steamboat "Theodore" makes tours every week right round Lake Wanaka, calling at all places of interest. Round trip usually occupies 2 days. (Possible to ride also.) Steamboat fares—Round tour, £2. Shorter trips can be arranged for. Horses, 10s. per day, single. Single buggies, 15s.; double buggies, £1 10s., with driver, 5s. to 10s. extra.

Post and Telegraph Office, bi-weekly mails.

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Pembroke stands on the shore of Lake Wanaka, and consists of only a few houses. Tourists will find the hotel, kept by Mrs. Russell, to be one of the most comfortable on the route. It is not so large, nor so well equipped in some respects as are the City hotels, but for quiet, cleanliness, and attention to the wants of guests it is unsurpassed. Attached to the hotel is a splendid garden, in which fruit of all kind flourishes. The garden is at the disposal of visitors to the hotel, and contributes not a little to the atmosphere of homeliness that pervades the whole place. Tourists will find Lake Wanaka, while in some respects resembling Wakatipu and Manapouri, to have beauties and charms of its own, but without dwelling on these at present we shall proceed to describe briefly the places of interest. We shall take first those that can be reached on foot or horseback.

PEMBROKE TO GLENDHU, 10 miles. This tour can be easily made on foot, on horseback, or by buggy, and introduces the tourist to some of the finest scenery about the lake. The road skirts the lake shore, and runs round past Wanaka Station. A little way on "you come in view of one of those fairy landscapes, that upon the stage looks impossible, but here is not only verified but excelled. The ground at a gentle slope dips towards the lake, but rises at its border in low billows of regular and wave-like form, through the depressions of which the limpid waters of the lake glint at regularly repeated intervals, as if through filigree work. At a little distance in the centre of the scene, mountains rise in sharply serrated and fantastically cut outlines, while to right and left, richly carved and deeply furrowed mountains in blue remoteness close in the view." (Descriptive Guide to the Otago Lakes.) This ride may be extended up the

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MATUKITUKI VALLEY, TO FOOT OF MOUNT ASPIRING. This takes the tourist up the valley of the Matukituki River, to the base of one of the four highest, and probably the most extensive snow mountain in Australasia, except Mount Cook. It is only about 30 miles from Pembroke. It is possible, by starting early, to make this journey in one day, but it is less fatiguing to take two, and a longer opportunity will thus be given to explore the wonders of Mount Aspiring. There are no accommodation houses on the way, but there are stations where travellers will be made welcome for the night. This excursion is strongly recommended. The ride up the Matukituki Valley is most delightful; the path winds along the slopes of high piled, thickly timbered mountains, and through valleys of charmingly diversified scenery, till at length the roar of the avalanche hurtles in the air,

> "And thro' the golden valleys winding streams
> Ripple in glancing silver, and above,
> The blue hills rise, and over all a peak
> White: awful with a constant fleece of cloud
> Veiling its summit towers."

The tourist has reached Mount Aspiring, and, as is fitting in the presence of such scenes, may be left in silence to behold them.

PEMBROKE TO MOUNTS IRON AND GRANDVIEW.—Mount Iron is only about four miles from Pembroke, on the east shore of the lake. It is only a few hundred feet high, and is comparatively easy of ascent. It commands, however, splendid views of both sides of the lake and of the mountains which enclose them. Those who care for a longer excursion may climb Grandview, the scene from which is sufficiently indicated by its name. It takes a full day to accomplish this journey. It had better be done on horseback.

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PEMBROKE TO BROWN'S BAY AND HEAD OF CLUTHA RIVER.—This is an easy journey of four miles. Lake Wanaka is drained by the Clutha River, and this is the point of outlet of the water from this lake. One of the best views of the mountain range on the western shore of Wanaka is obtained from this point.

PEMBROKE TO LAKE HAWEA.—The tourist may ride or drive or walk to Lake Hawea. It is only some six miles to the Hawea Hotel, which is close to the shores of the lake. The scenery around Hawea, at least on its eastern side, is comparatively tame and uninteresting. Hawea is the smallest of all the lakes which the tourist has yet met on his course. It is about fifteen miles long, three broad, and its general depth is from nine to twelve hundred feet, and about four hundred and fifty near the ends. On its eastern side lie the Hawea Flats, a wide extent of capital agricultural land. The terminus of the Otago Central Railway is to be at Gladstone, on the shores of the lake; but this town has no existence yet except on paper. The finest scenery of this lake, like Wakatipu, is at the head, on its eastern side. A bridle-track runs round both sides, and the head of the lake is not unlike that of Wakatipu. It is enclosed by a high mountain wall, steep, wooded, and crowned with snow. The Hunter River flows into the lake at the top and is difficult to ford. There is a station, however, on its banks—Mr. Macgregor's—and the boat is available. There is also a small schooner on the lake, used for bringing down timber, which may be chartered by tourists, or they can get a passage by her at a very nominal fare whenever she goes on her usual trips. The best plan, however, for seeing Lake Hawea or reaching the head of the lake will be to go up Lake Wanaka in the steamboat to what is called the Neck, then a walk of two miles brings

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you to the edge of Hawea, and by climbing a hill there a full view of the head of the lake can be obtained.

ROUND LAKE WANAKA BY STEAMBOAT.—This is *the* trip for tourists; and if they wish to see the real beauties of this charming lake, must not be omitted. It is only within the last year that the trip could be undertaken with any great pleasure or accomplished in any very reasonable time. The little steamer, "Theodore," by which the tourists will travel, is not perhaps quite so comfortably fitted up, but is equally as swift as the "Mountaineer" of Wakatipu. She is a curiosity in her way—a monument to the pluck and perseverance of her owners. She is a local production, with the exception of her engine and boilers, which were brought from Dunedin, a distance of 110 miles. She was built by the shores of the lake on which she sails, the ship carpenter (an old sea skipper), assisted by an engineer from Dunedin and a labourer, doing all the work. Taking with him some provisions from the hotel, for as yet the cuisine comforts of the "Theodore" are not first-class, the tourist embarks, and as the little boat glides out on the clear placid waters he will have time to take a note or two regarding Lake Wanaka. In many respects Wanaka is an entire contrast to anything he has yet seen. The mountains, though as high as those of Wakatipu, have not their gloomy, desolate grandeur, nor yet the quiet charms of Manapouri. "From the shore of Lake Wanaka," says Mr. W. N. Blair, C.E., "it is possible to see about thirty named and measured peaks, from 4000 to nearly 10,000 feet high, and a countless number that have been neither named nor measured." The general height is from 5000 to 7000 feet, Mount Aspiring—the Matterhorn of New Zealand—towering up 9940 feet. There is less wood on their sides than on the mountains round Manapouri or those at

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the head of Wakatipu, fern, bracken, and manuka taking the place of birch and pine. But while we are thinking on these things the "Theodore" has been plunging on, and we are alongside Glendhu, of which we have already spoken. A little further and we glide in through Hurricane Bay, whose name explains itself, between Crescent Island and a peninsula jutting out between Glendhu and the mouth of the Matukituki River. We land in a quiet little alcove on the left of the latter. Here the steamer usually goes for a cargo of timber. Coals are not to be had in this district, and wood takes their place, the motive power of the steamer being supplied in this way.

Here for more than a mile the shore is strewn thick with chips, and blocks, and saplings that have been uprooted by storms or drifted down from the Matukituki Saw-mills. The timber trade is an important element of the district. It is brought down the Matukituki and Makarora Rivers in small crafts, formed into rafts on the shores of the lake, and thence by the outlet down the Clutha to Cromwell. While the steamer is here, the tourist should climb a low-lying mountain close to the shore, from whence a magnificent view is obtained. Standing with his back to the lake, and looking up the Matukituki River, a wide wooded valley opens before him. On the left run the lofty ranges of the Harris Mountains, culminating in Black Peak and Fox Peak, nearly 8000 feet high; and on the right the Buchanan Peaks, flanked by Mount Alta of nearly equal height, bound the view. These lofty summits approach each other in the far horizon, but are prevented from meeting by another mountain mass of high glittering whiteness that inserts itself between them. This is the celebrated Mount Aspiring. Behind it, over a stoop in its shoulder, peeps, like a shy white bride, the Glacier Dome. In front, Mount Aspiring

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opens its miles of blue-white bosom to receive the golden shafts of light, and kiss the foe that smites. Glittering clear it lies, save when now and again light puff-like clouds nestle lovingly on its snow-cold breast, or creep and cling around its gleaming head in misty adoration. Far down at its base the valley opens, and between dark green slopes of "forest primeval," jutting peaks and crags towering thousands of feet above, the Matukituki wanders down over its miles of white sand to meet and mingle with the lake. The whole scene is beautiful beyond description, and one might linger long; but the whistle of the steamer warns us that time is up, and we embark and are off again, on up the lake. As our little boat forges its way towards the head of the lake the scenery is different to anything that the tourist has yet seen. On his left are towering mountain peaks as high as the Wakatipu ranges. Nature, however, is in a more genial mood here, and she has clothed their sides, if not with gay, at least with decent dress. On the steep, stony faces, bracken abounds; in the ravines, and here and there along the sides, clumps of manuka and the curious-looking cabbage-tree are scattered, while tussock and fern and grass seem to weave a bright green carpet, till it loses itself far away up in the snow-clad summits above. On the right the boat passes two of the three islands in the lake. The first, Crescent Island, is a high brown hump that heaves itself some 200 or 300 feet up out of the lake, and is clad down to the water's edge with tussock and fern and grass. Manuka, or Pigeon Island as it is also called, is a very remarkable spot, on which we shall land by and by. Beyond these, on our right, on the further shore of the lake, a long high ridge of mountains rises straight up from the water's edge. Passing Manuka Island, we see Mount Alta nearly opposite on our

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left, wrapping itself in verdure till far away up, nigh 8000 feet,

"It claps a white cape on its mantle green."

Rounding the Twin Peaks, between which and Mount Alta the Rumbling and Minaret Burns come brawling down, we come in sight, on our left hand, of the curious-looking Minaret Peaks. Their name explains their appearance. They step back in sloping terraces from the water, gradually rising, till at last they crown their split and towering pinnacles, nearly 7000 feet above, in perpetual snow. Right at the foot of these is Minaret Peaks Station, belonging to Messrs. Cargill and Anderson, where the boat calls and usually stays for a little. If the tourist has not time to go to the Hawea Lake he can obtain an excellent view of the most interesting part of it by climbing one of the spurs of the Minaret Peaks. From this he will see a good portion of the upper part of the lake and also the further side, where the mountains, clothed with wood, rise straight up from the water's edge. The peak visible is called the Devil's Elbow. Once a mob of cattle turned upon their driver as he was taking them along this precipice, and to save himself he jumped sheer down into the lake, over 50 feet, and escaped miraculously. The fuller view of the Hawea is obtained by landing at the Neck, which is almost opposite the station, and walking across. It is only two miles, and by climbing a spur of Isthmus Peak, on the shore of Lake Hawea, a view is obtained of almost the whole head of the lake. While the boat stays at Minaret Peaks Station the tourist, by climbing Dromedary Hill, which is about seven miles distant, may also have one of the finest views of Mount Aspiring that is to be had anywhere about the lake. From the spur which he ascends to view Hawea he will also see the head of Lake Wanaka. This part of

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Wanaka is an entire contrast to Wakatipu and Hawea. It is flat and marshy, and through the low-lying swampy ground the Makarora River enters the lake. On right and left of the river there are high mountains, the most remarkable being strange-shaped peaks called Turret Peaks. The low-lying ground is thickly wooded, and large quantities of timber are rafted down from the mouth of Makarora River to Brown Bay, the outlet of the lake, into the Clutha River. The boat usually takes tourists on to the head of the lake, landing those, however, who do not care to go further, at the Neck. This gives them time to see Lake Hawea, and the boat picks them up on the journey back. The sail down the lake gives some magnificent views. As he turns to say farewell, the tourist cannot help being struck with the strange appearance of the Turret and Minaret Peaks, more especially if it be in the early morning or as evening is drawing on. They remind one not a little of Scott's description of the scenes in the Western Trossachs of Loch Katrine, through which the hunter passed on his homeward journey and after he had lost his "gallant grey." True, you do not catch the stag-hounds' bay, nor does any huntsman's bugle-note wake the echoes. No antlered deer crouch in any thicket, but only the everlasting rabbit bunting amid the bracken. Nor does any owlet or eagle wing the air; nothing but a very different bird, the hated Kea, haunts the silences of those high and lonely peaks; but, for the rest, this description will apply:—

"The rocky summits split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola, or minaret;
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of Eastern architect.

. . . . . .

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. . . where white peaks glanced,

. . . . . .

The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heavens' delicious blue,
So wondrous wild the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream."

But already as we gaze, the steamer is in sight of Pigeon Island, and here awaits the tourist the strangest and most lovely sight he has yet witnessed.

Very near the crown of this island—some 500 feet above the lake, and 2000 above the sea level—is a little lakelet. It is nearly circular, and covers about 10 acres of ground. Its depth is unknown, so also it keeps the secret of its origin. Its bed is evidently the crater of an extinct volcano. One little stream runs out of it, but how the lakelet is fed is a mystery. "Its clear blue waters show that it is not shallow, indeed, the natives have a theory that it is as deep as Wanaka itself, and that it rises and falls with the larger lake from which it is fed." Landing on the shore there is an easy well-trodden path up to it, and the tourist who leaves Wanaka without visiting this little lakelet, loses the opportunity of seeing one of the most delightful sights he is ever likely to look on.

The tourist follows the path that winds up through the wooded side of the island, and after a short climb he emerges upon a cliff that

"Heaves like a long swept wave about to break,
And on the curl hangs pausing."

From this point of vantage he looks down upon the little lakelet below, and he must be strangely constituted if he is not impressed by the wondrous beauty of the scene. Like "lone St. Mary's"—

. . . . . "nor fen nor sedge
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge."

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Round its banks, however, runs a fringe of trees and shrubs; the manuka, in its pinkish bloom, the New Zealand figtree, and the pale purple veronica, keep watch above the sleeping tarn. The scene everywhere around is of surpassing loveliness; the high mountains with their hoary heads impress us, as when we stand in the presence of some

"Most potent, grave, and reverend seigneurs."

"There is every variety of shade and outline and colour culminating in these peaks of perpetual snow, while away for down 600 feet Wanaka winds, like a broad strip of the azure heavens, round the bases of its everlasting hills.' With a trifling change of a word or so, the description of Loch Katrine would stand equally for this scene here—

"Mildly and soft the western breeze,
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,
And the pleased lake like maiden coy,
Trembled, but dimpled not for joy;
The mountain shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest,
In bright uncertainty they lie
Like future joys to fancy's eye."

One might linger long beside these scenes. It is no wonder that this island is a favourite resort of pic-nic parties. It affords unlimited scope for pleasure excursions. Besides this *lusus naturæ* of a lakelet the tourists will find other abundant sources of instruction and amusement. The view of Wanaka and its surroundings from the top of the island is unequalled; the bush affords ample scope for the botanist, and the undergrowth abounds in shrubs, mosses, flowers, and ferns of endless variety. On the shore of the island there is a vacant hut, where the "billy" may be boiled, and those whom "the hum of cities tortures" may escape for a time the vexing restraints of civilization and make merry round the mimic camp fire.

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The sail down the lake to Pembroke suggests one other feature of these lakes which has not yet been touched, but which is unquestionably the loveliest of the many lovely sights which the tourist will behold, that is:

THE SUNRISES AND SUNSETS ABOUT THE LAKES.

Wanaka excels all the others perhaps in the enchanting beauty of these We should certainly recommend the tourist to make a point of witnessing, if he can, a sunrise upon some of the lakes. It is a sight he is never likely to forget. But, if it were possible, the sunsets are even more magnificent, probably because

"Immanence of change makes sense more fine,
And light seems holier in its grand decline."

Nothing can exceed the witching beauty of a sail down Wanaka as "day is dying." John Ruskin says "that no gorgeousness of the palette can reach the effects of daylight on ordinary colours. But it is a widely different thing when nature herself takes a colouring fit and does something extraordinary, something really to exhibit her powers." That is just what she does in these sunsets of the lakes. She occasionally takes a "colouring fit," and then eye hath not seen, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the splendours of such a scene. The soft dreamy haze that steeps the mountains, the extraordinary changing colours above the peaks where the sun has gone down—shadowless, crimson, and purple and scarlet, melting into green and opal and sapphire, into shades and tints for which "there are really no words in the language and no ideas in the mind—colours that can only be conceived while they are visible." Byron speaks somewhere of parting day dying

"Like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away."

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How supremely inadequate—we had almost said how vulgar—is this simile when one would apply it to sunsets on these lakes. And then to add to the inconceivable beauty, just as the soft flush on the western horizon begins to pale, a single star of dazzling brilliancy steps forth and stands "tip toe on the mountain top." One realizes then as never before the full force of Wordsworth's lines—

> "Fair as a star when *only one*
> Is shining in the sky."

No words could convey any adequate idea of these sunsets; indeed, one feels that the attempt to describe them had better not be made, because to those who have not seen them, such description would seem exaggeration, and to those who have it would only vulgarise memories divine. The sail down Lake Wanaka in the deepening twilight, is certainly one of those scenes of which George Eliot says in the Spanish Gipsy—

> ". . . . . with the whisper of a word
> Our souls must shrink, get poorer, more apart."

But as we muse our boat has glided down near our journey's end, and we take a last lingering and loving look at the waning light and deepening shadows on lake and mountain, and return to our hotel.

The tourist has now completed the tour of the Southern Lakes, and if he does not wish to spend longer time in these regions, he can take the coach which starts every Monday, at 5 a.m., and Thursday, at 10 a.m., for Cromwell, thence via Lawrence to Dunedin. But we are sure, as he starts by the morning coach and turns his back on these lakes, and as he thinks of all that he has seen and heard, the words of Whittier, as he bade adieu to his great Northern lake, will not inaptly express his feelings—

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"Fair scenes, whereto the day and night
Make rival love, I leave you soon;
What time before the Eastern light,
The pale ghost of the setting moon,

Shall hide behind yon rocky spines,
And the young archer, Morn, shall break
His arrows on the mountain pines,
And golden sandalled walk the lake.

Farewell, around this smiling bay,
Gay-hearted health and life in bloom,
With lighter steps than mine may stray,
In radiant summers yet to come.

But none shall more regretful leave
These waters and these hills than I;
Or distant, fonder dream how eve
Or dawn is painting wave and sky;

How rising moons shine sad and mild
On wooded isle and silvering bay;
Or setting suns beyond the piled
And purple mountains lead the day.

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# CHAPTER V.

### PEMBROKE TO DUNEDIN.

Starting by the coach, which leaves Russell's Hotel every Monday and Thursday morning, a run of some 38 miles along a capital road brings the visitor to

### CROMWELL.

Cromwell is a little tree-girt township, not without some pretensions to beauty. Its life depends largely upon gold mining. Should the visitor wish to spend a day here, he will find comfortable quarters at R. Mounteney's Commercial Hotel; but unless he is interested in mining matters there is not much else to detain him, and he had better continue his journey. A splendid bridge spans the Clutha River here, and a little way down, on the right, the Clutha is joined by the Kawarau River. The latter, on its course from Lake Wakatipu, has become contaminated, and it is a strange spectacle to see it rolling its dirty brown mass of water into the splendid green volumes of the Clutha, and gradually changing the latter to its own complexion. The road runs along the side of the Clutha River, or as it is usually called after its junction with the Kawarau, the Molyneux, and a more dreary and desolate region than here meets the eye it is scarcely possible to conceive. The visitor has entered the famous goldfields districts. This valley was once the scene of busy and tumultuous life, and the sides of the hills and the bed and banks of the river bear mournful witness to the eager quest for gold. On right and left bare and shaly

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rocks lift their mouldering summits high into the air, and at their base the Molyneux tumbles its mass of clay-coloured waters over rock and boulder. Here and there you see sluicers at work, their dress looking as if it too had taken on the prevailing colour of the region. The whole road from Cromwell to Clyde might stand for a picture of "the abomination of desolation." Ten miles from Cromwell

CLYDE

is reached. Here in this neighbourhood was one of the richest rushes in the early gold days. The climate in this locality is charming; fruit of every kind grows in rich profusion, and the inhabitants have a tradition, that so healthy is the spot no one ever dies here. A spin of a few miles across a level plain and

ALEXANDRA

is passed, and then the road winds up through the Knobby Ranges to Roxburgh. The scenery for a good part of the way is wild and weird, the rocks and boulders bruised into all sorts of shapes, and the hills, for the most part, are bare and desolate. It is the paradise of rabbits, and the visitor will have some idea of what is called the "rabbit pest," as in all directions

"Twinkles the innumerable ear and tail."

Towards evening the coach reaches

ROXBURGH,

and the visitors stay here for the night. The surroundings of Roxburgh are pleasant and the goldfields are adjacent; but if the visitor desires to inspect them he will find it better to stay at Lawrence, for the accommodation at Roxburgh is not by any means equal to the requirements of the place. The coach leaves at 5 a.m., and a spin of a few hours along a rich belt of agricultural country brings us to

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### LAWRENCE.

Lawrence is a flourishing township, the outlet for the goldfields to Dunedin. The visitor will find capital accommodation at the Commercial Hotel, where the coach stops. If he has time he may inspect the mines of the district, especially the famous Blue Spur and Gabriel's Gully, the latter of which played such a prominent part in the early goldfield days. It was the discovery of gold in these districts, and along the banks of the Clutha, that first started Otago on the road of progress. Some idea may be formed of the richness of the gold mines of New Zealand, when we recollect that within the last 23 years, the value of gold exports reaches the extraordinary total of over £40,000,000, almost the whole of which has been obtained from the Otago and West Coast mines. If the visitor does not wish to make himself acquainted with the gold-mining industry, the coach arrives in time to catch the train, and he can at once set out for Dunedin. The railway runs through the splendid agricultural plains of Tokomairiro and Taieri, passing Milton, where there are pottery works, and Mosgiel, the seat of the now celebrated Mosgiel Woollen Factory, and in a brief time the train draws up at the Dunedin station.

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# CHAPTER VI.

## DUNEDIN.

HOTELS.—The Grand Hotel, Wain's, The City, Criterion, Imperial, Coffee Palace.

CLUBS.—Dunedin (resident), Southern (non-resident), Working Men's (non-resident). Strangers have the privilege of residing at the Dunedin Club on being introduced by a member.

PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.—Princess Theatre (Stafford Street), Queen's Theatre (Princes Street).

PLACES OF INTEREST AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN AND AROUND THE CITY.—*The Athenæum* (Library and Reading Room), *Chamber of Commerce, University. Museum, High School. Hospital, Benevolent Institution, Industrial School, Post Office and Government Buildings, Union Steam Ship Coy.'s Offices, Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Association Rooms, Town Hall, &c.*

BANKS —Colonial, New Zealand, National, Union Bank of Australia, Bank of Australasia, Bank of New South Wales.

NEWSPAPERS.—(Daily) The Otago Daily Times, The Evening Herald, The Evening Star; (weekly) The New Zealand Public Opinion, The Otago Witness, The Tablet, The Christian Record.

WALKS AND DRIVES.—The Town Belt, The Botanical Gardens, The Ocean Beach, The Water Works and Nichol's Creek. Maori Kaik, Blueskin, Port Chalmers, Seacliff, Portobello, Mosgiel, Henley and the Taieri River, Kaikorai Valley, Flagstaff Hill.

In March and April, 1848, two vessels arrived in what is now Port Chalmers. These vessels contained 326 emigrants, who were the founders of the City of Dunedin and the Province of Otago. The pioneers were under the charge of Captain Wm. Cargill (whose monument now stands in Princes Street), and Rev. Thomas Burns, a nephew of the illustrious bard of Scotland. The real beginning

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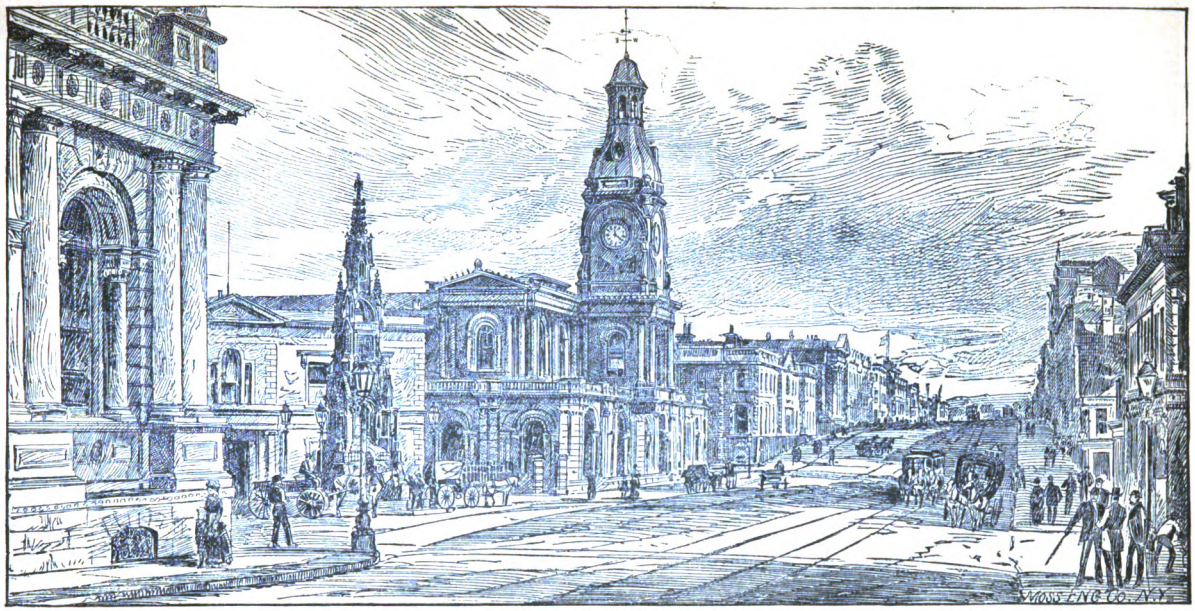

**PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN.**
*From a Photograph by Burton Bros., Dunedin.*

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of Dunedin, however, dates from 1861, when gold was first discovered in Gabriel's Gully. Since then it has grown with more or less rapidity till now it is one of the most prosperous and picturesque towns of New Zealand. It contains within the city proper, a population of some 24,000, and, if the surrounding townships are included, nearly double that number. Its public buildings are the finest in the Colony, and some of them will compare favourably with any in the Southern Hemisphere. Its situation is charming; seen on a clear day from the bay, or from some of the hills around, it is scarcely possible to find a more picturesque sight, and the stranger will surely share somewhat the enthusiasm of the poet, when he says—

"Go trav'ler, unto others boast,
Of Venice and of Rome,
Of Saintly Mark's majestic pile,
And Peter's lofty dome ;
Of Naples and her trellised bowers,
Of Rhineland far away—
These may be grand, but give to me
Dunedin from the Bay."

However, we must not waste time in describing what the visitor will see for himself. We shall proceed to give him some directions as to how he may make the most of his stay. One of the characteristic features of Dunedin is that you cannot get what we call a "bird's-eye view" of it. It is hidden away in nooks and corners, behind clumps of trees, and under green hill crests. Though this is, in one sense, a drawback, yet in another it is a decided gain, for it adds almost indefinite possibilities to the pleasures of sight seeing. Hence, there are very few towns indeed, that hold so many surprises for the visitor. Every hill top gives a new view ; every turn in the road an ever varying picture of loveliness or of grandeur.

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WALKS AND DRIVES:

DUNEDIN TO MUSEUM, UNIVERSITY, AND BOTANICAL GARDENS:—The visitor will find tram-cars which run every few minutes, starting from opposite Cargill's Monument in Princes Street. Fare, 3d.

DUNEDIN, UP THE LEITH VALLEY TO THE WATERWORKS AND NICHOL'S CREEK AND WATERFALL.—Taking the tram-car opposite Cargill's Monument the visitor alights at the north end of King Street, and turning to the left takes the road to Woodhaugh. Passing this latter place, with its mill and paper works, he strikes up a little side valley to the left, and he soon comes to the reservoirs, forming the first supply of water to the city. Returning again to the main road, he walks up the valley for about two miles till he reaches Nichol's Creek on his left-hand. Following this creek up for a little way, he comes to a linn or waterfall. The scenery all the way is very beautiful. The valley and hill-sides are thickly wooded, and the various greens of the New Zealand foliage, starred with the white flowers of the convolvulus, and alive with the music of birds make the excursion delightful. The walk up Nichol's Creek itself is even more so. Mr. Bracken in his new Book of Poems, 'Lays of the Land of the Maori and Moa" sings of it thus:

"Ferns of every shade
Border'd and scollop'd, 'yond the power of art,
In tens of thousands deck the rocky walls
That hold the mountains back against the sky,
And give the fluent stream an open course
To bring its sweetness to the lands below.
And now with admiration I behold
A shower of molten silver falling down
An em'rald, moss-clad precipice of rock
That stands a buttress to the central steep
Where range links range in strong volcanic chain

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**WATERFALL, NICHOL'S CREEK, DUNEDIN.**
*From Photograph by Burton Bros., Dunedin.*

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Forged in the olden times; and as I gaze
Up through the argent spray-mist and the leaves,
My spirit listens to the cascade's song:
Falling, falling,
Streaming, teeming,
I am the child of the sun and the snow.
Falling, falling,
Ocean is calling,
Rolling along to his bosom I go."

If the visitor be on foot, he will possibly find this journey sufficient for one day; but if he rides or drives, he may continue it up to the summit of the hill, whence a splendid view is obtained, and return to town by the old main road leading past the Junction Hotel. The excursion up the Leith Valley to Nichol's Creek and Waterfall is a very favourite one for pic-nic and fern hunting parties. "Nowhere in New Zealand," it is said, "can so large a representation of certain genera be found as on Mount Cargill (which is not far from Nichol's Creek), there having been collected there fourteen species of *hymenophyllum* ferns out of fifteen known in the Colony, and thirteen species of hookeria moss out of sixteen known in New Zealand." ("Illustrated Guide to Dunedin and its Industries.")

DUNEDIN TO BLUESKIN.—This divides with the drive round the Peninsula the honour of being the most delightful excursion about Dunedin. Blueskin is a small township some ten miles from Dunedin, and the drive to it and back introduces the visitor to scenery almost as romantic as any he has yet met with in this favoured country. Horses and buggies may be obtained from any of the livery stables at the usual rates—10s. per day, saddle horse; 15s. single buggy; and 25s. double. The visitor will find comfortable quarters in Blueskin at Saratoga House.

DUNEDIN TO PORT CHALMERS.—This trip will enable

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the visitor to inspect the harbour and shipping. He will see here the largest dredge in the world, which was built for removing the bar at the entrance to Port Chalmers, and among the forests of masts the red funnels of the boats of the Union Steam Ship Company, whose headquarters are in Dunedin, and a number of whose boats is always at the wharves, give colour and animation to the busy life of the Port. (Hotels—Provincial and Port Chalmers.)

DUNEDIN TO PORTOBELLO.—This drive, about ten miles, as well as the one to Blueskin, should on no account be omitted. There are two roads—one over the crest of the Peninsula Hills, and one round the edge of the Bay. The best plan is to go by the former, and return by the latter. On the high road the visitor will obtain glimpses of cliff and wood and ocean scenery that will be a "joy for ever." Before returning, the drive may be continued from Portobello to the Maori Kaik, one of the few Maori settlements in Otago. There are not many native residents, and their educational wants are supplied by a school and church. The road back to town skirts the Bay, and some of the prettiest villas of Dunedin are to be seen along this route, conspicuous amongst them being those of Mr. George Gray Russell, and Mr. James Macandrew, M.H.R., a former Superintendent of the Province of Otago; while away on the highest crest of the hill is "The Camp," the residence of Mr. W. J. M. Larnach, M.H.R.

DUNEDIN TO OCEAN BEACH, TOMAHAWK BAY, AND THE CLIFFS.—This is a shorter excursion. Taking the tram-car to St. Kilda or St. Clair (fare, 3d.), the visitor reaches the Ocean Beach. It is a wide sweep of sand, extending fully a mile from the Cliffs to Lawyer's Head. Public Baths are in course of erection at St. Clair, and the level field of sand gives a splendid scope for a bracing gallop on horse-

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back. High up on the southern side is the picturesque residence of Mr. E. B. Cargill, one of the sons of the founder of Otago, and on the northern side is Lawyer's Head, where it is proposed to erect a battery to protect Dunedin from her enemies. There are at present two guns in position, but—and may it be long so!—the cobweb is woven across the cannon's "throat," and "shakes its threaded tears in the wind." A very pleasant day may be spent at the Ocean Beach, exploring the adjoining cliffs and caves, or wandering among the sand-hills, and listening to the long low boom of the great Pacific rollers,

"Dashing downward on the sand,
With a stamp, with a rush, with a roar."

DUNEDIN TO MOSGIEL, HENLEY, AND THE TAIERI MOUTH.—This journey is accomplished by train, and can be done in one day, although it would be better to take two. The visitor should go to Mosgiel (to which he can also drive if he chooses), about 10 miles south of Dunedin, and inspect the Mosgiel Woollen Factory. The goods manufactured are tweeds, shawls, rugs, flannels, blankets, hosiery, and yarns, all of excellent quality, and in great demand. There are 300 hands employed by the Company at Mosgiel, at the Kaikorai Mill (leased by the Company), and at Dunedin. Nearly 500,000lbs. of wool were used in 1882. As many as ten million yards of woollen thread, or yarn, can be manufactured in a day. The Company was awarded a gold medal at the Melbourne Exhibition, and narrowly escaped carrying off the plate presented by the Emperor of Germany for the most prosperous colonial industry.—(Illustrated Guide to Dunedin and its Industries.). The Factory is open for the inspection of visitors on Mondays, but special permission to view it on other days can be

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obtained on application at the Company's offices, High Street, Dunedin.

This excursion may be continued to HENLEY, TAIERI BEACH, and WAIHOLA LAKE.

Taking the early morning train, 8 a.m., to Henley, a walk of ten minutes brings the visitor to the hotel, from whence the steam launch, Waiau, conveys parties down the river to the beach. The Waiau runs regularly every Saturday during the summer months, returning in time for the evening train to Dunedin. Steamboat fares, 3s. 6d. (return). The launch is also open for engagement on other days—for a party not exceeding 20, £3; over that number, 3s. each —starting and returning at any hour desired. Telegrams or letters to Amos McKegg, Henley, will be punctually attended to.

This excursion is strongly recommended; for a day's pic-nicking it is unsurpassed. The sail down the river to the Ocean Beach is delightful, and the scenery is, in some parts, of the most picturesque and romantic description. A short way down, the Taieri River is joined by the stream from the Waipori and Waihola—or more properly Waihora Lakes, and soon after it enters a deep gorge, through which no outlet on either side is visible. The high overhanging rocks are clothed with timber and fern, and the white flowers of the convolvulus spread a light of laughing flowers over the deep green foliage of the hills. At the end of this gorge the launch shoots round a curve to the right, into Humbug Reach, so called from the baffling winds that are common here. Before the roads were made, all the supplies from Dunedin for the interior were brought by sea to the mouth of the Taieri River, and then up the river by boats. The neighbourhood of this river, and of Waihora Lake, were once the favourite haunts of the Maoris. To the latter they were attracted by the immense number of eels which it contained—hence its name—"Wai-ora," the living water.

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Many Maori legends are intertwined with the natural scenery along the banks of the Taieri; one of the best known of these is that connected with what is known as the Maori's Leap. Mr. Stack, in his "Traditional History of the South Island Maoris," thus narrates the tradition:—

A son of the chief, whose pah was close to the Waihora Lake—Koroki Whiti—"made the acquaintance of Haki Te Kura, the daughter of the chief whose pah stood at the mouth of the Taieri. The maiden, unknown to her friends, used to meet her lover on the sands when the tide was low." These clandestine meetings were long continued, but by and by the tribe to which Koroki belonged resolved to remove further south. Korori of course accompanied his tribe. As they were passing below her father's pah, "Haki Te Kura, eager to join her lover, jumped off the cliff into the water, but in doing so, either fell upon a rock, or upon the edge of her lover's canoe, and was killed." Hence the name "The Maori's Leap."

DUNEDIN AND SUBURBS, TOWN BELT AND FLAGSTAFF HILL.—Dunedin and its Suburbs comprise nine Municipalities:—Dunedin City, Dunedin South, Caversham, St. Kilda, Mornington, Roslyn, Maori Hill, North-east Valley, and West Harbour. All these can be reached by the tram-car service except West Harbour, which is accessible by rail. The visitor should make the trip by the cable-trams up High Street and Rattray Street. The former conducts him to Mornington, one of the most flourishing suburbs of Dunedin; the latter to Roslyn, one of the most picturesque. The visitor, if he chooses, may continue this latter excursion on foot down the hill from where the cars stop to Kaikorai, the seat of several manufactories; and, if he is not afraid of a climb, he may ascend Flagstaff Hill about two miles on, from whence he will obtain a

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magnificent view of the surrounding country. One other walk or drive yet remains—the Town Belt. This is a strip of unoccupied land, about a quarter of a mile wide, which runs right round the city. It is intended some day to lay it out in gardens and walks. Meantime there is a road constructed, and a pleasant hour or two may be spent in a walk or drive round the Belt. There are also seats here and there on the more picturesque points, and some very charming views of the city and its surroundings are obtainable. It was from a point on the Belt, somewhere between Roslyn and Maori Hill, that the following sketch of Dunedin and its surroundings by a well-known colonial author was made :—" Yonder rolled old ocean, bluer than the sky it reflected, white-tipped here and there with the feathery crests of waves, petulantly foaming near the obstinate rocky islet that lay in by the beach and was indifferent alike to storms and smiles ; and yonder stood the fair high hills of the Peninsula, tinted and beautified by the warm bright sunlight. Westward lay the pretty villa-built townships of Melrose, Nevada, and Roslyn, rendered picturesque by frequent patches of dark green foliage ; and nearer, and all around, fair Dunedin City itself, with its manifold slender spires and myriad bright-looking buildings—Knox Church here and First Church over yonder, suggestive in their graceful delicate architecture of fairy work rather than the labor of man. Right below beamed Pelichet Bay, smooth and azure, with tiny white-sailed crafts skimming its surface like birds. North-east was Manuka Hill, clothed in dense luxuriance of bush, and a little beyond, lo ! God's acre, with its narrow green mounds and pale stone record. Further east the picturesque, diminutive township of Opoho. Below that, pretty North-east Valley. Nearer ran the Water of Leith

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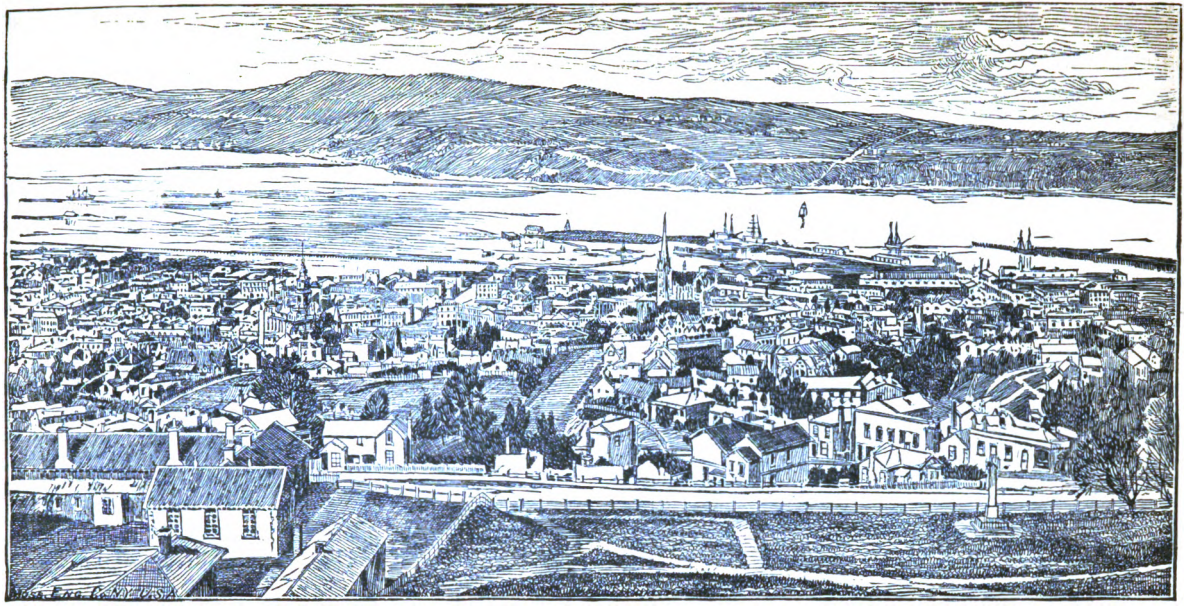

**DUNEDIN FROM ROSLYN.**
***From a Photograph by Coxhead & Le Sueur, Dunedin.***

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musically over its pebbly bed, much hidden by bridges and tall buildings, till it won away down by the Botanical Gardens. Quite close stood forest-clad Pine Hill, and from there the eye glanced instinctively over to Flag-staff, a group of mountains about whose bleak and unresponsive peaks amorous white clouds continually creep and cling and nestle in misty adoration."

This fitly sums up Dunedin, and the visitor, having spent as long a time as he wishes in "doing" this attractive city, may then pursue his further journey.

The next stage for the tourist is Mount Cook, and the lakes adjoining.

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# CHAPTER VII.

## DUNEDIN TO MOUNT COOK AND LAKES TEKAPO, PUKAKI, AND OHAU.

ROUTE.—By rail to Fairlie Creek, thence by coach or buggy: or by steamboat to Timaru, rail Timaru to Fairlie Creek, thence by coach or buggy.

To reach Mount Cook the visitor may either go by one of the Union Steam Ship Company's boats to Timaru and then take the train to Fairlie Creek, and thence by horse as he may arrange; or he may go right through by rail to Fairlie Creek and thence as before. The latter alternative gives him the opportunity of seeing the country and some of the more flourishing towns of Otago and Canterbury. We shall give a brief note or two on the points of interest along this latter route. Starting by train from Dunedin, the visitor leaves behind him Port Chalmers, and the line begins gradually to ascend along the slopes of a densely-wooded hill. As the ascent proceeds a grand view is obtained of Port Chalmers and of the ocean. The train winds on and up, now through a tunnel, now twisting round rocky outcrops, and now along the edges of precipitous cliffs, at a rate a little alarming sometimes to nervous people. As the top of the ascent is gained the sight is of the most romantic description. Hundreds of feet sheer down you see the deep green ocean and hear the long swell and solemn boom of the breakers leaping up against their rocky walls. The white gulls "that wing the mid-way air show scarce so gross as

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beetles," and as the train creeps along the verge of the precipice one feels like Edgar in "King Lear":—

> "I'll look no more,
> Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
> Topple down headlong."

But the evident carefulness to avoid the possibility of an accident is re-assuring, and we breathe freely as the iron horse rushes down the incline and draws up at WAIKOUAITI. Continuing the course, GOODWOOD, a favourite seaside resort, is passed and PALMERSTON is reached. Palmerston used to be a busy place in the early goldfield days. Coaches still run from here to Naseby and the Dunstan diggings. Time is allowed here to get a cup of coffee, and then the journey is resumed. The train proceeds past Shag Point, where there is an extensive coal mine, and on through a rich tract of agricultural land, increasing in fertility till, after a run of some two hours,

OAMARU

is gained. Unquestionably Oamaru, architecturally considered, is one of the handsomest towns in New Zealand. This is largely owing to the peculiar character of its building material. The stone used is almost white, "containing 90·15 hundredth part of carbonate of lime, and its colour has won for Oamaru the name of the 'White City.' It is said to be exactly similar to the limestone of Malta, of which the town of Valetta is built." The supply of this stone is practically unlimited and it is a large element in the export trade of Oamaru. The town itself is a place of some 6000 inhabitants who bear a reputation for enterprise and industry; an evidence of this is to be seen not only in the fine buildings, but in the harbour works, which are on the point of completion. The visitor, if he has time, should spend a day or two in Oamaru; he

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will find all the cab arrangements excellent, and hotel accommodation equal to the requirements of the place—the Star and Garter being the chief. He will be interested in inspecting the breakwater, "1850 feet long and enclosing a basin of some 60 acres. It is built of Portland cement concrete blocks of the sectional dimensions of 36 feet in width and 32 feet in height, and weighing from 20 to 25 tons each; these are capped with masses of solid concrete, each section weighing from 150 to 200 tons."

The visitor will also find much else to interest him. Oamaru is the centre of the wheat and flour industry, and the mills of Messrs. J. and T. Meek are the largest in the Colony. "The proprietors have recently built a very large five or six storied grain elevator, 75 feet high, for the purpose of dressing and grading the grain according to the American system." The town possesses also a capital athenæum, a fine High School, a theatre, and the chief denominations are well represented in churches, some of them handsome and commodious structures. Oamaru is the outlet for one of the richest agricultural districts of the Colony, the celebrated holdings of Mr. John Reid of Elderslie, Mr. Menlove of Windsor Park, and the Hon. Robert Campbell, being in the neighbourhood.

Should the visitor decide not to stay at Oamaru he can proceed on his journey. The train continues its way northwards to Timaru. The line for a good part of the way runs close to the sea shore, away back from which is a great stretch of splendid agricultural land. For grazing and wheat growing it is unsurpassed. A few miles beyond Oamaru the line crosses the Waitaki River, which brings its waters down from Mount Cook, and is the boundary between the provinces of Otago and Canterbury. Like all the snow-fed rivers its floods are in summer, and its bed is

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continually changing. A run of about two hours brings the tourist to

TIMARU.

This is the point of divergence for Mount Cook. Timaru is an important and flourishing town. Architecturally it is an entire contrast to Oamaru. It has quarries of its own; but the Timaru stone is a very dark blue, and the town has a somewhat gloomy but very solid appearance. It has a population of about 6000. Timaru has a great future before it, inasmuch as it is the outlet of a vast and fertile agricultural district. To prepare for this, its inhabitants, like those of Oamaru, are constructing a harbour Heavy seas always run here, which makes it exceedingly dangerous to vessels. One of the saddest shipwrecks in New Zealand records occurred here not long since, when many valuable lives were lost. The Timaru Harbour Board is therefore constructing a breakwater, and has already expended £130,000 on the undertaking. It is something after the same style as the Oamaru one, and will also well repay a visit. The buidings about Timaru, if not exactly handsome, are at any rate very substantial, and some of them are of striking proportions. The New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Co. and the National Mortgage and Agency Co. are well represented in this respect. The public schools and the new High School are a credit to the town. There are also an excellent athenæum, a theatre, and churches representative of the various denominations.

The visitor would find much to interest him in and around Timaru; but if he desires to post on quickly he will get a train at 4.30 p.m. that will take him to Fairlie Creek that same evening. It is about 35 miles from Timaru to Fairlie Creek. The scenery along the route is much the same as that which has been left behind. There are the

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same wide reaches of agricultural land, and towards the end of the journey the line runs along close to the shores of the Opihi River. There is just one hotel at Fairlie Creek, the accommodation at which is fairly good. Arrangements must be made here with Messrs. Manaton and Burgess for conveyance to the lakes and Mount Cook.

### FAIRLIE CREEK TO LAKES TEKAPO, PUKAKI, AND OHAU, AND FOOT OF MOUNT COOK.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Fairlie Creek to Lake Tekapo | ... | 26 miles |
| Lake Tekapo to Lake Pukaki | ... | 30 „ |
| Lake Pukaki to Lake Ohau | .. | 20 „ |
| Lake Tekapo to "Governor's Camp" | | 30 „ |

Excursions to Lakes Tekapo and Pukaki *via* Braemar, Mount Cook, Birch Hill and Dart's Station, or *vice versa*, take about four days.

Saddle horses, 7s. 6d. per day ; single buggy, 12s. 6d. ; double do., £1, or per week, 15s. per day.

If desired, Messrs. Manaton and Burgess will take charge of parties, conducting them to and from Mount Cook. Visitors may also go by mail coach, which runs bi-weekly to Lake Tekapo Hotel ; saddle horses only, and of a limited number, may be obtained here at 10s. per day.

FAIRLIE CREEK TO LAKE TEKAPO.—This is the first stage of the journey towards Mount Cook. The road is excellent and the drive or ride most enjoyable.

Five miles from Fairlie creek you pass through Silverstream, famous for its trout ; seven more and Burke's Pass, a thriving looking township with a comfortable hotel, is reached. A steep ascent of some 2500 feet is negotiated and the rolling plains of the Mackenzie country meet the eye. He who gives the name to all this vast tract, which is scores of miles in extent, inherited much of the old marauding spirit ; like Rob Roy he believed in

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. . . . . "the good old rule,
. . . . . the simple plan,
That they should take who had the power
And they should keep who can."

And so this New Zealand freebooter "stole sheep in all directions, and gradually accumulated large mobs which he sold in other parts of the island."

As you proceed civilization falls into the rear; there is nothing to be seen now but the brown tussock and innumerable clumps of sword grass. A quick spin along what was once a lake bed, and then strange tiers of terraces, "the most complete," says Mr Green, "that ever came under my observation," are passed. These terraces are characteristic of New Zealand scenery and are met with again on the south-west side of the Tasman river. "They owe their existence to two causes—changes of level brought about by upheavals and depressions of the entire land area alternately with periods of rest, which would account for the phenomena in the river valleys by the consequent increase or decrease in the rapidity and eroding capabilities of the torrents. The second cause, which is connected with the first was the undoubted existence of large lakes at the close of the great glacier period when water filled wide areas that had been previously covered by the ice, and formed the terraced moraines which remain to this day."—(High Alps of New Zealand). Driving on past these and rounding a hill, which turns out to be a moraine that dams the waters back, Lake Tekapo suddenly bursts upon the sight. The view of the lake from here is very pleasant; the horizon is ridged with snowy peaks amongst which, far away on the right, Mount Sefton stands out prominent. Mr. Green says "that the view of this giant peak was more striking from this place than from any other spot in the low country from which we saw it. From this point of

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view it reminded us in form of the Dent Blanche when seen from the direction of Mount Blanc." Crossing a splendid suspension bridge which spans the Tekapo river, the visitor draws up at Mr. MacMillan's hotel on the shores of the lake. Although so far away from many of the conveniences of cities, the traveller will find Lake Tekapo hotel both comfortable and commodious. Mr. and Mrs. MacMillan study the wants and wishes of their guests, and leave nothing undone to make their stay enjoyable.

THE ATTRACTIONS OF THIS REGION.—The three lakes, Tekapo, Pukaki and Ohau form the northern group of the South Island Lakes. They do not possess in themselves the attractions of those of Otago; they have not the rugged, romantic beauties of Wakatipu or Wanaka. Lake Tekapo, which the visitor first reaches, is perhaps the least attractive of this group. It lies 2468 feet above sea level, and is 15 miles long and about three broad. Its waters, like those of Pukaki, have a dirty greenish hue, which contrasts unfavourably with the lakes of the Otago group, and yet, seen on a clear day, when the mountains mirror themselves in the lake, the sight is not easily forgotten. The ridges round Tekapo are not very imposing, being comparatively low and covered with common brown grass; but towards the west they increase in height, and away in the far horizon the white summits of the Southern Alps lend grandeur to the scene.

Mount Cook is not visible from Lake Tekapo Hotel, but close by there is a detached hill—Mount John—which, if the visitor climbs, he will have a splendid view.

On the south-western side of Tekapo, and about 12 miles from the hotel, there is another lake of much smaller proportions and connected with Tekapo, called Lake Alexandrina. Pukaki lake is fed by rivers from the Godly

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and Cass Glaciers, the latter about 20 miles from the head of the lake. Dr. Hochstetter calls the former the Mer de Glace of New Zealand, and the view from its middle moraine Dr. Haast describes as "equal to the grandest scenery he ever beheld in the Alps." Red snow is said to be a very frequent occurrence in these snow-fields

Lake Pukaki is 30 miles from Tekapo. There is a good road nearly all the way. The Lake measures 10 miles in length and about four in breadth. In its general features it is much the same as Tekapo, but in many respects it resembles Wanaka. Like Tekapo, its waters have the same dirty, greenish tinge; but the mountains, especially on its southern and western side, are far grander and more imposing. There is an accommodation house, kept by Mr. Wm. Low, at the outlet of the lake, and visitors will find the accommodation as good as could be expected, and Mr. Low, a well-informed and obliging host. From here, if the day is clear, there is a splendid view of Mount Cook. On one side of the lake runs the Mary Range, and on the other the Ben Ohau, the latter high and crested with snow, while between them, and blocking up the head of the lake, the Southern Alps, culminating in Mount Cook, loom up in all their white, glittering grandeur. Seen in the clear, early morning, when the sun is rising and gilding it with his rosy light, it is exquisitely beautiful. But it is even more so when the setting sun touches it with his departing glories. "It looks like an enormous intensely-illuminated crimson flower held up in nature's white fingers for the sun's dying blessing; while the sky overhead wears a soft violet hue, blending away towards the zenith, by the most delicate gradations, into zones of orange red and primrose yellow."

The head of the lake is a swamp formed by the waters

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of the Tasman River, which flows into it. At the lower end of the lake, and not far from its outlet into the Pukaki River, stands an island, the only one in any of these lakes, partly wooded, and some 60 acres in extent.

The Ben Ohau Lake is 20 miles further on, and there is a fairly good road to it. This lake, in itself, is the most attractive of the three. It is smaller in extent, being about 12 miles long by 2½ broad, and its waters clearer and purer. It is partly surrounded by bush, of which there is none about Tekapo or Pukaki, and the scenery up the valley of the Dobson River is very fine indeed. The glaciers here, however, are very much smaller, which accounts for the purity of the waters of Ohau. There is no accommodation-house at Ohau, but it can be easily reached from Pukaki Hotel in a day. On an open glade near the top of the lake is Mr. Stronach's station, where, doubtless, visitors would find lodging for the night. The road up from Lake Wanaka, by the Lindis Pass, comes out at Ohau.

Lakes Tekapo and Pukaki have been formed and are chiefly fed by the Godly and Tasman Glaciers respectively, and it is evident that at no very remote date these glaciers extended close down to the lakes. The rivers which now bear the names of the glaciers spring direct from them full-grown. "They have no childhood or youth, no struggle for existence. They are born with the full vigour of manhood and at once proceed in a bee-line to their destination, defying every obstacle. The whole course of the Tasman River, from the glaciers to Lake Pukaki, a distance of 22 miles, is perfectly straight, and there is only one slight bend in the Godly, which is much the same in length. These rivers are divided into numerous channels, looped and interlaced in an extraordinary manner. Seen from the neighbouring heights they resemble those curiously reticulated pieces of organic

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fibre we sometimes see under a microscope."—("Cold Lakes of New Zealand." W. N. Blair, C.E.)

The Tekapo, Pukaki, and Ohau lakes are drained by rivers bearing respectively the same names as the lakes. They flow out in a swift, deep current;

"Now with a clear rush on, and now recoiling again,
To whirl round the barriers huge each has hammered for ages in vain,
Only denting deep holes in their ribs and chafing itself into foam,
Then whirling away to the bank to bite at the softer loam."

A few miles down they unite together and form the Waitaki, a river five times as large as the Thames.

Of course the one great attraction of this region is

MOUNT COOK.

The visitor is here face to face with the grandest peaks in that great range to which Captain Cook gave the name of the Southern Alps. For extent and height this range is unequalled outside the regions of Polar snow. From the Rangitata to the Waitaki rivers there stretches an unbroken chain of nearly 100 miles, "possessing no col or pass free from eternal snow and ice." And not only in extent but in height does this chain stand alone in the glory that excelleth. Some of the individual glaciers are of enormous size. The Tasman Range is 18 miles long by three broad, being thus larger than any in the Northern Alps, and surpassed only by the union of the glaciers in the Mustagh Range of the Himalaya Mountains.—(Green. "High Alps of New Zealand.")

It is absolutely impossible to convey by description any adequate idea of the grandeur of these snow-clad ranges, and of Mount Cook, their monarch.

Our forefathers used to regard high mountains with dread and terror. In their imagination they were associated with sounds and shapes of evil. But "the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns," and now we

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witnessed two years ago an English clergyman, with two companions, voyaging over 12,000 miles of ocean to scale Mount Cook. Similarly as indicating the change that has come over the spirit of man, Mr. Ruskin, in his "Modern Painters," undertakes to *demonstrate* "that the slope of a great Alp is the best image that the world can give of Paradise, and that, so far from its suggesting dread or Death, it is the sublimest Revelation of the Giver of Life. "Watch at evening," says he, "as the east becomes purple, and the heaving mountains, rolling against it in darkness like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one in the glory of its burning; watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the mountains, like mighty serpents with scales of fire; watch the column or peaks of solitary snow, kindling downwards, chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning, their long avalanches cast down in keen streams, brighter than the lightning, sending each his tribute of driven snow like altar smoke up to heaven; the rose light of their silent domes flushing that heaven about them and above them, piercing with purer light through its purple lines of lifted clouds, casting a new glory on every wreath as it passes by, until the whole heaven, one scarlet canopy, is interwoven with a roof of waving flame, and tossing, vault beyond vault, with the drifted wings of many companies of angels; and then, when you can look no more for gladness, and when you are bowed down with fear and love of the Maker and Doer of this, tell me who has best delivered His message unto men." We quote this fragment because Ruskin is perhaps the only man that one much cares to heed when the higher scenes of nature are to be interpreted, and also because those who visit Mount Cook will verify it all to the very letter, as well as much else beside.

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We mention only one other point of interest, viz., the Geological attractions of Mount Cook. As the visitor drives along from Burke's Pass to Lake Tekapo and Pukaki he would have abundant evidence in support of Professor Von Haast's contention that the whole of the Mackenzie Country was once the bed of a huge glacier; and up among the peaks and glaciers of Mount Cook he will see still going on the process by which the country was formed. "There is established one of nature's grandest workshops, a regular succession of machines, frost, sunshine, torrent, avalanche, and glacier, are incessantly at work converting the raw material extracted from the clouds and quarried from the mountain's scarfs into the floods that swell the Waitaki and the shingle and soil that make the Canterbury Plains. 'The mills of the gods grind slowly' is not true of the factory in Mount Cook, for the operations are carried on with an activity and a clamour unattainable by human agency."—("Cold Lakes of New Zealand," by W. N. Blair, C.E.)

Excursion to Mount Cook.—We do not propose to give directions as to the ascent of any of the glaciers, only to indicate how the foot of the glacier may be approached. The great difficulty in the way is the Tasman River. The visitor must ascertain (which he can do at Tekapo Hotel) whether or not the river is fordable. If it is not, then he must go round by Lake Pukaki, keeping the west side of the lake, past Mr. Dart's station, in order to get near the glacier; but if it be fordable, then he may follow the ordinary way. The usual route is to go to what is called "Governor's Camp," so called because one of the governors of New Zealand once pitched his tent there. This is a distance of some 30 miles, and can be reached either by horse or buggy. Unfortunately there is at

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present no hotel in this region, and the traveller has to trust to the hospitality of the station holders on the route. We understand, however, that the Government is contemplating building a small house here for the accommodation of travellers. Leaving Lake Tekapo Hotel, the road some three miles on branches off to the right. This course is followed, and passing Balmoral Station on the left you drive through rolling downs till you reach the last high ridge, below which the Tasman valley spreads out before you. In this valley is Braemar Station, and some ten miles further up and just across the Jollie River is Mount Cook Station. From here the visitor can be directed to the easiest fords of the Tasman, on the further side of which is Birch Hill Station, the last human habitation in the neighbourhood of Mount Cook. After passing Balmoral, Mount Cook is visible for the remainder of the way, and as the tourist proceeds peak after peak lengthens out its solemn glories before the gazer's eye. But Mount Cook towers above them all in high and awful grandeur, and one feels that the Maoris were right when they named it Ao-rangi, the "Cloud Piercer."

In this region one feels indeed in presence of

"The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in snow their snowy scalps
And throned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow.
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather round their summits, as if to show
How earth may pierce to heaven yet leave vain man below."

It was from Birch Hill Station that Mr. Green started to make his ascent of the great Tasman Glacier and Mount Cook, and last year Dr. Von Lendenfield and his wife, with three porters, made the ascent of the Hochstetter

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Dome, 500 feet above the Tasman Glacier and 11,500 above the sea.

If the visitor does not wish to try the climbing he may either return back as he came or continue his course down the south-western side of the Pukaki Lake. About half way down he will reach Mr. Dart's station, and by climbing the peak behind (8700) he will get a magnificent view of Mount Sefton and Mount Cook. At the lower end of the lake, about 15 miles on, he will reach the Pukaki Hotel, from whence he may either return to Tekapo, or go on to explore Lake Ohau.

Possibly the most satisfactory method of making this excursion is to form a party, take a tent, provisions, &c., and camp here and there along the course. This gives ample time to explore as the visitor feels inclined, and he in a measure is prepared for changes of weather, and escapes the possibility of being benighted on the road.

Having "done" Mount Cook, or as much of it as he cares for, the visitor returns to Timaru and continues his journey to Christchurch.

TIMARU TO CHRISTCHURCH.—Two trains in the day run from Timaru to Christchurch. The line passes through Temuka, a flourishing township, then Winchester, four miles westward of which the pretty little village of Geraldine is seen. Beyond Orari, the train slows a little as it crosses the long bridge that spans the treacherous Rangitata River. A run of less than an hour and a-half brings the train to

ASHBURTON.

This is one of the largest and most flourishing of the inland towns of Canterbury. In its early days—it is not much more than a dozen years old—it used to be a most unpleasant spot, being swept by the hot nor'-westers, whose

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parching winds scorch the Canterbury Plains. It is now finding shelter, however, among the trees which have been planted around it, and bids fair to become an important centre of business. There are already several factories—a woollen, and a butter and cheese factory being among the principal. It is the centre of a large and fertile agricultural district, and is rapidly growing in population and wealth. Being about half-way between Christchurch and Timaru, the train stops for about ten minutes, and refreshments may be obtained at the station. Leaving Ashburton, the aspect of the country does not improve. A short distance on and the train crosses the Rakaia, one of the five snow rivers of New Zealand, the other four being the Clutha, the Waitaki (which divides Canterbury from Otago), the Rangitata, and the Waimakariri. Beyond the Rakaia the country is shingly and the soil light and thin; but closer in towards the hills, or towards the sea shore on the right, it is fertile and rich.

Far away in the horizon, to the west, is seen the long chain of the Southern Alps, many of the peaks covered with snow and looking smooth and soft in the light blue haze. About an hour's run beyond the Rakaia, Burnham is reached. Here is situated the Industrial School for the Province of Canterbury, and in a few minutes more the train is at

ROLLESTON JUNCTION.

If the visitor wishes to go to the West Coast by the Otira Gorge before going to Christchurch, he must stop here over night, and take the train in the morning to Springfield. It will probably be the better course, however, to go on to Christchurch and see it first, and a short hour's run brings him there.

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# CHAPTER VIII.

### CHRISTCHURCH.

HOTELS.—Coker's, Royal, Terminus, Warner's Commercial, Clarendon, Oxford, Queen's, White Hart, Richardson's Empire.

CLUBS.—Christchurch, Canterbury (both resident and open to visitors on being introduced by a member.)

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.—Post and Telegraph Offices, Provincial Buildings, Museum, Christ's College, Canterbury College, Girls' and Boys' High Schools, Normal School, Hospital, Asylum (Sunnyside), Cathedral.

PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.—Theatre Royal, Gaiety, New Public Hall, Tuam Street ; Masonic and Oddfellows' Halls.

WALKS, DRIVES, &c., in or close to the town.—Botanic Gardens, Agricultural College (Lincoln, 13 miles by train) ; Sumner, New Brighton, Port Lyttelton ; also boating on the Avon (boats at the various boat sheds, 1s. per hour).

In December (the New Zealand midsummer), of the year 1850, a company of immigrants might have been seen disembarking from a vessel in what is now Port Lyttelton, and climbing the rampart of hills that surrounds the Port. These were the first arrivals of what are now known in history as the "Canterbury Pilgrims." They had come from afar, to make for themselves a new home. As they stood upon the summit of the Port hills, and looked down upon the land of which they had heard so much, some of them were a little disappointed. There was nothing to be seen save a vast expanse of plain. Scarcely a tree or shrub, and not even a hillock of any dimensions relieved the monotony of the prospect. Nothing met the eye save long level reaches of country, covered with brown tussock

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and dotted here and there with clumps of native flax and cabbage trees. Flanking the far horizon, and folded in a soft purple haze slept the Southern Alps, while over all, that fleckless, pellucid blue sky that still wins the wonder of the visitor to Canterbury, dreamed the silent hours away.

A little more than thirty years have passed, and to one who now stands on the same spot, and looks out over the same prospect, a very different scene presents itself. Where once were nothing but unoccupied plains, brown tussocks, and silence, there are now to be seen smiling homesteads, smoking factories, and busy and tumultuous life. And as the centre and outlet of it all stands Christchurch, the City of the Plains. Canterbury was originally intended as a settlement of the Church of England, and its inhabitants being almost entirely English, it acquired the reputation of a certain aristocratic exclusiveness. Mr. Cox, in his "Recollections," tells a very good story of Edward Jerningham Wakefield, one of the founders of the Canterbury Settlement. In reply to the question put to him by an Australian recently arrived as to the class of colonists to be encountered in Canterbury, he said: "I perceive, sir, by your question, you are a stranger. Understand then, that the great and obvious distinction between the population of Canterbury and of the other provinces of New Zealand is, that Canterbury is peopled by representatives of every class and section of English society, from the peer to the peasant, while the population of the other provinces is neither more nor less than a struggling, straggling mob—an undistinguished herd, made up of mere men and women." Whether or not this was the case in early times, it can scarcely be very true now. As in Otago, so in Canterbury, the original design has not been fully carried out, and perhaps the most prominent evidence of that design now, is to be found not so much in the people as in

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the institutions founded in early times. Christchurch is the chief seat of the Church of England in New Zealand. It has a magnificent cathedral, and the original design of the founders of the Province is still evident, amongst other things, in the names given to the streets. These diverge from the cathedral as a centre, and are named after the principal sees in the United Kingdom, such as Durham Street, Lichfield Street, &c.

Christchurch is not by any means a picturesque town. There is no place near where one can get a view. The visitor feels shut in, and the long level streets tend to produce a feeling of weariness and monotony. But it is a growing and prosperous town. It is the outlet for the agricultural produce of the Canterbury plains; and on Saturday, which is the market day, the streets are crowded with farmers and their wives.

Its annual Agricultural and Pastoral Exhibition is among the finest in the Southern Hemisphere, and on the occasion of the last exhibition, as many as 20,000 people visited the grounds in one day.

The population of the city proper is about 15,000, and if the suburbs be added, it brings it up to over 30,000.

Christchurch itself does not present as many attractions as Dunedin to the visitor. Its public buildings are not so fine, and its situation does not admit of the variety of charming views of which the southern city can boast.

We shall indicate the more important of the places of interest in and around Christchurch.

THE MUSEUM AND BOTANIC GARDENS, HAGLEY PARK, CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CANTERBURY COLLEGE, &c.—These are in the east end of the City, and are all close together. The gardens are beautifully laid out and well kept, and with perhaps the exception of Auckland, are the finest in New

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Zealand. Adjoining the gardens is Hagley Park, a favourite place of resort. The Acclimatisation Society's grounds are located here, and also the grounds of the premier cricket clubs.

The Museum owes its origin to William Sefton Moorhouse, one of the former Superintendents of the Province, and its excellence to Dr. Von Haast, whose name in connection with the geology and exploration of New Zealand, is a household word. It is unequalled in the Australasian Colonies, and contains one of the most complete collections of Moas to be seen anywhere. Visitors should not fail to inspect the Canterbury Museum.

Close to the Museum stands the Christchurch College (a Church of England Institution), Canterbury College; also the Girls' and Boys' High Schools.

Boating on the Avon.—The Avon is a stream flowing down past the gardens and through the town, and one of the most pleasant attractions of Christchurch is a sail on this river. It is a most delightful way of spending a few hours. The Avon is lined with willows, and to float down the stream past gardens and villas, under rustic bridges, and leafy branches of over-arching trees, is an experience not easily forgotten. Christchurch may be pardoned its pride of the Avon.

The Provincial Buildings and Cathedral.—The former of these are close to the Avon. It was here that the Local Parliament used to meet before the abolition of the Provinces.

The Cathedral stands in the centre of the city, and is a very noble building. It is said to be an exact copy of the one in Caen, Normandy, and is certainly one of the finest in the Southern Hemisphere. It has already cost over £40,000, and is not completed yet. Services are held in it daily, and

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**ON THE AVON, CHRISTCHURCH.**

***From a Photograph by Burton Bros , Dunedin.***

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from its spire which is 200 feet high, there is a magnificent view. Visitors are admitted to the tower from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., on payment of 1s, and if they wish to have the best view not only of Christchurch, but of the surrounding country, this is the place from which to obtain it.

CHRISTCHURCH TO SUMNER AND NEW BRIGHTON.—New Brighton is one of the seaside resorts of Christchurch. It is reached by coach twice daily. Sumner is also another of the seaside resorts patronized by the Christchurch people. It is a pretty little place—more interesting and picturesque than the other. Here is located the Deaf and Dumb Institution, the only one of its kind in the colonies; and near the village is a cave where Dr. Von Haast discovered a large quantity of Moa remains. There is a good hotel and bathing accommodation at Sumner. It is reached by tram and coach; fare, 2s.

CHRISTCHURCH TO KAIAPOI.—Kaiapoi is reached by train, and is about an hour's run from Christchurch. It is one of those towns that has a past rather than a future; once a flourishing place, the railway came and now most of its trade and commerce has been carried away to Christchurch. It stands in the midst of a splendid agricultural country, but is chiefly interesting to the visitor on account of its Maori history and traditions. Kaiapoi is closely associated with the history of the South Island Maoris. It still contains a large Maori population, and visitors may see there the remains of one of the strongest pahs in New Zealand. Kaiapoi was the scene of one of the most ferocious massacres in Maori history. Te Rauparaha, a chief of one of the Northern tribes, after conquering and killing the greater portion of the Maori tribes in the Wellington districts, shaped his course southward. Crossing over to the Middle Island, he swept down upon Kaiapoi,

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which, after a protracted seige, he captured. Then followed a scene of unparalleled horror and savagery. The conquerors cooked and ate their victims, and for weeks roasting and revelry went on. The extent of this feast may be judged from the fact, that very recently cart loads of bones were gathered up around the pah, and even yet a diligent investigator may pick up not a few relics of that dreadful time. Some old Maoris who escaped the massacre are said to be still living at Kaiapoi, and the visitor may spend a few hours very pleasantly in exploring the town and neighbourhood. He should specially make a point of visiting the Kaiapoi Woollen Factory, a kindred industry to that at Mosgiel. A large number of hands are employed, and the goods manufactured have obtained a high reputation. And this reputation is not confined to the Colony only, for recently a firm in Scotland sent out a large order for Kaiapoi tweeds and flannels.

CHRISTCHURCH TO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE (LINCOLN) AND LYTTELTON.—The visitor should go out and inspect the Agricultural College at Lincoln. Lincoln is a small township about 13 miles south of Christchurch and is reached by train. Close by stands the Agricultural College, which is intended to give to those who wish to become farmers a thorough knowledge of the art and science of agriculture. There are lectures on agriculture, chemistry, botany and zoology, mathematics, physics, veterinary science, physical geography, meteorology, &c. A farm of 600 acres in extent is attached to the College, and the buildings are of the most complete and substantial kind. The College was opened in 1880, and a considerable number of students are availing themselves of the opportunities offered.

LYTTELTON is the Port of Christchurch, standing in the same relation to it that Port Chalmers does to Dunedin.

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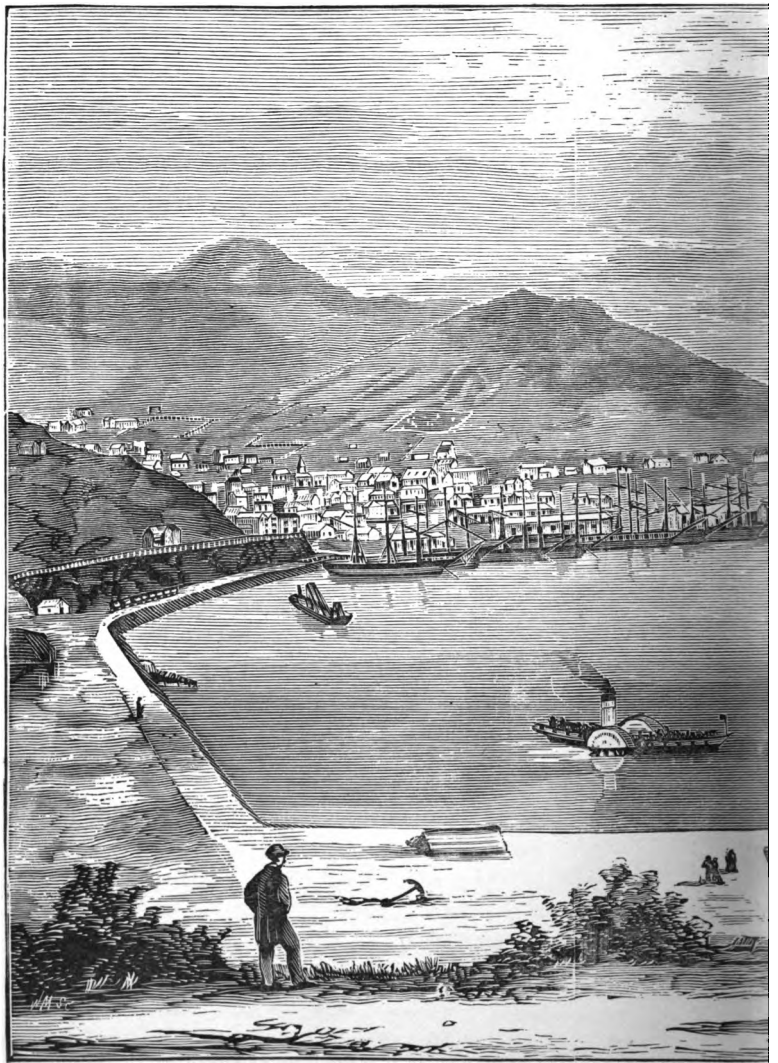

LYTTELTON

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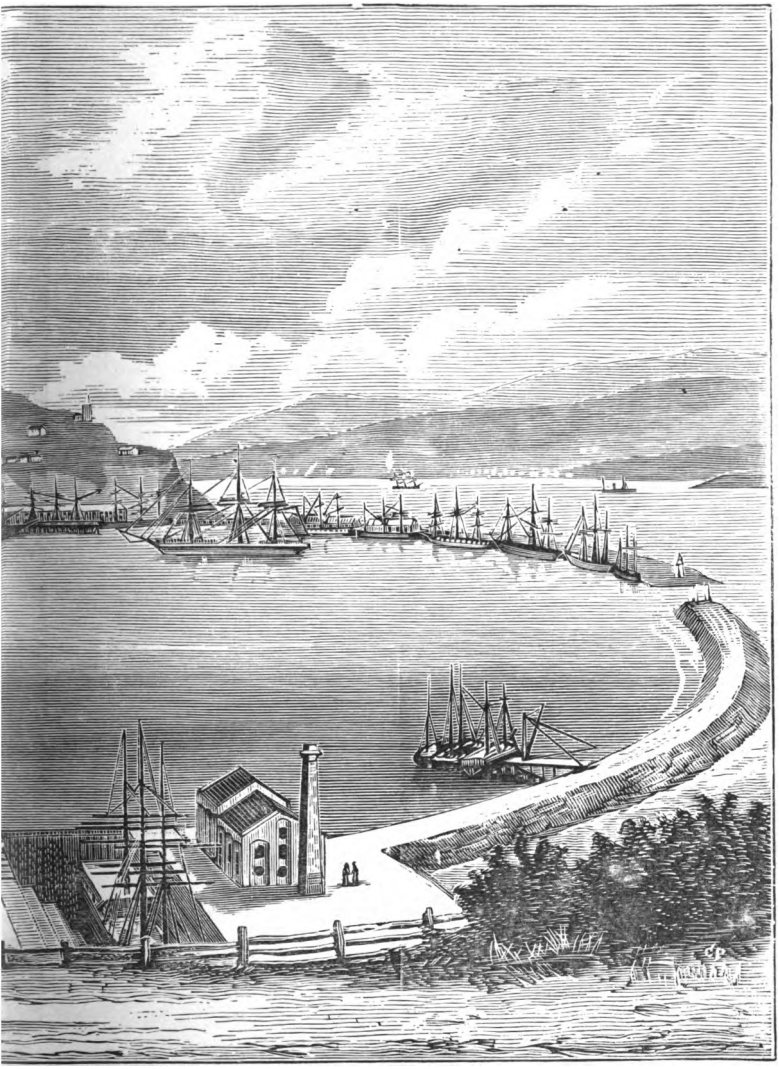

HARBOUR.

*Engraved by Wilsons & Horton, Auckland.*

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Taking train to Port the visitor will have an opportunity of seeing, not only some of the prettier of the Christchurch suburbs, but also the tunnel. This tunnel is a triumph of perseverance and architectural skill. It is due very largely to the pluck and prescience of the late Mr. Moorhouse. There was no way of reaching Lyttelton except over the hills, which was a long and difficult road. As Canterbury grew, and its produce poured into Christchurch, some more expeditious way must be found to get it to the sea. Mr. Moorhouse brought forward the plan of forming a tunnel through the hill. The plan was opposed as utterly impracticable, and as far too big an undertaking for the young province. But Mr. Moorhouse continued to press the scheme in season and out of season, and at length succeeded in obtaining the necessary authority to enable him to proceed with it. Mr. Edward Dobson was the engineer. The total length of the tunnel "is in round numbers 2,870 yards, and the cost, according to the contract, was £195,000." The Port of Lyttelton is one of the best in the Colony. It is formed by two breakwaters—Naval Point, or western breakwater, 1,400 feet long; and Officers' Point, 2,010 feet long. These breakwaters enclose an area of about 100 acres, with an average depth of 23 feet of water at low tide. Vessels of 2,700 tons can be safely berthed at the wharves, and the graving dock is capable of receiving a first-class ironclad. Like Port Chalmers, Lyttelton occupies a very picturesque position, and a few hours may be very pleasantly spent in inspecting the harbour or climbing the hills behind the town, from whence a magnificent view is obtained, not only of the harbour, but of the whole wide plateau of the Canterbury Plains.—(Hotel, Grantham's).

CHRISTCHURCH TO HANMER SPRINGS. — Route: by train to Waikari, thence by coach or buggy. The Hanmer

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Springs are very much the same as those in the North Island. They are hot and sulphurous, and possess curative properties similar to those at Rotorua. It is only recently, however, that they have become known, there being no good means of communication with them. The railway, however, brings them now within an easy day's journey of Christchurch. The Government has built baths, and there is very good hotel accommodation. There are ten springs in all, ranging in temperature from 90 to 120 degrees, and they are likely to become a favourite place of resort, especially for those suffering from rheumatism and nervous complaints. If the visitor has a day or two to spare, and does not intend going to Rotorua and Rotomahana, he ought certainly to visit the Hanmer Springs.

CHRISTCHURCH TO AKAROA VIA PIGEON BAY OR VIA BIRDLINGS FLAT AND LITTLE RIVER.—There is one other place that the visitor should not fail to see—Akaroa. This may be reached by three routes; by the U.S.S. Company's steamers which call regularly at Akaroa: by steamer from Lyttelton every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday to Pigeon Bay, thence by coach over the hills to Akaroa; or visitors may take the train from Christchurch to Birdlings Flat, and coach from there. We should recommend them to go via Pigeon Bay and return by Little River and Birdlings or *vice versâ*. This will give opportunity for seeing the Flat, magnificent scenery between Pigeon Bay and Akaroa which is equal to any in New Zealand. Akaroa itself, commercially, is not of much importance, but as a place of retreat from the hurry and stir of life it is unequalled. Its situation is very picturesque, nestling at the foot of high green hills covered with ferns, and grass, and gardens, and its summer heat is cooled to a delicious temperature by the sea breezes that fan it from the bay. Akaroa is interesting

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too, from its historical associations. It was founded originally as a French colony, and with a design very similar to that which France is now seeking to carry out in regard to some of the other Islands in the Pacific. The story of how the design was frustrated is worth telling and remembering as an instance of British cleverness and foresight. A certain Captain L'Anglois, an adventurous whaler, had visited New Zealand some time before the first English representative had taken up his residence there. He was especially charmed with Akaroa. He purchased a large estate from the natives, and went home to organize a company of colonists. He received the encouragement of the French Government, which lent him an old ship of war, under the command of Commodore Lavaud, to protect the colonists on their arrival. Lavaud was to precede the colonists and have everything ready for them when they came. On the 17th of August, 1840, after a voyage of some five months, L'Anglois and his colonists cast anchor in Akaroa Bay, and slept that night where the "Akaroa Mail" office now stands. "A strange circumstance had been noticed by the new arrivals in coming up the harbour. When their vessel—the Comte de Paris—was towed past Green's Point, near where Mr. W. B. Tosswill's residence now stands, all on board saw a small group of men surrounding a flagstaff from which flew gaily in the morning breeze the Union Jack of old England. Such a sight naturally surprised and disturbed the new comers, but they were told it meant nothing; it was merely a piece of vain glory on the part of two or three Englishmen who happened to be whaling in the vicinity. But the real facts of the case were different. It appears that Commodore Lavaud, on his way out, had touched at Auckland, and that while his vessel was lying in the calm

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waters of the Waitemata, Captain Hobson, who then represented British interests in the North (though New Zealand had not yet been made an English colony), entertained him right royally. In an unguarded moment the Commodore let out the secret of his mission and spoke with injudicious rapture of the beauty of Akaroa Harbour and of the fertility of the adjoining country. Hobson was a man of foresight and of action. He saw that New Zealand had a great future before it, and was anxious that when it was made a jewel of the British Crown it should be without a flaw. And so, while these gay Frenchmen were making merry ashore, Hobson secretly despatched a small brig of war—the Britomart—with orders to make its way to Akaroa, and, if possible, hoist the English flag there before the French arrived." The stratagem succeeded, and when Lavaud leisurely made his way to Akaroa he found that he was just a little late. The very day before, the country had been claimed for the British Crown, and when L'Anglois and his colonists arrived they saw the Union Jack floating on the hill above them. ("Stories of Banks Peninsula." Edited by H. C. Jacobson.) Thus Akaroa, and indeed one may say New Zealand itself, were preserved to England. The visitor to Akaroa will be well rewarded for his trouble. The scenery from Pigeon Bay is of the most charming and diversified kind, and the little village itself, with its fruitful orchards and vine clad houses, is a delightful retreat. There is good hotel accommodation—Grange's Hotel, Wagstaff's, and the Criterion being the principal.

This completes the more important of the places of interest in and around Christchurch.

There are two other places the tourist ought to visit before he says farewell to the South or Middle Island.

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One of these is Nelson, the capital of the provincial district of that name; the other is the West Coast of the island, the overland route to which is through scenery unsurpassed for its grandeur and romantic picturesqueness.

The latter of these we shall now proceed to describe.

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# CHAPTER IX.

## CHRISTCHURCH TO OTIRA GORGE, ROLLESTON GLACIERS, WEST COAST ROAD, AND HOKITIKA.

ROUTE.—Train to Springfield: thence by coach to Hokitika. Coach leaves Springfield Hotel, Tuesdays and Fridays, on arrival of 8.10 a.m. train from Christchurch, returning from Hokitika every Tuesday and Friday.

Fare—Single, £4 10s.; return (available one month), £7. Excursion tickets at reduced fares are usually issued during the summer months.

Passengers should book early at Cobb and Co.'s office, in Christchurch, and, if possible, secure a box seat, and so be enabled to see the scenery to best advantage.

The coach leaves Springfield at 12 noon, and reaches Hokitika the next evening, between 5 and 6 o'clock.

The scenery along the route of this excursion is not only one of the sights of New Zealand, it is one of the sights of the world. Mr. Archibald Forbes, in an article in a recent issue of *The English Illustrated Magazine*, speaks in glowing terms of the scenery of this journey. He says—"Between the inhabited portions of the two provinces (Canterbury and Westland), there stretches a lofty range of rugged precipitous mountains, with snow-covered summits and glacier-clad sides. Through the ravines of these there has been made a road, compared with which in dizzy boldness of engineering and road-making, those of which I have had experience—whether in the Alps, the Carpathians, the Balkans, or the Himalayas, are tame and prosaic."

The Otira Gorge and the West Coast Road present views entirely different from anything the visitor has yet

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seen, or can see in New Zealand, and we should strongly urge him not to leave the country without seeing the wonders of this excursion.

He takes the train to Springfield at 8.10 a.m., changes at Rolleston, and after a run of some three hours, Springfield hotel is reached. Time is allowed for dinner, and the coach starts and proceeds to what is called the Bealey, the first stage of the journey, that same evening.

SPRINGFIELD TO THE BEALEY.

Nothing very striking is met with till Porter's Pass, so called after a surveyor of that name, is reached. Here is the first marvel of the way. The road is cut out of the rocky mountain side, round which it winds, up and up till the top is gained. On the top of the hill the visitor may note with interest the highest telegraph post in the Colony, standing over 3000 feet above sea level. Descending the hill on the other side, Lake Linden on the left, and some miles further Lake Pearson on the right, are passed. The visitor will be struck with the peculiar appearance of these mountain tops around him. They stand some 7000 feet high, some of them crested with snow, but nearly all of them covered with crumbling and sliding shale. The same features were noticeable in the Takitimos Mountains, beside Manapouri, and also on the road from Cromwell to Clyde. but these here are especially remarkable, and have rather a depressing influence upon the mind. They recall Ruskin's remarks in his "Modern Painters," regarding some of the inferior ridges of the Alps: "There are some spots," says he, "such as the Col de Ferret, and the Col d'Anterne, which, though commanding prospects of great nobleness, are very nearly types of all that is most painful to the human mind. Vast wastes of mountain ground, breaking continually into black banks of shattered slate, all glistening and

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sodden with slow tricklings of clogged incapable streams, the snow water oozing through them in a cold sweat, and spreading itself in creeping stains above their dust. Ever and anon a shaking here and there, and a handful or two of their particles or flakes trembling down, one sees not why, into more total dissolution, leaving a few jagged teeth like the edges of knives eaten away by vinegar, projecting through the half-dislodged mass from the rock, keen enough to cut the hand or foot that rests on them, yet crumbling as they wound, and soon sinking again into the smooth, slippery, glutinous heap, looking like a beach of black scales of dead fish cast ashore from a poisonous sea, and sloping away into foul ravines, branched down immeasurable slopes of barrenness, where the winds howl and wander continually, and the snow lies in wasted and sorrowful fields."

The Bealey is reached about 6 p.m., and here at the "Glacier Hotel" the tourist stops for the night. He will find excellent lodgings, and Mr. O'Malley the most obliging of hosts. If he has time he should stay for a day or two here, and visit the Rolleston Glaciers. These are at the source of the Waimakariri, and about fourteen miles distant from the hotel.

The road to the glaciers lies for a good distance up the bed of the river, which has frequently to be crossed, and then there is a good bridle track right up to within less than two miles of the ice fields. The Melbourne Correspondent of the *London Globe* who recently visited them, thus describes them : "As you ride up in some places, the mountains rise sheer above you, and you can gaze sheer down a thousand feet or more into the torrent below. To the right above you lies one glacier of pure blue ice, as pure as that in the Rosenlain Glacier, but this is supported from falling by three huge tower-like projections of rock between which run huge

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Couloirs, down which stones are being constantly precipitated. One can, if a fair climber, get up to the foot of the glacier, but it would require ropes and ice axes to venture upon it, as the front is very precipitous, and there are large crevasses on the surface. The broken and castellated peaks which rise from the glacier above the rock wall, and prevent it from slipping down, are magnificent, and quite unlike anything else I have ever seen. Those at the top of the valley are more covered with snow, and therefore less striking; but the long stretches of snow-clad ice are, from their vastness, an object of sufficient wonder."

There is not much difficulty in finding out the way, but Mr. O'Malley, if necessary, will either go himself or supply competent guides. Good shooting and fishing are also to be obtained in the neighbourhood. Hotel charges, 8s. per day. Horses, 6s. per day. Private rooms may be secured by letter or telegram.

If the tourist goes on by the coach he must be astir early, as it leaves at 4 a.m. The real scenery now begins. Crossing the Waimakariri, which is about one mile wide, the road enters the bush which continues more or less to the end of the journey. A little further on the shingly bed of the Bealey is crossed, and the ascent of Arthur's Pass is begun. This is a long pull of upwards of 1000 feet. The scenery is striking and romantic. The whole pass is densely wooded, and on the left the Rolleston Ranges, mantled in their capes of snow, gleam rosy in the ruddy dawn.

The top of the pass is about three thousand feet above sea level, and on its summit is the stake that marks the boundary line between the Provinces of Canterbury and Westland. Here, also, there is a little tarn or mere like that weird one which Gareth saw—

"Round as the red eye of an eagle,"

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and popularly known as "Lake Lonely." When the summit is gained, the descent into the famous

OTIRA GORGE

begins. The scenery here is by far the most magnificent on the road; indeed, it is doubtful, at least in some respects, if there is anything in the world to surpass it. The road zig-zags down the mountain side to a depth of nearly 1500 feet. In some places it is cut out of the solid rock, and in others it is carried over ravines on embankments faced with walls made of timber cribbing, filled with blocks of stone.

The mountains on both sides rise to a height of some 7000 feet, and are densely wooded. The road winds down to the right of the gorge, and at every turn reveals some new point of interest that wins our admiration.

The mountain face on the left-hand side is one vast forest, crested on the top by crowns of snow. Seen from the head of the pass, when distance smooths out details, the far wooded slopes look like the moveless wavelets of a deep green sea. On the right as you descend, there is every possible variety of scenery. Here it is a mass of sliding shale and stones, that, loosened from the high rocks above, threaten to overflow the road. There it is an ascending slope of shrubs, and trees, and ferns—the dark green manuka, the curious cabbage-like nemea, the light grey leaves of the mica-mica, the pale purple veronica, and the flashing crimson of the rata. Now you look up a lichen bedded wall of rock rising sheer a hundred feet from the road, and sweet with perpetual streamlets "that seem always to have chosen the steepest places to come down for the sake of the leap." Again it is a broad upward stretch of stately birch climbing the rocky slopes to kiss the snow above.

On the other side of the road you gaze down into a great ravine with its hundreds of fairy nooks hidden beneath

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**OTIRA GORGE, CANTERBURY.**
*From a Photograph by Burton Bros., Dunedin.*

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umbrageous ferns, and festooned with garlands that only nature herself could weave, while away in the far depths of the gorge the streamlet, struggling out from the moraine that blocks the pass, tortures itself round rock and boulder, and frets and foams and leaps downward to the plains.

In short, in whatever direction the eye wanders, it rests upon some new feature of beauty or of grandeur, and taken as a whole, the Otira Gorge leaves an impression upon the mind as abiding as the mind itself.

At the foot of the gorge is the "Otira Gorge Hotel," where breakfast is obtained, and horses are changed. The rest of the road is somewhat similar in character to that already passed, and if the visitor does not wish to visit the West Coast, or go by this route to Nelson, he may stay here and return by the next coach. The distance between the Bealey and the Otira Gorge Hotel is about 17 miles, and the coach travels over the ground so quickly that it is impossible to do more than just take a swift glance at some parts of the scenery. If the tourist has time, it would well repay him either to ride or walk the distance between the Bealey and the Otira Gorge. In this way he could take his own time, and explore the wonders of this wonderful road. The Otira Gorge Hotel (though much smaller than the Bealey), is comfortable, and some days could be delightfully spent in exploring the scenery in the neighbourhood.

A brief pause and the coach starts again. The next run is from

OTIRA GORGE TO TAUPO HOTEL,

a distance of 23 miles. The scenery along this stage resembles in most respects that through which the visitor has just passed. The road skirts the Otira River, and is as level almost as a line of light ; on right and left loom up in their green glory, "the mountain's bosky brows wooded to

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the lips." Here and there little streamlets sweat themselves down over sable rocks, or gleam like diamonds on their mossy faces, while now and again the silver sheen of waterfalls streaks the deep green garment of the hills, hiding for a little beneath leafy bowers, and then glinting out again "in startled gushes, and laughing hurries as if they had suddenly remembered that the day was too short for them to get down the hill."

The long drive through such scenes as these helps to confirm Emerson's words: "In the woods a man casts off his years as a snake his slough, and what period soever of life is always a child. In the woods is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God a decorum and sanctity reign, and perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years;" or, as Bryant says—

> "The calm shade
> Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze
> That makes the green leaves dance shall waft a balm
> To the sick heart."

As the coach rattles along, the visitor will be able to gain some idea of the difficulty of travelling through a New Zealand forest. The undergrowth is so thick and prickly, that it presents in many places an impenetrable barrier to the advance of man. Countless numbers of parasitical, weeds, ferns, and creepers cover the ground as with a netting, coil round every stem and entwine the topmost branches in gordian knots. Chief amongst these are the rope-like "supplejack" and the "bush lawyer," whose acquaintance must perforce be intimately made by any who penetrate the New Zealand forests. But the drive along this road is charming. One could wish, indeed, to see a little more life, but the absence of rich flowers and birds or

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animals from the bush, is one of the characteristics of New Zealand woods. Umbrageous tree-ferns overshadow the road. Now and again the white blossoms of the "supple-jack," and the crimson-crowned rata vary the scene. You hear betimes the soft coo of the wood pigeon, and the clear ringing note of the parson bird; or you see a wren or tit flitting across the road before you. But for the most part there is silence in the bush, and the sylvan beauty is undisturbed by any sounds of life. Nothing is heard save the river hurrying down the gorge, or the gentler ripple of the streamlets and creeks that come down from the hills to feed it. These streamlets and creeks, when not in flood, "send forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er their beds of pebbly sand or leaping down the rocks, seem, with continuous laughter, to rejoice in their own being." But when they are in flood, they are full of all treachery and danger, and are more dreaded by the coach-driver than the roaring torrents of the Bealey or the Waimakariri.

The Otira joins the Teremakau, and the road turning to the left runs down the valley of the latter river. The mountains seem to increase in height, and take on deeper crowns of snow, and one can well believe that in the winter season when the tiers of branches are covered with pure unsullied wreaths of snow, sculptured by the winds into curves of exquisite grace, the scene is of surpassing loveliness.

The Taupo Hotel stands on the banks of the Taupo river, near its junction with the Teremakau. Horses are changed here and time given for refreshments. The scenery around here is equally grand. The Taupo is a swift dangerous river, flowing round the base of the lofty mountain peak of Turiwhati.

The next stage of the journey is from

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about 18 miles. The general features of the road are much the same, except that now lofty pine trees begin to take the place of the birchen forests, through which the path has hitherto led. Some of these pines are of enormous height, and at one part of the road the scenery is indescribably grand. As they stand up tier behind tier, their over-arching pyramidal tops fretting the blue vault above, one comes to understand how man, in his diviner moments, associated the forest with the dwelling place of his deities, and how later on he borrowed from it his sublimest designs of worshipping temples. "I do not wonder," says Dr. Macmillan, "that the northern imagination in heathen times should have invested it (the pine forest) with awe and fear, as the favourite haunt of Odin and of Thor ; or that in after times its long rows of trunks, vanishing in the dim perspective, should have furnished designs for the aisles of Christian temples, and the sunset burning among its fretted branches should have suggested the gorgeous painted window of the cathedral. It looks like a place made for worship, all its sentiments and associations seem of a sacred and solemn character. Nature, with folded hands, as Longfellow says, seems kneeling there in prayer." The truth of these words will be verified as the visitor drives through the long pine groves between Taupo and Kumara. It seems a deplorable thing that reckless and indiscriminate clearing threatens to seriously curtail, if not totally destroy the beauty and the grandeur of these pine woods. Nay, it is not only beauty and grandeur that would thus be destroyed, those who cannot see the use of either should learn that the indiscriminate cutting down of forests, is an irreparable injury to any country. The history of older lands—of the Papal States, of Greece with its classic rivers, fountains, and lakes, nearly all

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gone; of Palestine, a parched and sterile land on account of the destruction of its forests, should be a warning against the ruthless deforesting of the country.

As the coach nears Kumara, the visitor soon becomes aware that he is entering the goldfields again. Kumara itself owes its origin to its gold-mining, and when a rush takes place, these townships spring up like mushrooms. Man's hand does not help to improve the face of nature; the tortured river banks, the heaps of red stones glaring at the hot sun, and the tail-races with their streams of dirty water, form a strange and painful contrast to the soft green forest glory, and the silver currents slipping from the wooded hills. Horses are changed at Kumara, and the journey is resumed, and a run of about 16 miles, passing Stafford, a digging township on the way, and

HOKITIKA

is reached. Hokitika has a past, if not a future. It used to be the centre of life in the early goldfield days, but since the decline of the mining industries its prosperity has been somewhat stagnant. Its inhabitants, however, still believe that its golden age is not behind, but before, and that the future will far surpass the palmiest days of the past.

The West Coast of the island possesses many attractions for travellers. If they are interested in gold-mining, they may visit the gold districts. They should go to Ross (about 20 miles from Hokitika, daily coach), and inspect the elaborate and costly mining machinery at work and in progress of construction there. These are on a most extensive scale, and well reward a visit.

There are many other attractions in and around Hokitika. A short distance from it are two lakes, Mahinapua and Kanieri, the latter of which especially is very beautiful. We have already pointed out that the discovery

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of greenstone led to communication being opened up between the East and West Coast Maoris, which was followed in the usual course by bloodshed. In the neighbourhood of these lakes several conflicts took place between the East and West Coast tribes, till, at the battle of Paporoa, the latter were completely annihilated.

A drive of nine miles brings you to Kanieri, and boats run daily to Mahinapua. If visitors can spare the time, they should also visit the

GLACIERS ON THE WEST SIDE OF MOUNT COOK.

These are distant from Hokitika about 60 miles. Visitors take the coach to Ross, thence by horse (40 miles) to Okarito, from which a ride of about 12 miles up the Waiau brings you to them. There is a good bridle track all the way, and accommodation houses at convenient stages.

The principal of these glaciers is the one to which Dr. Von Haast gave the name Francis Joseph, in honour of the Emperor of Austria and of the Novara expedition, which had been sent out by his Majesty. The peculiarity of these glaciers is their proximity to the sea level, the terminal face of the Francis Joseph being only 705 feet above it. "In the European Alps, says Dr. Hochstetter, the average altitude of the terminal face of the large glaciers is about 4000 feet." It will thus be seen that not only are the New Zealand glaciers much easier of access, but they are also much larger in proportion to the height of the mountains than those of the European Alps.

The Francis Joseph Glacier is hardly less imposing than those of its brethren on the East Coast. It comes down from the great snow-fields of Mount Tasman and Mount de la Beche, and feeds the Waiau River. The road from Okarito lies up the bed of this river, and the scenery is very fine. We take the following description from Dr. Von

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Haast, who explored these regions in 1865, and discovered and named the glaciers: "The view from the Waiau River is most magnificent, as the valley being straight and nearly two miles broad, allows us to gaze at the Southern Alps from foot to summit, having in the foreground the enormous ice masses of the Francis Joseph Glacier appearing between a rich forest vegetation." Eleven miles up, and the foot of the mountain is reached. "Here the main river turns south, and an important branch joins it from the south-east, coming also from a large glacier which I named after Professor Agassiz, the illustrious Naturalist. The valley of the main river narrows here considerably, and rocky points are washed by its waters on the right side, consisting of micaslate full of garnets. The vegetation consisted of the same low-land character. Turning a rocky point we had at once the white unsullied face of the ice before us, broken up in a thousand turrets, needles, and other fantastic forms, the terminal face of the glacier being still hidden by a grove of pines, ratas, birches, and arborescent ferns in the foreground which gave to the picture a still stranger appearance." You can ride up close to the glaciers, and Dr. Haast describes the sight as 'magnificent,' the glacial cove at the southern extremity of the Francis Joseph forming 'an azure roof of indescribable beauty.' If, therefore, tourists are not afraid of a little riding, this excursion will amply repay them for all their toil.

While on the West Coast the tourist will find it well worth his while to pay a visit to

GREYMOUTH AND WESTPORT,

with both of which there is frequent communication by coach or steamer from Hokitika.

The valleys between the Rivers Grey and Buller form one vast gold-field, but it is in connection with its great coal

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deposits that this region is most widely known, and to the development of the coal industry it looks for its present and future prosperity. Greymouth, as its name would indicate, is situated on the River Grey, and is a pretty little township. It exports a very fine coal much prized for gas purposes, and is connected by rail with the coal mines, which are about seven miles up the river. Westport is situated at the mouth of the Buller—the second largest river in New Zealand, and the best sheltered and most easily navigable of all the numerous streams on the West Coast. It is here that the Westport Coal Company carries on its operations. This Company was formed for the purpose of amalgamating and working the different coal leases in the district, and its operations have given a great impetus to trade in the neighbourhood. The coal is one of the best for steaming purposes in the world, and the supply is almost limitless. The works of the Company are well worth inspecting, and the visitor will be struck by the remarkable incline, a mile long, down which trucks each carrying seven tons of coal rush at lightning speed, the gradient being in some places one in one and a-quarter.

A day or two can be spent very pleasantly at Westport in boating excursions up the river, and a run along the railway line to Ngakawau, adjoining which are very charming bits of forest scenery.

The next point that should be visited is the cosy English settlement of Nelson. This can be reached either by small coasting steamer from any of the West Coast ports, or by retracing our steps to Hokitika, visiting *en route* the gold districts of Reefton, Lyell, &c., and returning overland to Christchurch. The latter plan gives another opportunity of seeing the West Coast road, and of reaching Nelson by some of the larger and more comfortable of the Union Company's boats, and on the whole is perhaps the best thing to do.

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# CHAPTER X.

CHRISTCHURCH TO NELSON, PICTON AND BLENHEIM.

ROUTE.—Steamer (U.S.S.) from Lyttleton,

HOTELS.—Masonic, Trafalgar, Panama House (private boarding establishment).

CLUB.—Nelson Club (non-resident), available for visitors introduced by a member.

PLACES OF INTEREST.—Colleges (Boys' and Girls'), St. Mary's Orphanage and Industrial Schools, Hospital, Asylum, Institute (combining Museum, Reading Room, and Library).

To reach Nelson the traveller takes the steamer from Lyttelton. One of the U.S.S. Co.'s steamers leaves Lyttelton every Tuesday and Saturday night on arrival of the express train from Dunedin, and reaches Nelson *via* Wellington on the mornings of the following Friday and Tuesday.

Nelson has been described very appropriately as a place "where everlasting spring abides, and never withering flowers." The first view of it, however, does not give the visitor this impression. The steamer usually arrives early in the morning, and the traveller going up on deck sees nothing but a few straggling houses, appearing as if they had been thrown promiscuously against a clayey-looking bank, and had not quite made up their mind as to whether they would settle there or down below, on what does duty for a street. Signs of life appear and a small stream of people begins to flow round the corner of the street. By and by a tram-car comes, and the visitor learns that for 3d. he can ride to Nelson proper. The tram-line seems to be shy of the street and affects the footpath to a

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degree which is sometimes inconvenient for the ordinary foot passenger. On one side of the street small shops, and some private houses shelter themselves under the hill; on the other the view is unobstructed. What will one day become a very pleasant walk is just struggling into existence. A pathway runs along the edge of the bay. This is planted with trees that, in spite of the adverse influences of slop land and sea, are doing as well as could be expected. If the tide happens to be out when the visitor arrives the view in this direction is decidedly not interesting; but if the tide be in, it acts like that charity "that covers a multitude of sins." As the tram proceeds things improve, the houses get more numerous and more social; they soon approach each other quite familiarly on both sides of the street, and after a few minutes run, the tramcar stops close to the Masonic hotel, in the centre of Nelson. The visitor finds Nelson to be a place of between six and seven thousand inhabitants. The province of Nelson is not so favorably circumstanced as Otago or Canterbury. It has not the same extent of agricultural land, being chiefly mountainous and adapted principally for sheep-farming. The nature of the country prevents the establishment of railway communication, there being only one short line to Bellgrove, a few miles from Nelson. But what the town may lack in commercial activity it makes up for in salubrity of climate and picturesque situation. The first unfavorable impression is soon removed when the visitor gets into the town and takes a walk through its streets, or among the hills that surround it. It has one of the finest climates in the world, and, for a place to spend a short holiday, Nelson has numerous and decided attractions. The beauty of the town itself impresses every visitor; it is the great centre of the hop industry, and the excellence of its hops is recognized,

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even in the Home markets. Hop gardens are met in all directions, and in the season these give an indescribable charm to the attractions of Nelson. Some of the streets are lined with trees, and through the town flows a little stream called the Matai River, the banks of which are lined with willows, which bend down lovingly over the water as if to guard its sacredness from the too curious eye.

One of the pleasantest excursions about Nelson is a walk or drive to the waterworks. They are about an hour's drive from the town (cabs, 5s. per hour). The road runs along by the side of this Matai stream and nothing can be lovelier. It is lined for a long way with willows; here and there rustic bridges span the brook, which, as it "winds about and in and out," may recall the more famous one that "flowed by Philip's farm." Charming mansions and quaint little cottages hide themselves amid the hop gardens and willows, and the blackbird's song, and the liquid notes of the tui make vocal the hedgerows and the copses. Some of these cottages are very pretty; a few are painted in gay colours, covered now and again with scarlet creepers and white convolvulus, with odd old-fashioned windows and doorways, and set in the midst of hop and of fruit and flower gardens. Nature and art have agreed for once to do the best they can together; after a short distance art gives up the business and nature is left to herself. The road still continues up the stream; on the left are the Dun mountains along the side of which is a delightful walk. If the visitor makes the journey on foot he should go up the Dun mountains, which are said to be rich in iron ore and other minerals, and if he does not care to ascend right to the top he can diverge and come down by the waterworks. Another very pleasant excursion is to go up what is called the Zig-zag hill. From here he will get one of the best

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views of Nelson, and see it in all its beauty. This walk may be continued to the cemetery, about two miles or so from town. It is placed on an eminence, is nicely laid out, and commands an excellent view of the harbour and the bay.

Shorter walks may be taken in and and about the town. Church hill, close to Trafalgar square, may be visited, and beyond it a little way stand Nelson colleges (Girls' and Boys'). These are good commodious buildings, and well equipped for their purposes. The excellence of the teaching given in these colleges is attested by the high place which the students take in the civil service and university examinations. The principal of the Boys' college (which is affiliated to the New Zealand university) is Rev. J. C. Andrew, M.A., and of the Girls' college, Miss Kate Edgar, M.A. A pleasant hour may be also spent in a pull across to the lighthouse. An inspection of this and also of the curious Boulder bank, which extends some seven miles across the bay will prove interesting. The boat fare is 1s. 6d.

If Nelson has not contributed greatly to the commercial fame of New Zealand, it has given more than its share of men who have held a high place in developing the country. As Mr. Cox has pointed out in his "Recollections," Sir Edward Stafford, Sir Frederick Weld the present Governor of the Straits Settlement; Major Richmond, Sir Dillon Bell the present Agent General of New Zealand in London; Mr. Alfred Domett, a former Prime Minister and still more famous as a poet; all these and others belong more or less to Nelson.

The tourist should, if possible, reserve a day or two for Nelson, and we are sure, if he does, he will find it realising even Wordsworth's thought of Yarrow:—

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Fair scenes for childhood's opening hours,
For sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength,
And age to wear away in.

On the way back to Wellington, as indeed on the way to Nelson also, the steamer goes through what is called "The French Pass." This is a narrow strait between the southern part of D'Urville Island and the main-land, and affords communication between Admiralty and Blind Bays. It is a somewhat dangerous place. There is only a straight clear channel of about 117 yards broad, and the current is very strong and swift, running at the rate of eight or ten miles per hour.

The steamer calls at Picton *en route* to and from Nelson and Wellington. As yet Picton is a very small place, but not without some pretentions to beauty. It is the outlet meantime for Marlborough and the agricultural produce of the Wairau plains. It will be an important place by-and-by, as it is contemplated to connect Marlborough with Canterbury by rail, and it will thus form the terminus of the Main Trunk Railway-line of the Middle Island. The Wairau plains are famous in New Zealand history as the scene of a very cruel massacre of Europeans by the Natives. The New Zealand Company had planted colonies at Wellington, Wanganui, New Plymouth, and elsewhere. Extending their operations to Nelson and Marlborough, they acquired from the Natives, amongst other possessions, that of the Wairau plains. Te Rauparaha, a sort of Maori Ishmael, of whom we have spoken in connection with Kaiapoi, is the principal figure in this tragedy also. Some dispute arose between the Colonial office and the New Zealand Company, regarding the legality of the latter's purchase. A land court was appointed to enquire into the

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matter, and Te Rauparaha resolved to dispute the possession of Wairau by the company. He had already destroyed several of the families who had been settled there Crossing over from Waikanae, he drove the surveyors off the ground. A warrant was issued for his apprehension, and Captain Wakefield, with some other gentlemen and a number of special constables, went to execute it. A collision took place; twenty-six white men were killed, but after the affair was over, Wakefield and the Queen's Magistrate were murdered in cold blood. A fine monument has been erected in commemoration of those who lost their lives here, and if the tourist visits Blenheim, which is reached by rail from Picton, he may also visit the scene of the Wairau massacre. The steamer only stays for a short time at Picton, and a few hours run brings the traveller back again to Wellington, and here ends, unless he means to visit the famous Sounds on the West Coast, his tour of the Southern or Middle Island.

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# CHAPTER XI.

## WEST COAST SOUNDS.

Whoever examines a map of New Zealand cannot fail to be struck by the break in the uniformity of the coast line which the south-west corner of the Middle Island presents. Within a stretch of about 100 miles between the parallels of 44° and 46° south latitude the coast is broken up by a series of inlets that penetrate the shore to a distance varying from 6 to 20 miles. These inlets are the famous West Coast Sounds of New Zealand, and are the only places of shelter for shipping along the whole extent of the west coast of the Middle Island—a distance of some 500 miles. They are thirteen in number, and in character and features closely resemble each other. The larger are divided into several arms which run inland for a distance of 20 miles in some cases, and are generally about one mile in width. The smaller sounds range from 6 to 8 miles in length, and rarely exceed half a mile in width. Surrounded on all sides by densely wooded mountains which rise almost perpendicularly from the water's edge, and approached through entrances which appear little more than cracks in the frowning and precipitous rocks that form the coast line, the existence of these sounds might well have remained one of Nature's secrets —their presence undreamed of by the voyager who skirts the coast, or the dweller on the land beyond the mountain sides. To Captain Cook is due the honor of their discovery. During his second voyage round the world (1773) Captain Cook made a close examination of this part of the coast, and his vivid description of one of the largest sounds—to

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which he gave the name of Dusky—remained the only record of this region until its careful survey in 1851 by Commander Richards in H.M.S. "Acheron."

The most remarkable feature of these land-locked lakes or sounds, and one common to all, is the great depth and perfect stillness of the water. Soundings can rarely be obtained under 80 or 100 fathoms, and frequently at much greater depths, and as the mountain sides rise almost straight from the water's edge, anchorage is seldom found except at the inner extreme, where a narrow shelf of beach affords a landing place from which the dense and tangled bush and forest can be explored.

In most of the sounds, reposing on the surface of the water, are islets of varying sizes and shapes—some rising conical and inaccessible, others flat and inviting, but all alike covered with the richest vegetation, the dark green of the fern-trees or the crimson blossom of the rata mirrored in the placid waters below.

The rainfall in a region so mountainous and thickly wooded is naturally considerable, and it supplies the sounds with one of their most picturesque and striking features. On every side are seen waterfalls making their way down the mountain slopes—some, rushing torrents leaping and bounding over the rocks and carrying before them all that seek to bar their progress; others, winding like a silver thread in and out of the bush, here hidden from sight, and there reappearing where their course is open; while others again spread out in "great sheets of gossamer that become dissipated in mist before they reach the bottom."

Save to the stray whaler or sealer who may have run into one or other of them for shelter, the West Coast Sounds remained until recently a sealed book to the tourist and traveller since their discovery by Captain Cook. Of late

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years, however, the intercolonial steamers have, during the summer season, called at one or other of the sounds—generally Milford—en route to and from Melbourne and New Zealand, but in 1877 the Union Steam Ship Company ran a special excursion from Port Chalmers (Dunedin) to the West Coast Sounds, and this has been continued each year since. The opportunity thus afforded of visiting these wonderful Fiords has been largely availed of, so much so that the Company now despatch two excursions during January of each year. The trip is a very popular and enjoyable one, taking the form more of an extended pic-nic than anything else, and attracts travellers from all parts of the Colonies, and even from Europe and America. During an absence of eight or nine days from Port Chalmers the steamer visits the most attractive of the sounds, and excellent arrangements are made for seeing them under favorable circumstances. The sounds being almost equidistant (about eight miles) from one another, the steamer is very little at sea, and the greater part of each day is spent in the quiet of these inland lakes; while anchored at their head, each night is passed in social enjoyment of the most pleasant character, strangely heightened by the grandeur and novelty of the surroundings.

Sportsmen will find in the West Coast Sounds plenty to occupy their attention, although the excessive tameness of the game consequent on the rarity of man's visits somewhat detracts from the zest of the chase. Of birds, the kakapo or owl parrot, the beautiful wood-pigeon, the orange-wattled crow, the weka, the curious kiwi, and the stupid-looking penguin are all to be met with here, while the fisherman will find the waters of some of the sounds a perfect paradise, where fish in infinite variety—groper, flounder, trumpeter, cod, mullet, and numberless others, only wait the dropping of the bait to swallow it with

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unsuspecting avidity. Those who are botanically inclined can revel in unbounded wealth of ferns and shrubs of the rarest descriptions, while couches of the softest down are rivalled by the moss-banks of many centuries' growth, that woo the explorer to rest on their yielding beds.

The only drawback to the comfort of the traveller is the number of sandflies that infest a few of the sounds, and the bites of which leave painful memories to those of tender skin. These frequent the edges of the shore, but happily do not penetrate the bush, nor follow the passenger on board. Many remedies and specifics are recommended to tourists, but the most effectual are veils to cover the face, and gloves to hide the hands and wrists. With these the fiercest attack may be repulsed, and we strongly advise all who visit the Sounds to supply themselves with these simple preventives.

The Sounds running direct from the sea number thirteen in all, and, beginning with the most southerly and working northwards, the following is their order :—(1) Preservation Inlet (principal arm, Long Sound) ; (2) Chalky or Dark Cloud Inlet (principal arms, Cunaris Sound and Edwardson Sound) ; (3) Dusky Sound ; (4) Breaksea Sound (connecting this is Acheron Passage with its deep indentation, Wet Jacket Arm, while from Breaksea Sound run Broughton and Vancouver Arms) ; (5) Daggs Sound ; (6) Doubtful Inlet (principal arms—Smith Sound, Crooked Arm and Halls Arm) ; (7) Thompson Sound (principal arms—Bradshaw Sound and Gaer Arm) ; (8) Nancy Sound ; (9) Charles Sound ; (10) Caswell Sound ; (11) George Sound ; (12) Bligh Sound ; (13) Milford Sound.

The resemblance which the sounds bear to each other —differing mostly in the height of the mountains which surround them, and which seem to increase in loftiness and

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grandeur as we get further north—is so striking that we feel it would be uninteresting to describe each in detail; we shall therefore not weary the reader by repetition of description, but merely take as types of the whole one or two which, while they resemble one another in general features, present a few points of difference which distinguish them from each other.

The steamer leaves Port Chalmers in the afternoon, and about noon of the following day, having passed Stewart Island in the early morning, she turns her head shorewards, and passing between Puysegur Point and Gulchen Head, enters the most southerly of the West Coast Sounds—Preservation Inlet. The change effected in a few minutes is marvellous. From rolling seas to still waters we have passed as if by magic. The forecastle head is soon crowded with passengers, all intently gazing on the scene before them, and, in silence at first, slowly drinking in the beauty that is being gradually unfolded to their eyes. "Islands and islands are here glittering and shimmering in youngest and freshest looking of verdure, never a leafless branch nor branchless stem is to be anywhere seen. Nothing else but thickly-growing ferns of all kinds, known and unknown, stretching away downwards to within a foot of the water's edge. They have there left to our view the sight of a rocky basement as straightly and regularly cut by the incessant lavement of the waters as could be done by mason's chisel-work." Threading our way in and out the intricacies of the passage, we enter Long Sound, an arm of Preservation Inlet, which extends to a distance of 14 miles narrowing from a mile to half-a-mile in width as the top is approached, and terminating in a narrow slip at the head of which there is a fine waterfall. "Every turn and winding of the 14 miles of the enchanted waters into which

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we have wandered, show other features of the picturesque, and all of a nature equally new to our now excited vision." On each side of the sound the hills rise, almost perpendicularly, to a great height, and are densely wooded to the water's edge, occasional spits of sand seen at intervals affording a pleasing variety to the verdure-clad wall that hems us in on either side. Immediately behind these well-clad hills appear the tops of sterile mountains, towering skywards in awful grandeur. We have already grown so much accustomed to the vastness of everything around us, that we have lost an exact appreciation of measurements, and it is almost with incredulity that we hear it when told that Needle Peak we see on one side is 4100 feet high, or Forgotten Peak on the other, 3682 feet. The silence and stillness of everything, the absence of every sign of other than vegetable life, is quite bewildering, and in reverent silence we retrace our steps and come to an anchor for the night in Cuttle Cove. And a more lovely spot to spend the time in it would be difficult to imagine. Almost a circular-shaped sheet of glistening water, surrounded on all sides by heavily timbered slopes, behind which rise ranges of mountains—here for miles showing a straight line of gleaming snow, forming a delicate lace-like fringe; there, broken into solitary peaks, some snow-covered and some bare, in varying irregularity—cloud-capped some of them, and these affording an impressive sight as the clouds slowly clear off and drift away, disclosing their summits in all their lonely grandeur. Away to the westward we see Treble Mountain with its three-peaked summits, each over 3000 feet high, while on the eastern side towers Overseen Peak, 3550 feet in height.

### DUSKY SOUND.

Fifteen miles further north than Preservation we come

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to Dusky Sound, a sound which possesses more historical interest than any on the coast. Away as we are out of the world, so to speak, amongst regions which have been seen by few of the world's inhabitants, our hearts appear to be more easily touched by such records of human interest as these lonely spots can show; and when we are told that Dusky Sound was explored by Captain Cook in 1773, and are pointed out the haven in which Vancouver's ship ("Discovery") rode out a heavy gale, we seem to be drawn more closely towards these great navigators, and to feel greater sympathy and admiration for the work they performed. The entrance to Dusky Sound is of greater width than the entrances to other sounds on the coast, and the islands which lie in the way of our passage are of larger size and more numerous than are to be found elsewhere. To our left we recognise Five Fingers Peninsula, a point of Resolution Island which separates Dusky from Breaksea Sound, and which received its curious name from Captain Cook on account of the resemblance to the five fingers of a man's hand which several high pointed rocks at its extremity presented. Anchor Island, which rises to an elevation of 1,360 feet, lies immediately within the entrance, and is itself surrounded by a labyrinth of small islets, many of which are named, but more not yet christened. Indian Island (1½ miles long), Long Island (7 miles), and Cooper Island (3½ miles), together form a continuous chain nearly to the head of the sound. These islands are all thickly wooded, and in appearance differ only from each other in size and shape. Dusky Sound is rich in the possession of snug coves, rejoicing in curious names. On our right we pass Shelter Cove, Cascade Cove, which sufficiently explain themselves; but on the other side of Anchor Island to that which we pass, and indenting Resolution Island, already

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mentioned, are coves bearing the odd names of Woodhen, Goose, Cormorant, Duck, etc., no doubt conferred by their hardy explorers in commemoration of the birds first found there. The character of the scenery in Dusky Sound is very different to that in Long Sound and Preservation Inlet. There, except where snow-covered, the mountain sides are entirely overgrown with rich and verdant foliage; but here the heavy timber is missing, and sterile rock presents its bare front on either side of us, covered in patches here and there with ordinary scrub or bush. Occasionally a wooded slope intercepts the rocky wall, making by its presence, however, the surrounding nakedness only more obtrusive. The rocky walling rises to a great height, but the absence of snow on its summit is noticeable, and the few waterfalls that are seen trickling down the face of the cliffs at intervals are, in consequence, small and unimportant. Overtopping these immediate hills, however, are seen the snowy peaks of greater rivals—Mount Pinder on the left, towering 4,000 feet; and on the right Mount Evans, 4,120 feet; Mount Sparrman, 3,290 feet; Mount Bradshaw, 3,300 feet; while away behind these again, the Stopper, 3650 feet, Mount Inaccessible and other summits of the Kakapo Range form a background of indescribable grandeur. Amidst all this wildness and sterility it is with a curious feeling that we notice on the way up the sound a small clearing at the edge of the water, on which stand two huts. Dazed by the magnitude of everything around us, it is difficult at first to understand that these are real habitations, and that there are men to be found content to bury themselves in this awful solitude. Inquiry elicits the fact that two miners make this their home, and that "monarchs of all they survey," they devote their time to prospecting their sovereignty for precious metals. They have already dis-

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covered a copper lode, and also near it a vein of asbestos. Mr. Docherty, the senior, is a hardy and intelligent pioneer, and freely places his rich store of botanical and mineralogical information at the disposal of his visitors. He has been settled here since 1877, and, an enthusiast at his work, does not find time heavy on his hands. We cannot keep ourselves from wondering, however, at the power that can make two men thus banish themselves from all communion with their kind; and picture to ourselves the horror of the situation, were one or both to be struck down with illness, and no one near to help them; or perhaps to die without a friend at hand to close their eyes.

SMITH SOUND.

The junction of Doubtful, Thompson, Bradshaw, and Smith Sounds affords a view somewhat different to any which can be had elsewhere. The leading features of the sounds are common to all; and here, as elsewhere, we are enclosed within rocky walls, down whose faces trickle or rush, according to their volume, numerous pretty waterfalls. The scene, however, is more open and the long vistas of water which the intersecting islands form lend a variety to the picture which is refreshing from its novelty. As we pass up Smith Sound, the morning sun scintillating upon the rippling water gives the steamer the appearance of threading its way through myriads of electric sparks. When nearing the head of the sound the vessel gradually comes to a standstill, and we are given the opportunity of feasting our eyes upon a scene of indescribable loveliness. We have stopped just where the sound branches off into two arms. On either hand, winding away from us in opposite directions, run two channels, their sides formed of sloping hills covered to the base with rich green foliage. The wooded margins overhang the still water beneath, and are mirrored

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in its glassy surface, every leaf and branch showing clear and distinct in the motionless depths below. All Nature is perfectly still, and, save for a stray gull which silently glides over the water, there is no sign of life in all the space around us. In the foreground reposes Rolla Island, one mass of crimson rata—a ruby set in a silver sea; while before, behind, and on each side of us, overtopping the nearer hills, rise the silent mountains, their solitary peaks approached by stairways of snow-clad ridges. In the sounds already visited a certain similarity in the shape and contour of the mountains has been noticeable; but here variety is imported, and curious effects are produced by the irregularity of the mountain sides. Here a massive rock juts out almost at right angles; there a mound protrudes like a hump on a giant's back; in another place a crag appears to have been stopped in its course down the mountain steep, and hangs as if suspended in mid-air; while here and there are scattered patches of snow that mark ravines which the sun's rays can never penetrate.

GEORGE SOUND.

The distinguishing feature of this sound is a very fine waterfall, which tumbles down a wide and precipitous defile between the mountains at the head of the sound, and is fed by a lake hidden in the bush 200 feet above the level of the sea. Early in the morning on which the writer entered this sound a light shower of rain was falling, giving an opportunity of seeing the hills under a new phase. The mountain sides were half hidden in the mist, the summits only being seen rising dimly out of the sea of cloud. Wooded slopes alternate with bare rock, the green foliage standing out in bold relief against the dark mountain side. As we wind our way up the sounds the peaks seem to increase in number until we appear enclosed in a sea of mountains.

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Sloping from the summits until they meet on lower ground, they form great gullies, and these are intersected again by other mountains tops that stand like sentinels in the back ground. Like vertebræ, the ridges run in regular waves, broken here and there by rocks of most fantastic shape; while down their sides stream numerous waterfalls, their foaming currents contrasting boldly with the dark slopes that form their beds. As we progress the rain clears off, and the rising sun striking the opposite side of the sound lights up the wooded slope; the rain drops trembling on the dark green foliage become a sea of sparkling diamonds; the waterfalls, gleaming threads of silver winding in and out amongst the straggling rocks; while the eastern bank, thrown into shadow, frowns gloomy and sombre by strong contrast. The islets are less numerous here, and make the basins appear larger by their absence. As we turn bend after bend in our winding course up the sound each lakelet seems to mark the boundary of our way, but another and still another corner is passed, and we are still progressing. The last corner is turned at length, however, and we drop anchor just where a waterfall of grand proportions comes rushing down the mountain side almost to our feet. We are told this is fed by a lake accessible by a little rough climbing, and as soon as the boats are alongside most make for the spot. The top of the waterfall is approached by making our way for a considerable height up a dry water-course alongside, after which we penetrate the bush, and overcoming the difficulties of threading a trackless path through the brushwood we come upon a beautiful silent lake buried in the recesses of the mountain bush. The lake widens and narrows, forming several little bays, and a fine effect is produced by the trees meeting overhead at the narrowest parts, forming an arch through which is seen a

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long vista of lake beyond. Guided by the sound of the rushing water we plunge into the bush again, and against many difficulties make our way to the other end, from which, in a noisy torrent, issues the waterfall we have seen from below. Standing at its head, watching it bounding and leaping from rock to rock, we are impressed with the grandeur of the scene, while at the foot of the ravine the ship is seen reposing on the face of the placid water—an effective contrast to the rushing torrent beside us.

MILFORD SOUND.

This, the most northerly of the West Coast Sounds, though comparatively inconsiderable in extent, in magnificence of scenery and grandeur of design, far surpasses them all. "The mountains by which it is surrounded are, with the exception of Mount Cook, the highest on the coast, and its narrow entrance apparently still more contracted by the stupendous cliffs which rise perpendicular as a wall from the water's edge to a height of several thousand feet, invests Milford Sound with a character of solemnity and grandeur which description can barely realise."

This is the language of the official report of the survey of this sound, and no part of it follows the truth more closely than that which says that description must fail in any attempt to convey an adequate idea of the extraordinary grandeur of Milford Sound.

It was through a misty half fog, the conditions under which the scenery of Milford Sound is most impressive, that the writer first saw the wonders of this region. Obscured by rain and mist, little of the rugged coast line was to be seen, and it looked as if it would be impossible to pick up the entrance to the sound. Presently, however, the steamer turned shorewards, and rounding a small islet we found ourselves in the shelter of Anita Bay. Involuntarily rose to

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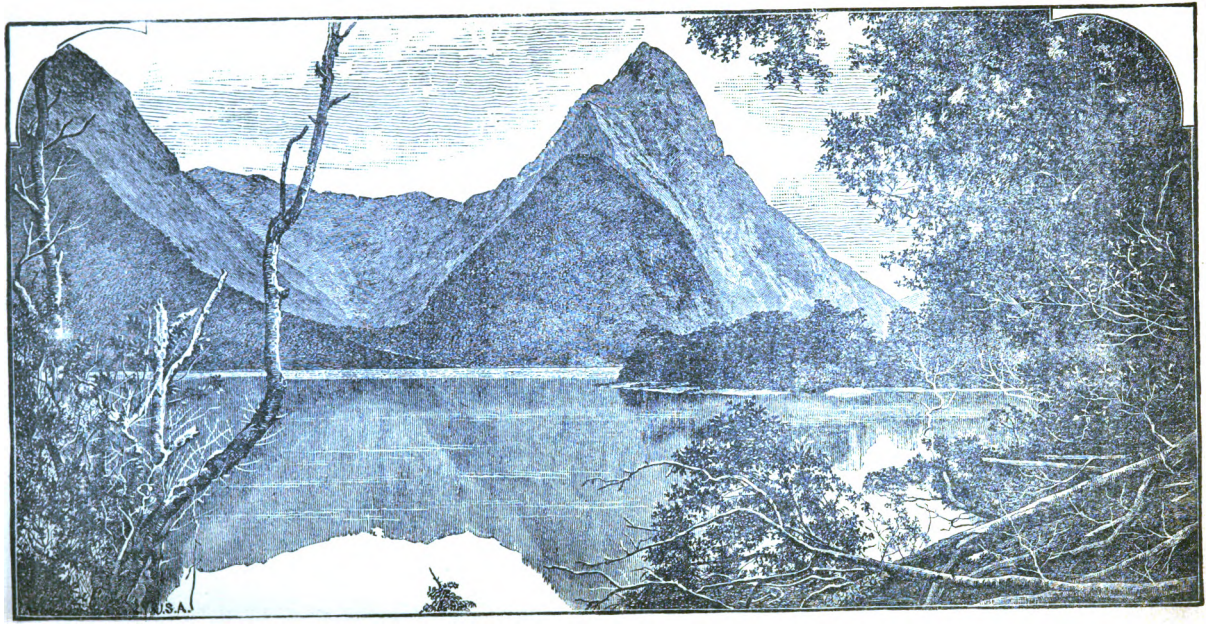

**MITRE PEAK, MILFORD SOUND.**
*From a Photograph by Burton Bros., Dunedin.*

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our lips the exclamation—"this cannot be our journey's end!" and yet there seemed no way of further progress. In front of us rises a mass of cloud-capped rock, but surely the river crack we dimly see does not mark a channel through which a boat can pass. On we steam however, and our hearts almost stand still as the vessel speeds on to seemingly inevitable destruction. To right and left and overhead nothing is visible but stupendous bulk. We are told that on the right rises the Mitre Peak 5,560 feet, and on the left Pembroke Peak 6,710 feet, but names or heights have no signification to us as yet. We are only oppressed with the feeling of the vastness of everything, and the haze which hangs over all intensifies it fourfold. Away up the mass a belt of clouds bars for a moment our line of vision, but raising our eyes still higher we see the clouds mark only a break, and that away soaring above them loom dark and terrible mountain heights, their summits hidden in the lowering sky. The fissure in the rock widens at our nearer approach and slowing down, the air darkening as we pass, we enter with bated breath the narrow gateway, and find ourselves in Milford Sound. We have seen nothing like this before! The sounds already visited have in their turn impressed us with their beauty and grandeur, and we have come to look upon lofty mountains and grand surroundings with the tranquillity of an accustomed eye; but nothing like this have we seen, and our past experience sinks into nothingness as we pass the awful portals and enter the cavern—Milford Sound. On each side rise perpendicular masses of rock, down whose bare and precipitous fronts fall numberless streams of water, none, as we have seen them heretofore, pursuing a winding course down the mountain side, their tracks marked by the wooded walls enclosing them, but falling in a straight, unbroken line through many

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thousand feet of space into the dark waters beneath. In some cases the falls, as if tired with their long and stageless journey, give way when half-way down the cliff, and disappear in mist and spray. Slowly and silently passing up the sound a turn of the channel brings to view the largest fall we have yet seen. Issuing from the rock in three springs they meet 400 feet from the base and descend in an unbroken fall on the surface of the water, throwing back volumes of foam and spray in the rebound. The immensity of rock around us, however, dwarfs the proportions of the Stirling Falls; and, while we cannot help admiring their beauty, their actual magnitude fails to affect us. Winding our way slowly onwards, the air darkens perceptibly as we pass the rocky shoulder of Mount Kimberley, a precipitous wall rising 2,500 feet sheer from the water's edge, unbroken by shelf of any kind, but seeming as if formed by one clean cut of a giant knife, through which the water sprang that bears us now between the clefts. Still gliding on, we mark the strong resemblance which suggested the name of Lion Rock to the terminal spur of Kimberley, and turning its tail, as it were, we are in Harrison Cove, where the steamer comes slowly to a stop. The rain has moderated considerably, and as the clouds rise upwards we can see more and more of the scene around us. The cove in which we are lies at the foot of a precipitous ravine, formed by the back of the lion and the ascent to Pembroke, upon whose massive sides repose vast glaciers, the clear whiteness of the snow merging into the dark shade of the solid ice. Precipices of ice and snow rise one above the other until the clouds stop further vision, and we can only see in spirit the silent everlasting glacier that, many thousand feet above us, forms the summit of mighty Pembroke. Held between the rocky walls that grip them,

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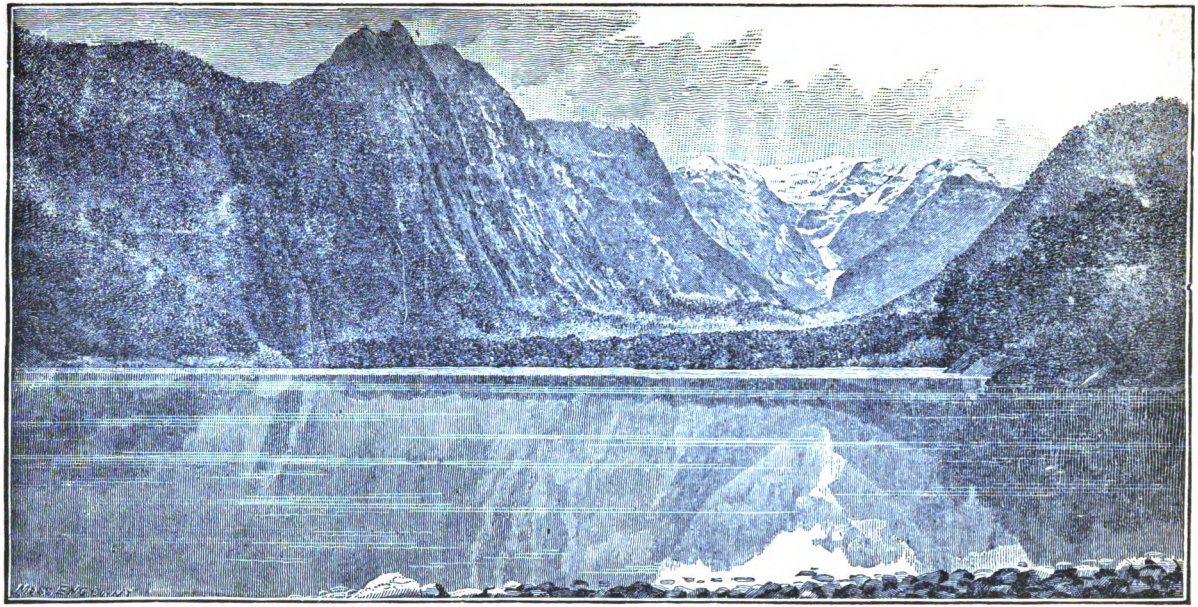

**HARRISON COVE, MILFORD SOUND.**
*From a Photograph by Burton Bros., Dunedin.*

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these masses of ice and snow, threatening the lower space, seem

> "Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
> And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge."

All round us, marshalled in grim array, rise towering heights whose tops are mostly hid from view. The divided summits of Mitre Peak, untrodden as yet by human foot; its lofty neighbours, Mount Phillips and the Lawrenny Peak, rising shelf after shelf—each paved with ice—until a field of snow is reached 6,700 feet above us. Directly in front, and forming the head of the sound, rising in one huge solid block of perpendicular wall 4,000 feet overhead, stands Sheerdown Hill, aptly so named, and parting by its enormous bulk the valleys of the rivers Cleddau and Arthur. Adjoining it the Barren Ranges rear their lofty heads 5,125 feet into the sky, and from a lower ledge of these, fed by glaciers hid from view, descend the glorious Bowen Falls. Not like ordinary falls are these, descending in unbroken line, or winding round obstructing crag. Not seen until shooting over a rocky ledge, high up the mountain side, the rushing stream falls on a projecting crag some 70 feet below, from which, hurled back with awful force, it seems to gather greater strength—

> "To spring at once, with sudden leap,
> Down from the immeasurable steep,"

and falls into the water 470 feet below, an awful mass of seething foam and spray.

Grand as the Bowen Falls are even to our eyes prepared for them by the previous sight of the Stirling Falls, they are dwarfed by their mighty surroundings. Removed from their present location and placed where Nature in more smiling mood had been less lavish of her gifts of mountain and of peak, the Bowen Falls would strike us more with

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awe and wonder; but here, where everything is on a Titanic scale, they lose their majesty, and seem little more than a rushing turbulent stream. Hemmed in by everlasting hills, scarce half a mile separating one shore from the other, we seem shut out from all sympathy with the world we have left, and in the awful solitude of the place the sense of man's littleness and insignificance becomes almost oppressive. As if to crush us more utterly and intensify our feeling of helplessness, a lightning flash gleams vivid across our eyes, and the roar of the crashing thunder reverberating among the mountains and waking echo after echo, almost cowes us by its violence. Yet even in this solitude men have made a home. On a small strip of level land, just past the Bowen Falls, we can distinguish three huts. This, the "City of Milford," as the huts are pretentiously called, is inhabited by two miners, one of whom, Donald Sutherland by name, has been located here since 1877. We gaze with special interest upon the two hermits, and, as in Dusky Sound, marvel at the power that can make these men isolate themselves from their fellow creatures to follow the uncertain calling of "prospectors." We wonder how a residence of six years in this awful place has affected them. Man possesses a wonderful faculty for adapting himself to his environments, and we are buoyed with hope that in the present instance daily companionship with Nature in its grandest and mightiest aspect has inspired these men with reverence for its works, and given to their lives a colouring of simple faith and truth in unison with their great surroundings.

After spending a few hours exploring the marvels of this wonderful place the steamer turns her head down the sound again. Steaming slowly through the narrow channel, we are soon out at sea once more—let us confess it, almost with a

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sense of relief—and as we turn and look back at the gloomy portal through which we have just passed, the Mitre and Pembroke standing guard at either side, there involuntarily rises to our lips Dante's awful inscription over the gateway of Avernus:—

"Through me you pass into the city of Woe;
Through me you pass into eternal pain;
Through me among the people lost for aye.

. . . . .

To rear me was the task of power divine,
Supremest wisdom, and primeval love;
Before me things create were none, save things
Eternal, and eternal I endure;
All hope abandon ye who enter here."

From Milford Sound the steamer returns to Port Chalmers, calling at Bluff *en route* to disembark tourists proceeding to Melbourne, or meaning to visit the Otago Lake District. Port Chalmers is reached twelve hours later, and here ends an excursion the experiences of which will long live in the memories of those who take part in it.

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# NORTH ISLAND.

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# CHAPTER XII.

## AUCKLAND.

133 miles from Tauranga, and 301 miles from Gisborne direct. Population, including suburbs, 30,952.

PRINCIPAL HOTELS—Albert, Star, Royal Mail, Clarendon, Nevada, Governor Browne.

CLUBS—Northern, Auckland, (both resident and available for strangers on introduction by a member), Commercial, Working Men's Club.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS—Free Public Library (with accommodation for 120 readers), Museum (good collection natural history subjects, and some fine paintings), Supreme Court House, Government House.

PLACES OF AMUSEMENT—Theatre Royal, Abbott's Opera House, Choral Hall.

CONVEYANCES—Street Tramways are being laid down, and when completed will connect the City with Ponsonby and Newton on the West, and Newmarket and Khyber Pass on the East. Hackney Carriages within radius of three miles from Post Office—one horse, 1s. 6d. per quarter-hour, 4s. per hour; two horse, 2s. per quarter-hour, 5s. per hour. Outside radius three miles—one horse, 5s. per hour; two horses, 6s. per hour.

There are several good livery stables in Auckland, the principal being Crowther's in Wellesley Street.

PLACES OF INTEREST IN OR NEAR AUCKLAND—*Albert Park*, (three minutes' walk from Queen Street by Victoria Street)—*Domain* (in valley between Auckland and Parnell—fine grounds)—*Mount Eden* (three miles from Post Office—carriage road to top)—*The Three Kings* (five miles from Post Office—interesting volcanic caves)—*North Shore* (steamers every half-hour, fare 6d.—fine view from Flagstaff Hill).

The Province of Auckland, extending from the 34th to the 39th parallel of latitude, and covering an area more than one fourth that of the whole Colony, some 17,000,000

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acres, is undoubtedly the part of New Zealand which possesses greatest interest, whether we regard its natural conformation or its history. It was in Auckland that the first emigrants from Hawaiki landed. Auckland was the home of the most powerful of the tribes. In Auckland were carried on the most disastrous cannibal wars, in which tribe tried to exterminate tribe. Auckland was the first theatre of missionary enterprise, when Samuel Marsden in 1814 trusted himself to the untender mercies of the Tepuna cannibals. The British flag was first set up in Auckland, and the chief city of the province was for some time the capital of the Colony. Her shores are fretted into a labyrinth of lovely land-locked bays, studded with myriads of islands, and there is hardly an inlet from Poverty Bay to Kawhia but is rich in associations connected either with the early navigators, or with the internecine wars of the Natives. Auckland is a province of gigantic forests, extensive plains, and large and majestic rivers. But that in which Auckland is a wonder, not to the sister provinces only, but to the civilised world, is her region of hot springs and geysers, as endless in variety as they are countless in number.

What first drew to New Zealand the notice of European traders was the supply of excellent spars to be got in the forests of Auckland; and as one of the features most interesting to the traveller in New Zealand is the beauty and variety of her timber-trees, it may be well to enumerate a few of the most valuable and striking. It was in order to obtain a supply of the kauri spars known to be plentiful in the northern part of the North Island that the ill-fated Boyd in the year 1809 put into the Whangaroa Harbour, when every soul on board, except a woman and two children, were brutally murdered

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by the vindictive George and his tribe. Kauri timber has not lost the reputation it thus early acquired. No New Zealand wood is of such general use for all kinds of work from ship-building to cabinet-making. For the last-named purpose a peculiar mottled variety, capable of taking on a high polish, is in particular request, a single tree of this variety having been known to realise as much as £500 for the 22,000 feet of timber it contained. Indeed, there is a colossal tree, probably the largest in New Zealand, standing at the head of the Tararu Creek at the Thames, the timber of which is estimated at £1000. The southern limit of the kauri pine is latitude 37° 30′, so that to Auckland belongs the whole supply. Unfortunately the extravagant rate at which the kauri forests are being despoiled of their timber, points to the probability of this noble tree becoming as extinct as the Moa, and that at no very distant date. The kauri is not at first sight readily recognised as a pine, the branches having, instead of the needle leaves so characteristic of conifers, a lance-shaped tapering leaf somewhat resembling that of a small-leafed gum. At some former period the kauri must have covered enormous tracts of country now denuded of all vegetation except poor fern and manuka scrub. Those tracts, notorious for their sterility, are now indicated by large deposits of a fine resin resembling amber, the export of which forms no inconsiderable part of Auckland commerce.

Another interesting and characteristic tree confined to the province of Auckland is the pohutukawa *(Metrosideros tomentosa)* or Christmas tree of the settlers, so called from its blooming at the Christmas season and taking the place, in household decoration, of the berried mistletoe and holly. The pohutukawa is essentially a sea-board plant, being seldom found at any great distance from the coast, though

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occasionally growing far inland, as, for instance, on the shores of Lake Tarawera. The lover of trees will be charmed on first making the acquaintance of this glorious tree. The downy silkiness of the leaves, the picturesque irregularity of trunk and branches, the gnarled and fantastic wreathings of its roots, and its dense masses of gorgeous crimson blossoms make the pohutukawa a picture of arborescent beauty not easily forgotten. But whoever would see this tree in its full glory must not be satisfied with the shabby specimens to be seen in the immediate neighbourhood of the city of Auckland. He must cruise along the shore and amongst the islands of the Hauraki Gulf, by the cliffs and coves of the Kawau, the Bay of Islands, or the Coromandel Peninsula. The pohutukawa is useful as well as ornamental. The stem, being full of natural bends and very firm and hard in the grain, is in great demand for the knees of vessels; and no doubt this has led to the destruction of many a noble tree along the shores of the Waitemata. The renovation of the tree is, however, only a question of time, as the stump soon emits vigorous young shoots which quickly form a new crown. Anyone wishing to carry away a pohutukawa to plant elsewhere, must remember that young plants fit for transplanting in no way resemble the parent tree, having, instead of the soft downy foliage of the adult, a smooth polished leaf like a myrtle.

Amongst other trees of economical value in the Auckland forests are the kahikatea or white pine, the rimu or red pine, and the totara, all of them coniferous trees. The kahikatea grows usually in low-lying swampy situations, and, after a little experience of Auckland travelling, one gets to associate its long straight branchless pillars with all that is dreary and rheumatic. The wood is by no

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means equal to kauri, being soft and white, and fit only for inside work. The rimu is a beautiful wood, with a warm cedar-like grain, and very suitable for the manufacture of furniture. It is, however, difficult to work, for which reason furniture made from it is almost as expensive as that made from imported cedar. In travelling through New Zealand forest no one can mistake the rimu; the straightness and symmetry of its trunk and the graceful droop of its pendent foliage distinguish it from all other trees. From the young branches of the rimu Captain Cook is said to have made spruce beer.

Of all the New Zealand woods the totara is the most durable, and therefore it is greatly valued for piles, the more so that it resists the ravages of sea-worms better than other timbers. The totara is a most majestic tree, the column rising from the ground like a massive pillar, often supported by huge buttresses, and crowned a-top with dense masses of yew-like foliage. Besides those trees the puriri is extensively used for posts and rails, and, of late, for railway sleepers.

The largest area of agricultural land belonging to the province of Auckland lies towards the centre of the province, along the banks of the Thames, Waikato, and Waipa, the land to the north of the isthmus being much broken and, generally speaking, of poor quality. The Matamata estate alone comprises some 60,000 acres of agricultural land, varying in quality from light fern land to the rich humus, many feet in depth, of reclaimed swamp-land. The Waikato Land Association owns some 90,000 acres available for cultivation. A large portion of this enormous area is laid down under grass and other crops, and is already stocked with well-bred sheep and cattle. The settlers in the Waikato are now becoming alive to the importance of

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utilizing to the full the dairy produce of this vast agricultural district. A cheese factory has been started at Te Awamutu, the railway terminus, and the success of this establishment is likely to induce the farmers in other parts of the Waikato to follow this example.

The mineral resources of Auckland are very considerable. A gold-bearing ridge of hills runs north along the east bank of the river Thames, ending in Cape Colville at the north end of the Coromandel Peninsula. Coal, generally of excellent quality, crops out in various parts of the province, notably at Bay of Islands, Whangarei, Waikato, and the Mokau. The seam at Kawa Kawa, averaging 12½ feet in thickness, has produced an enormous quantity of coal, and though it is now showing signs of giving out, there is probably a large area of payable coal-bearing country lying between Kawa-Kawa and Whangarei. Copper has been found both at Kawau and the Great Barrier Island; but so far as it has yet been worked the result has not been encouraging. Manganese ore of good quality is worked in the Bay of Islands. Petroleum, said to be of good quality, has been found at Poverty Bay on the east coast. Building stones are represented by lavas and scorias near Auckland; and clays of various kinds are found in the Waikato district and elsewhere.

The capital of Auckland, bearing the same name as the province, stands on the north side of the isthmus where the Waitemata Harbour on the east and the Manukau on the west almost meet and cut the North Island in two. The Waitemata, on which the city of Auckland is immediately situated, stretches west, branching into many arms, into which usually fall one or more fresh-water creeks. One of those arms turning south comes to within two miles of Manukau Harbour; whilst the Tamaki Estuary, lying

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east of the city, comes within a mile and a-half of the Manukau at Otahuhu. Auckland is thus unique in its situation, having on each side of the island a port into which the largest vessels may enter with safety. It is not to be wondered at that Captain Hobson, finding the position of Russell unsuitable for a capital, should have selected this spot before all others as the most convenient seat of Government. Having made arrangements with the native owners of the soil by which he was put in possession of 30,000 acres on and near the isthmus, Hobson hoisted the British flag on the Waitemata in September, 1840, and in the following year moved the Government Establishments to the young city which he called Auckland.

The isthmus on which Auckland stands must, at no very remote time, have been occupied by a very dense population of natives. The remarkable volcanic cones with which it is studded were natural fortresses of which the natives were not slow to avail themselves, whilst the fertile levels afforded them rich potato grounds, and the numerous creeks and coves made harbourage for their fleets of canoes. Mount Eden and other cones bear, to this day, traces of Maori occupation in their terraced and pitted sides. An enormous pah covered Mount Wellington sometime in the 18th century; and not many generations ago the Ngatiwhatua who lived in the isthmus are said to have numbered about 30,000. So dense, indeed, was the population of the isthmus, that its inhabitants were known by pre-eminence as Nga Iwi, *i.e.*—"*The Tribes.*" In his invasion of the Waikato in 1822, Hongi, the Ngapuhi chief, sailed his canoes up the Tamaki, drawing them over the isthmus at Otahuhu. Coming to one bend in the river too sharp to allow of his largest canoes rounding it, the wily savage overcame this difficulty by cutting a canal,

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which may yet be seen. On the banks of the Tamaki River, where the village of Panmure now stands, he laid siege to Mauinena and Makoia, two populous pahs of the Ngatiwhatua, leaving behind him when he went away nothing of the inhabitants but their bones. Of the large Maori population which once covered this isthmus none now remain but one small hapu living at Orakei, on the east side of Hobson Bay.

The City of Auckland in respect of its position may well be called the Naples of New Zealand, no other town in the Colony being able to approach it in the beauty of its many sea views. It stands on the southern side of the Waitemata, and occupies a series of hills, divided by valleys trending in the direction of the harbour. The town, as seen from a vessel sailing into the river, presents a very picturesque appearance. The many beautiful houses and gardens that cover the slopes and nestle in cosy nooks along the bays, the green lawns and clumps of trees, all well visible from the harbour, give a most agreeable first impression of the town. On landing and exploring the different parts of the City, the beauty of its situation unfolds itself at every step. The town itself, that is, the brick and mortar part of the town, is not imposing, the public buildings being neither numerous nor particularly handsome. The main thoroughfare, Queen Street, runs in a straight line from the wharf up the hill on which the town is placed—at first by an almost imperceptible ascent, but, towards its upper end, rising on to the ridge in a pretty stiff gradient. On reaching the top of the incline, a walk to either hand will open up remarkably fine views. By turning to the right along the Karangahape road, you may reach Ponsonby, one of the prettiest suburban spots about Auckland; or you may continue your walk amongst farms

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and green fields towards the Whau village. By turning to the left you may take a number of pleasant walks along Symonds Street, Khyber Pass, Grafton Road, the Domain, and so on to Parnell—a peaceful and old-fashioned suburb reaching down to the bay,—and along the cliffs, by a labyrinth of pretty zig-zag lanes, shady with hedgerows or overhung with willows. Many a time you will stop to look down from some vantage-point on the beauty of the bay below. It would be hard to find anywhere a more charming sight than is presented on a sunny holiday morning, Christmas morning for instance, to anyone standing on the hill overlooking the harbour. Away to the right the triple volcanic peak of Rangitoto rises, a regular wooded cone, from the sparkling blue water of the Hauraki Gulf, which rolls away till it is lost in the distance towards Tiri-Tiri and Kawau. The irregular line of the North Shore advances and retires in innumerable promontories and bays, running out to meet Rangitoto in two rounded volcanic knobs—Mounts Victoria and Takapuna. Beyond the outline of the shore comfortable homesteads lie bathed in a quivering mist of heat, surrounded by fields and tree-clumps, presenting every shade of green. And down below, just under the eye, lies the harbour, with its glistening beaches of shell and sand, and its water of pale sea-green streaming out to the Bean Rock and Orakei, or away towards the Riverhead. At the wharf the Union Company's huge steamers are almost hidden in pennons of gaily coloured bunting. A trim man-of-war, broadside on to the town, lies out in mid-stream; smaller craft of all degrees, sloops, steamers, barges, yachts, all are making holiday and flying their gayest colours. Small, white-sailed boats are tacking and veering in the most capricious manner, skimming about

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like swallows on the surface of the water. The ferry-boat, the only thing visible not making holiday, takes its slanting course, crowded with passengers, from the wharf to the North Shore, churning the green water into foam and leaving in its wake a train of light. Such is one of the peeps to be seen from the high ground in Auckland. If you advance or recede a hundred yards, you will probably come upon the same landscape ingredients differently combined—a picture much like the last, but yet with a difference.

Of special walks within the city two may be mentioned —the Albert Park and the Domain. Albert Park occupies a side of the hill that overlooks Queen Street. It fills the curve formed by Bowen Street and Coburg Street, and is reached in two or three minutes from the centre of the town by way of Victoria Street. A few years ago what is now the park was a rather unsightly piece of ground known as Barrack Hill. Here, peaceful as it now looks, a good deal of serious soldiering went on in the early days of the Waikato War, when the Auckland citizens were in daily expectation of an attack. Hither the settlers from outlying districts crowded in for protection, leaving their property, animate and inanimate, to look after itself; and the young city was, for the time being, turned into a military station. Barrack Hill, or rather Albert Park, has put on a very different appearance nowadays. Trim beds of flowers, luxuriant shrubs, grass lawns, and broad winding walks now occupy the quondam parade-ground.

The Domain is, however, the chief recreation ground of the city. Albert Park is yet uncomfortably new. It wants mellowing. The Domain is a long-established pleasure ground, with shady walks, and is planted with a choice and well-grown collection of trees, native and foreign. It

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is bounded on one side by the city, and on the other by Parnell, so that it is conveniently situated for both places. A part of the several hundred acres, of which the Domain consists, has been set apart for a cricket and football ground, and in both games the Aucklanders have shown that they can hold their own when they try their strength against the sister provinces. The Domain is the habitat of a large variety of ferns which find conditions to suit them in the moist and shady gullies amidst the native bush.

The principal public buildings in Auckland are the Post Office, Supreme Court, Government House and the Hospital. Churches are numerous, most of the denominations being represented; but the churches, like the hotels, are by no means worthy of the city. An attempt has been made by the Presbyterian body to adorn St. Andrew's Church, a plain black scoria building, by the addition of a large tower; but the general effect is not all that might be desired. Very soon Auckland will receive a handsome addition to her public buildings in the new public library. This free public library is one of the things for which Auckland is to be envied by the other New Zealand cities. Containing at present some 6000 volumes, it will receive from Sir George Grey, whenever the new building is finished, a most valuable donation—no less than his own collection of books and manuscripts, some of which are unique, and all of great value. In the library which is attached to the Auckland Institute, there is a very complete set of such works on New Zealand as have been published within the last forty years.

The educational wants of Auckland are well provided for. In addition to her large and comfortable primary schools, provision is made for secondary education in a college for boys and a high school for girls. A university

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has also been lately established and equipped with a staff of professors specially selected in England.

The possible excursions from Auckland are both interesting and numerous. In discussing them it will, perhaps, be best to take those first that may be done on foot from town. First of all, there is the walk to Mount Eden, which, if one walk only is possible, ought to be the one chosen. Mount Eden lies close to the town in the direction of Newmarket and the Khyber Pass, within easy distance of the centre of Auckland, and does not present a formidable climb, a road ascending by a tolerably easy gradient to the top. On the way up, the peculiar terraced and pitted sides of the Mount at once arrest attention. These terraces were at one time strongly fortified with native palisade work, and now, except the half-buried heaps of pipi shells fast crumbling into lime, are the only marks to show that Mount Eden was at one time a Maori pah. On reaching the top (644 feet), the first thing to engage the attention is the crater. A hollow inverted cone in shape, it descends to a considerable depth, its sides being covered with grass and creeping fern, and thickly strewn with scoria fragments. The view from the top of the hill is bewildering in its extent and variety. The whole of the remarkable volcanic isthmus lies at the foot, and in no direction is the line of vision bounded before the horizon has become dim and faint with distance. Stretching away from the foot of the mountain is the level land of the isthmus, studded with comfortable cottages and with ornate and luxurious villas embedded in the sub-tropical luxuriance of rich gardens, where the chocolate soil has only to be tickled with a hoe to smile with a harvest of fruit and flowers; fruit—loquats, peaches, nectarines, plums, and grapes; flowers—roses, camellias, brugmansias, heliotrope, palms, and passion-

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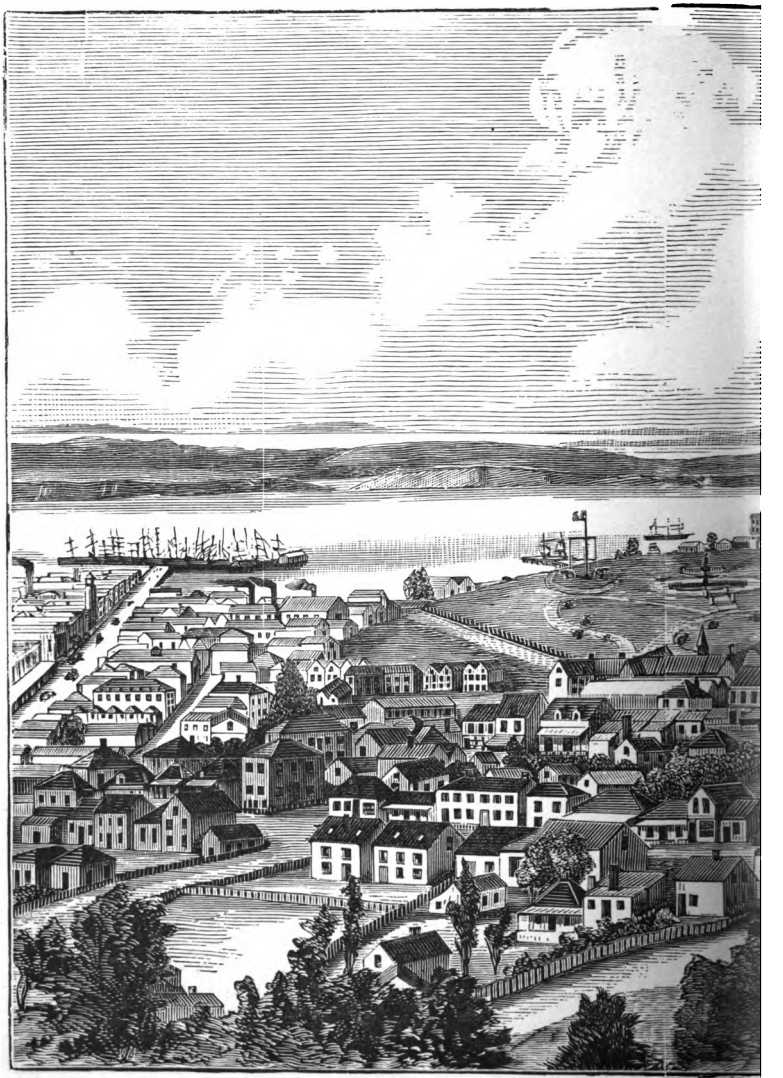

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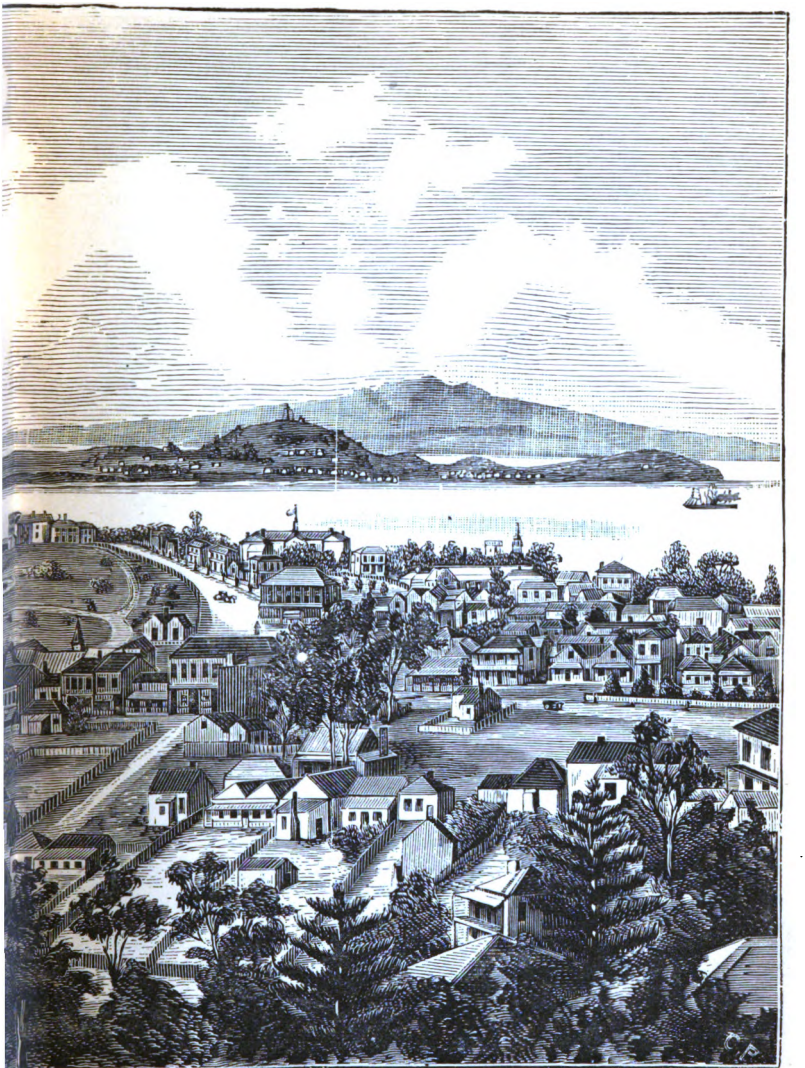

AUCKLAND.

*Engraved by Wilsons & Horton, Auckland.*

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flowers
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flowers, each after its kind and in its due season. As the suburbs spread into the country, suburban villas and cottages are succeeded by neat and thriving farms, with fields of rich grass well fenced and sub-divided, where troops of healthy stock are busy converting the grass and clover into milk. To the north the view ranges away towards the Barrier Islands, and along the faint line of the Coromandel and Whangaparoa Peninsulas, past the Hauraki Cyclades — Ponui, Waiheke, Motutapu, and Rangitoto, Mountain of the Bloody Sky. The stalk of the lighthouse gleams white on Tiri-Tiri. Nearer at hand the Waitemata runs its sinuous course from Lucas Creek, its northern shore scalloped into bay and promontory—Takapuna, Shoal Bay, Stokes' Point, and Kauri Point. To the east the isthmus is fretted by the Tamaki River and Hobson Bay; and the water of the Gulf sweeps round the channel to the Thames, between Waiheke and the mainland. To the south and west the prospect is hardly less varied, stretching down from Onehunga along the wooded Manukau hills to the Whau. One most striking feature about the Auckland isthmus is the great number of cones like Mount Eden in appearance, and ranging in height from 300 to 920 feet, this last being the height of Rangitoto. Within a radius of 10 miles round Auckland, Hochstetter counted no fewer than 63 points of eruption, so that at one time this neighbourhood must have had a very lively appearance. Although the volcanic activity of this district belongs to a very recent geological period, there is no tradition amongst the natives of any actual eruption; yet, from the name Rangitoto (Bloody Sky) it must be supposed that an eruption has taken place, at least in this mountain, within Maori times.

At the foot of Mount Eden lies the suburb of Remuera.

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where many of the wealthier residents of Auckland have built themselves tasteful and comfortable houses. A drive to this beautiful suburb is a pleasure that should not be omitted by those who make any stay in Auckland.

In a southerly direction from Mount Eden, and about five miles from the town, lies a group of volcanic hills called the Three Kings. There is a good road all the way, and therefore those not inclined to walk may drive or ride. The interesting feature of the Three Kings is the series of curious caves which honeycomb the ground in this neighbourhood, at one time evidently a very active centre of volcanic activity. Hochstetter supposes them to have been occasioned by the generation of gases, as the hot masses of lava rolled over marshy ground. They are, in short, the result of great bubbles in the lava. The broken and crumbling bones lying still thick upon the floors, show that those caves (some of which are very capacious) must have been at some time the scene of fearful Maori orgies. The largest cave is of very considerable length, and consists of two floors. The first or entrance level goes in so far that the daylight is lost, and then suddenly sinks to a lower level, on to which the visitor has carefully to drop. Here, of course, all is utter darkness, and the recesses of the lower cave are to be explored only with the help of a lantern. A visit to the Three Kings would make an exceedingly pleasant day's outing. Luncheon might be taken, and there are hundreds of pleasant grassy spots on which to pic-nic. The botanist will find many interesting plants, chiefly ferns, which hang in graceful drapery about the mouths of the caves. To the geologist, an extraordinary opportunity offers itself of studying various volcanic phenomena; and for him who has no hobby at all, the mystery of the caves must still have an attraction. By driving or riding out, if time is a

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matter of importance, the Three Kings may be visited in half a day.

Of course anyone who visits Auckland will cross in the ferry-boat to the North Shore. This is a trip which may be made as long or as short as you like. Two hours will suffice to visit the township and have a dish of strawberries and cream, but a whole day is not too long to enable you to visit Mount Victoria, once a volcano, subsequently a pah, and now a signal station. While at the North Shore, those interested in such things might inspect the dock at Calliope Point. An exceedingly agreeable afternoon may be spent either in walking and scrambling along the North Shore westward in the direction of Stoke's Point, or in exploring its numerous coves in a boat.

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# CHAPTER XIII.

## WAIWERA AND KAWAU.

*Waiwera* (Two routes—steamer every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday; returns Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; fare, single 7s. 6d.; return 11s. Or by coach from North Shore, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 9.30 a.m.; returns Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 8.30 a.m.; fare each way 8s. There is an excellent hotel at Waiwera (proprietor Mr. R. Graham), with spacious baths at service of visitors. Hotel expenses—for adults, first 2 days, 12s. per day: after that, 10s. 6d., exclusive of wines. For children under 12, half above rates.)

*Kawau* (29 miles; steamer every Tuesday at 11 a.m. Fare, return 15s.)

*Helensville* (38 miles; railway fares, return 14s. 3d. and 9s. 6d. first and second class respectively. For intermediate stations see Bradshaw.)

*Coromandel* (40 miles; steamer Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Fare, return 20s.)

*Whangarei* (75 miles; steamer Monday and Friday. Fare, return 28s.)

*The Thames* (50 miles; steamer daily at low water. Fare, return, 20s.)

*Tauranga* (133 miles; steamer, Northern Steamship Company, Monday and Thursday, at 5 p.m.; returning from Tauranga, Wednesday and Friday, at 4 p.m. Fare, return, 50s.)

Of the excursions that lie some distance from Auckland, the first to claim notice is, of course, that to Waiwera, hot-water springs lying about 20 miles north of Auckland, on the west shore of the Hauraki Gulf. There are two ways of access to Waiwera—one by sea and one by land. A steamer leaves Auckland every Tuesday, Thursday, and

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Saturday, returning on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; the coach from the North Shore reverses the order of departure and return. The sea route goes along a very fine piece of water. On first entering the channel between Rangitoto and the mainland, an excellent view may be had of the triple-peaked volcano to the right. The jagged reefs of scoria run out from the base of the island in a very formidable way; but there is ample breadth, and the channel is perfectly safe. After passing Rangitoto the steamer sails in open water for some considerable distance till it nears Tiri-Tiri—a long narrow island, on the south end of which stands a lighthouse, just under which is the reef on to which the *Triumph* ran in such an extraordinary way. Instead of steering its proper course towards the passage between Cape Colville and Great Barrier Island, this vessel, in some unaccountable way, whilst the captain nodded on the bridge, steered straight for the lighthouse and on to the reef. Passing between Tiri-Tiri and the Whangaparoa Peninsula which runs out to meet the island, the steamer crosses the Whangaparoa Bay and comes to anchor at a safe distance from the Waiwera Beach. The passengers are conveyed in boats from the vessel to a cart, which comes out into the water to meet them. The whole process of embarking and disembarking is somewhat amusing, and not so formidable as it might at first sight appear to be.

If it is thought preferable to take the coach journey (and it has the advantage of affording a glimpse of inland scenery), one must leave Auckland by the 9 o'clock ferry-boat on a Monday, Wednesday, or Friday morning. The coach will be found waiting the arrival of the ferry-boat at the North Shore. The route lies after this by Lake Takapuna, Lucas Creek, Dairy Flat, Puhoi, and Orewa.

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Takapuna is a considerable body of fresh water, and is said to occupy the submerged crater of an extinct volcano. At Pukeatua the coach stops twenty minutes to allow passengers to have lunch. From Dairy Flat the road continues through partially cultivated country to Wade, a township with some timber trade, situated on the Wade River. From Wade the coach crosses the neck of the Whangaparoa Peninsula to the Orewa River, which is bridged with a turn-table bridge to allow the local trading craft to pass up and down the river. The road from Orewa lies along a beautiful stretch of beach for about two and a half miles to the Otanerua River. Thence it proceeds for a few miles through bush, and finally descends into the Waiwera Valley, where are the Hot Springs.

The little sanatorium of Waiwera is situated on an alluvial spit on the right bank of Waiwera stream where it enters the sea. Here the stream is tidal, the salt water ascending twice a day far past the hotel. Like so many New Zealand streams, the Waiwera has hollowed out for itself a deep channel, which, at the place where it enters the sea, lies between high and densely wooded banks. On a spit to the right of the stream, and under the lee of the southern bank, stand the hotel and the baths. It is a pretty spot whether you look down upon it from above, where the coach first comes in sight of it, or view it from the front, where the steamer comes to anchor. The hotel, a large and rambling, but comfortable building, faces the sea, and looks out upon a fine prospect—the bay and Mahurangi Island in the foreground, Tiri Tiri in the middle distance, and dim on the far horizon, Cape Colville and the Coromandel Peninsula. The hotel is surrounded with very pretty grounds. The garden in front is planted with various shrubs and trees, under the shadow of which visitors are

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invited to sit down by comfortable seats placed there for the purpose. One part of the lawn is reserved for lawn tennis; in another a fountain showers its water into a basin filled with aquatics. To the side of the hotel are green paddocks, and, at the back, a garden well-stocked with vegetables and fruits.

Inside, the hotel is fitted up with every comfort. Besides a large number of bedrooms, it contains a spacious drawing-room and dining-room, a billiard-room, smoking-room, a large dancing-hall, and a public bar. The hotel and baths are the property of Mr. Robert Graham, and are under the able management of the proprietor's sister, Miss Graham, who is indefatigable in her efforts to make visitors comfortable. A generous table is kept, the resources of the place providing an unstinted supply of fresh vegetables and fruit. Closely adjoining the hotel are a post and money order office, a Government life insurance office, a savings bank, and telegraph station. Mails are received and despatched daily.

Even if there were no hot springs, Waiwera would be a pleasant place in which to sojourn for a time; but of course it is the hot water that is the chief attraction. The springs, which give their name to the locality, Wai Wera (hot water), lie immediately under the wooded hill to the right of the hotel. You may pass out at the front gate, and walk along the pretty white beach of shell and sand that curves round the edge of the bay, and so reach the baths in two minutes; or you may walk along the avenue of Californian pines that leads from the hotel to the baths. There are three distinct mineral springs, lying only a few feet above high-water mark. The water from one spring has been led into a covered swimming bath of considerable dimensions, so that here the visitor may have the rare

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experience of a swim in hot water. He will find, however, that, though it is a delightful sensation to paddle about in the liquid warmth, swimming in it is by no means an easy matter, owing probably to the rarity of the water. Other covered baths of the ordinary kind are also provided—one set being reserved for ladies. The temperature of the water ranges from 102 to 106 degrees Fahrenheit.

The reputation of the Waiwera Springs dates far back into ante-European times. Their curative properties were well-known throughout ancient Maoridom, and natives used to come from great distances to bathe in the waters—their bath consisting of a hole dug in the sand, into which they led the warm water. Naturally the possession of the Waiwera was eagerly desired by surrounding tribes, and this led occasionally to very deadly conflicts between the owners of the springs and those who envied their possession. On those occasions the Mahurangi Rock, strongly fortified as it is by nature, and then larger than it is now, afforded the Waiwera natives an impregnable place of retreat.

The waters at Waiwera may be used externally and internally, and are said to possess highly curative properties —more especially in the case of rheumatism and cutaneous diseases. The following are the suggestions to invalids published by Mr. Graham :—"Take a bath before breakfast, a second in the afternoon, and a third before going to rest at night. Drink a cupful of the mineral water, both before and after each bath, according to the nature of the disease and the strength of the patient. The number of baths per day can be increased or reduced, according to the effects produced. From five to fifteen minutes in ordinary cases is about the usual time to remain in, but patients will soon learn by their own instincts the time best suited to their constitution. A bath taken in the afternoon or

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evening is almost invariably followed by a sound and refreshing sleep. In this way they have frequently been found to succeed where sedatives and opiates have failed." As to the time of remaining in the water, invalids would do well to "beware of instinct," and rather consult a doctor.

For those who make any long stay at Waiwera, there are various amusements possible—boating on the river and bay, riding into the interior, walking through the bush roads and paths in the neighbourhood, and botanising, the vegetation on the banks of the stream being rich and varied. Along the coast, about a mile south of Waiwera, are some caves which may be visited. Towards the north, over the ridge which forms the left bank of the Waiwera, is a German settlement called Puhoi, on a river of the same name. Here, too, is a native kainga, where Hemera, the chief of the district resides. Hemera is a Maori of the old school. His mother, who died about twenty years ago, and who was 100 years old at her death, remembered Captain Cook's visit to New Zealand, and used to tell how the Thames natives, on receiving some soap from Cook, thought it was something to eat and ate it. North from Puhoi is Mahurangi River and harbour; and further north still, facing the Island of Kawau, is Matakana, a Maori stronghold of old renown.

### KAWAU.

In visiting Kawau, there is of course no avoiding the water—but even by water there are various ways of going. First, for the visitor staying at Waiwera, it is possible to cross in a boat, the distance between that place and Bon Accord Harbour, in Kawau, being about 11 miles as the crow flies. This, however, if the gulf is not exceedingly smooth, is not a plan to be recommended. A steamer leaves Auckland for the Island every Tuesday at

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11 a.m. Anyone who likes yachting and can get an opportunity of running down from Auckland to Kawau in a good yacht, will acknowledge that this is the pearl of yachting grounds—fine deep channels, steady winds, beautiful and varied islands, and safe harbours everywhere.

Kawau, that is, Shag Island, lies about 29 miles north of Auckland, and measures about four miles from north to south and three from east to west. In outline on the map it looks like a miniature England. On the east the coast has but few indentations, but on the west three well-marked inlets cut into the Island, on the middle and largest of which—Bon Accord Harbour—is situated the residence of the proprietor, Sir George Grey. In sailing up to this harbour you pass two remarkable rocks, the Bee Hive and the Martello rock, the names of which sufficiently indicate their appearance. On rounding a promontory called Momona Point—of which more anon—the vessel glides into Bon Accord Harbour and you find yourself in front of Sir George Grey's residence. The house, which has the air of an old English mansion, lies in a sheltered valley at the head of the cove, embowered in trees and creepers of every kind and climate. A low fence, hidden with scarlet passion flower, shuts off the house from the bay, and a gate communicates between the lawn of the house and the little jetty which runs out from the beach in front. Here Sir George Grey, after having done the State some service, spends, amongst his books and trees and flowers, such time as is not taken up with parliamentary duties. He is not unwilling, however, that others should derive pleasure from the beauty of his island, and therefore he makes all visitors welcome, according a ready permission that they should visit his grounds. The grounds which surround the house are laid off with great taste, though with little

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stiffness or formality; glades, lawns, clumps of shrubbery, isolated specimen trees, tangled masses of creeper, and trees of luscious fruit, constantly recurring in fresh and surprising combination. Araucarias from Chili grow side by side with palms from the South Seas, natives of New Zealand next to strangers from Japan. Rare plants are here from all quarters of the world, and the climate of Kawau seems to suit them all. English stone fruits — plums, peaches, apricots, grow in profusion. Oranges and lemons, loquats and bananas, thrive side by side with the fruits of Northern Europe. Flowers which in other less genial lands flaunt their beauties under glass flourish here in the open air, and light up the garden with dashes of brilliant colour; whilst the air is sweet with the fragrance of such home favourites as roses, sweet-peas, honeysuckle, mignonette, and jessamine.

Perhaps, however, the loveliest spot in all Kawau is Momona, a wooded hill and promontory that runs out into the sea, forming one head of Bon Accord Bay, and sheltering Sir George Grey's house from the south-west wind. Walks lead out by small wicket-gates from the garden on to the hill, and wind about and in and out amongst the rich vegetation, affording at every step some new view of wood and rock and water. The steep sides of the hill where it skirts the sea, are covered with magnificent pohutukawas which stretch their fantastic arms over the oyster-beds at the foot, revelling as much as the oysters themselves in the spray of the salt water. The pohutukawas on this island are perhaps the finest on the shores of the Hauraki Gulf, having been saved from the ruthless destruction dealt to this tree elsewhere. The top of the hill of Momona is a broad plateau covered with soft grass, and studded with handsome conifers, some large specimens of which grow out of old Maori pits, for it is hardly necessary

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to say that a place so easily defended was once a Maori stronghold. Provided with a perennial spring of water (now filled up), defended on the landward side by a deep ditch, and palisaded at every possible point of attack, it is not surprising that the tribe of Momona should have made themselves a terror to their neighbours north and south on the mainland. The tribes at Whangaparoa, Waiwera, Mahurangi, Matakana, and Whangarei were in succession the victims of a raid from these insolent pirates, strong in their numbers and position. From the giddy verge of the cliff in which the peninsula ends, the Momonites could scan the gulf far to the north and south, and watch the expeditions of their neighbours on the mainland opposite, from the very moment the canoes issued from their harbourage. Nothing the size of a walnut shell could escape their notice. But the reprisals which the injured tribes individually could not effect, they made collectively. A grand alliance was formed amongst the continental powers. The united force of Matakana, Mahurangi, and Whangaparoa, joined by a contingent from the Great Barrier, which also had its injuries to avenge, hurled itself against the Momona Pah, which, strong as it was, could not resist the united attack. The pah was taken. Two thousand are said to have fallen in the fray; and, after having feasted on the slain, the allies returned to their homes, taking with them into captivity such women and children as they had not devoured.

Those who have the time to spare, will find themselves amply repaid for any expenditure of trouble, or loss of time, by a walk into the interior of the island. The fresh and invigorating air that sweeps over the breezy uplands; the rich landscape—a succession of grassy downs, leafy glades, stretches of blue water, and distant peaks; the abundant

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animal life—larks carolling overhead, lost to sight in the blue, pheasants whirring, cattle grazing, sheep bleating, possibly a flock of wallabies hopping through the grass, or a group of fallow deer—these are the agreeable incidents of a walk through Kawau. And if you find yourself by chance on the shore of some bay, you may sit down under the shade of a pohutukawa, stone in hand, and regale yourself with a delicious feast of oysters.

In the south-west of the Island on Dispute Cove there is a tolerably rich vein of copper. The lode was at one time worked, but the mining had to be discontinued chiefly on account of the high price of coal and labour. The lode at first produced 16 per cent. of copper, but fell off at the bottom of the workings to about five per cent.

The interior of Sir George Grey's residence is equally interesting with the island on which it stands. The large entrance-hall is a museum of Maori curios—grotesquely carved panels, weapons of all kinds, moa remains, and implements and ornaments of greenstone. Perhaps the most interesting object in the collection is the rude image of a man carved in a reddish sort of stone, and said to have been brought to New Zealand by one of the canoes from Hawaiki. Some confirmation of this story is found in the fact that no stone of the same kind is known to exist in any of the New Zealand formations.

To any visitor of scholarly instincts, the chief interest in a visit to Kawau will centre in Sir George Grey's library. His fine collection of manuscripts, blackletter copies, and rare editions, the finest in the southern hemisphere, has been presented by Sir George to the Auckland Public Library, with only this condition attached, that Auckland must first build a suitable place to receive them. Some of the manuscripts dating back to the time of

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the commonwealth, and throwing important light on certain incidents in Cromwell's career, are in a very tender state, and will require very careful custody to preserve them. Many of the manuscripts will be of importance to the future historian of this Colony, whilst others, again, possess considerable literary interest. Some of the old devotional works are interesting, not only for the written matter, but for the exquisite illuminations with which they are so lavishly ornamented. Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde, Pynson, and other pioneers of printing are well represented, whilst the early editions of Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare must delight anyone who knows how rightly to value such treasures. The collection of Old Testament and New Testament editions alone, would be a munificent and magnificent gift to any library.

The various excursions that have been described, do not by any means exhaust the possible excursions round Auckland. Anyone who chooses to hire a suitable vessel may cruise round Rangitoto, Motutapu, and Waiheke, or explore the recesses of Great and Little Barrier Islands. A trip by train from Auckland to Helensville, at the southern end of the Kaipara Harbour—a distance of 38 miles—will open up the country that lies to the west of the Waitemata. The train passes through Avondale, as the Whau District is now called, and Henderson—a settlement owing its existence to the timber trade, and from which a road leads to the Waitakerei Falls. At Helensville the traveller finds himself fairly in the timber district. Steamers ply regularly between Helensville and other settlements further north on the Kaipara. The Northern Wairoa, entering the harbour at the north end, is the second largest river in the province, and on its banks is carried on the most extensive timber and gum trade in the Colony.

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About 75 miles north of Auckland, by sea, is

WHANGAREI,

a prosperous settlement, placed amidst beautiful surroundings. The river scenery, after entering the heads, is said to resemble some of the sounds on the West Coast of Otago. The township is situated about 15 miles from the Heads, on the Hoteo River. There are two large waterfalls and fine limestone caves in the neighbourhood. The township of Kamo, where coal-mining is extensively carried on, is connected with Whangarei by rail.

Those who are interested in gold-mining will find time well spent in a visit to

COROMANDEL

or the Thames. The Coromandel Peninsula is a long narrow strip of land running north, and forming the eastern side of the Hauraki Gulf. It is really a mountain ridge throughout its entire length, and contains a large amount of gold-bearing quartz. Coromandel township lies on a pretty land-locked harbour, on the west side of the peninsula. There are several interesting mines in the neighbourhood, though gold-mining here is not what it once was. The wooded ridge behind the township makes an excellent bush scramble—not too difficult, and yet giving enough labour to make it pleasant. This bush is one of the finest ferning grounds in New Zealand; nearly all the filmy ferns, including the much-admired kidney fern are found in the shady gullies which channel the sides of the ridge. On the crest of the ridge a magnificent view is obtained, extending to both sides of the peninsula.

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# CHAPTER XIV.

## BAY OF ISLANDS.

Union Steam Ship Company's and Northern Company's steamers from Auckland to Russell. Distance, 128 miles. Fare, single £1 10s.

HOTELS—The Marlborough and The Pacific, 10s. per day, or, £2 2s. per week.

POPULATION—Bay of Islands, 2184; Russell, 250.

PLACES OF INTEREST—*Public Hall and Library—Old Church and Churchyard—Flagstaff Hill—Waitangi Hall and Waterfall* (boat from Russell, 1s. 6d. per head). *Keri-Keri River*—Waterfall and Old Mission Station (S.S. Ida leaves Russell every Saturday, and returns same day; fare, 7s. 6d. return). *Kawa Kawa Township and Coal-mine* by steamer (fare, 2s. 6d. each way) and rail (single, 2s.) twice a day. *Manganese Mines*—whence a magnificent panoramic view of the Bay, about 8 miles from Russell—by horse, 10s. *Whangaroa*—35 miles by water from Russell—Northern Coy.'s steamer Tuesday evenings, returning on Thursdays (fare, 16s. return).

A ten hours' sail of 128 miles northward from Auckland brings you to one of the fairest spots in the whole of New Zealand, and one of the loveliest perhaps on earth. The Bay of Islands is reached by the Union Coy.'s vessels which call to take in coal at the Kawa Kawa River, touching at Kororareka to put down such passengers as choose to land there. The boats of the Northern Steamship Company also call weekly at Russell and ports further north. The passage from Auckland, through the beautiful Hauraki Gulf, carries one past Rangitoto, Tiri-tiri, Kawau, and the Barrier Islands; past the Hen and Chickens Group,

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and Whangarei Heads; and along many a bold bluff till at last a stretch of iron-bound coast terminates in the precipice-headland of Cape Brett, which forms the southern head of the Bay of Islands. Off this point, from which it has been rent by some great natural force, is a remarkable outlying rock, in one place forming an arch, through which the sea rushes sometimes with great violence. Rounding this island rock the vessel enters the Bay of Islands. The Cape which forms the northern head is called Wiwiki Point. Between Capes Brett and Wiwiki the bay runs into the land, dividing into many arms and washing round numberless islands and peninsulas. It has been well named Bay of Islands, for, as the vessel makes along the south side for Kororareka, it passes through an archipelago. By and by rounding a charming wooded peninsula, with rocky shores, the steamer puffs up to the snug little township of Kororareka, or Russell, as it is now more commonly, but less correctly, called. In the early morning while the air is still fresh and dewy, and the water of the bay is unruffled by the breezes which invariably set in later in the day, Kororareka, with its crescent of pebbly beach, its white houses and its green hills, is an ideal picture of beauty and peace. The only thing that disturbs the general air of tranquillity and restfulness is the noisy bustle of the steamer; and when it has deposited its passengers and its bales upon the jetty, and puffs on its way to the coaling-station at Kawa Kawa, you feel yourself isolated for a time at least from the push and bustle of the world—a feeling not likely to be disturbed as long as you remain at Kororareka. If it is not yet breakfast time, you cannot do better than walk to the headland that lies to your left as you face the bay. A walk of a few minutes along the beach will bring you to the end of the parade, where the hill projects into the water

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forming one horn of the crescent in which the little town is placed. The hill is steep but not high. On the top are many traces of previous Maori occupation, for on such a projecting plateau as this the Maori of a past generation loved to build his pah—near his patches of kumeras and potatoes, and his supplies of pipi-shells and fish; whilst at the same time his position was easily fortified, and protected him from surprises by giving him a wide outlook over the approaches of the enemy. And such an outlook! Below, a smooth sheet of green water, lazily washing its dark fleeces of kelp, so transparent that the king-fishes may be seen darting hither and thither in pursuit of the smaller fry. Winding in and out amongst a hundred coves the water defines itself against the sinuous beach by a waving thread of white foam—now lost behind some jutting peninsula and again re-appearing to play its game of hide-and-seek in the mazy intricacies of the coast.

The first forenoon may well be spent in a walk to the top of the peninsula under lee of which Kororareka lies. This is the hill on which was reared the famous flagstaff, cause of dire ills to the early settlers of the bay. The hill is 336 feet high, and is approached by a comparatively easy zig-zag bridle-track from the township. This pleasant path along a pretty dell covered with manuka and fern brings you out on the crest of the hill close to the foot of the flagstaff. Seated on the closely-cropped turf you may choose your view on which side of the peninsula you will. Looking down on the inner side towards the village, you have below you the bay, a stretch of curiously mottled and marbled water—lapis lazuli veined with the delicate green of the chrysoprase — forming a wonderful setting for its many islands. Extraordinary water effects may be watched from this hill, produced by a combination of causes,

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cloud-shadows, wind-ripples, and the transparent light greens and dark blues of the bay. Away in the far distance the vision is bounded by a bold irregular mountain outline, so indistinct from extreme distance that one can hardly tell where it merges into the grey clouds that lie in banks on the horizon. The hills as they approach, range by range, show more and more distinct in outline, their faces glowing in sunshine or mottled with cloud shadows, showing here a patch of bush and there a stretch of fern, here a winding mountain track, and there the clay face of a landslip. Away on the opposite side of the bay is the peaceful little village of Paihia—a quiet cluster of houses lying amongst its gardens and orchards under the lee of a sheltering hill; whilst to the right, separated from Paihia by a projecting headland, are the yellow sands of Waitangi, where the river runs down from amongst its hills, till its broad estuary merges into the waters of the bay. The white hall and the Treaty obelisk gleam white in the sunshine, monuments of the important deed which made New Zealand a part of the British Empire. Further to the right the eye rests pleasantly on the undulating green sward, rounded knolls, and comfortable looking homestead of Busby's farm, which runs in a long grassy spit down to the Waitangi estuary; and the clumps of lombardy poplars and orchard trees give that suggestion of European cultivation which always adds interest to a New Zealand landscape. The coastline winds in irregular curves along the north side of the bay, between Toke-Toke Point and the island of Moturoa, towards the Keri-Keri River, and on to Wikiwi Head. Some distance inside the bay from Wikiwi is Te Puna, a spot of some interest as the first mission station established in New Zealand. Here on Christmas Day, in the year 1814, the courageous Samuel Marsden preached his first sermon to

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part of the numerous population which then inhabited those parts. Now the mission station of Te Puna is deserted, and the large population assembled here seventy-four years ago have left but a scanty sprinkling of natives to succeed them.

Sweep the eye round to the other side of the flagstaff peninsula and an equally magnificent sea view meets it—the broad entrance of the bay stretching from Wiwiki Head to Cape Brett over an archipelago of rocky or wooded islands, where the waves curl with larger crests than on the leeward side, and dash themselves in jets of spray among the black reefs of Moturoa, or lick the long precipice that lines the coast; and beyond all, out in the ocean, is the dim line where sea and sky join.

From the hill on which you are sitting you look directly down on the township of Kororareka. Gullies of white blossomed manuka, of puriris and fern trees, run down the hill side towards the beach. You see every house in the township, and might draw the plan of every garden. A dozing, lotus-eating, beautiful spot it is, with its white houses facing the sea, its beach of shingle and shells, its rough cricket ground, its weeping willows, its Catholic church, whose unfrequented precincts have been invaded by colonies of native shrubs, its picturesque English church and churchyard, its Maori raupo-thatched whares, and the straight and stately pyramids of its Norfolk Island pines Groups of half-clothed Maoris lounge about the jetty; boys chase each other in the water under the piles; you see, though you cannot hear, the rhythmic play of the oars, as the boat of a trawling holiday-making scientist flashes out and rounds the point into the open bay, to grub the bottom of the deep for molluscous and crustacean treasures. Who could believe that this Eden, basking its life away so

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peacefully in the sun, had ever been the "New Zealand Hell"; that that white beach had been the scene of infamous orgies and nefarious crime; that the crescent where those houses stand had once been a blaze of ruined homes; that round the quaint little churchyard, with its trees and flowers, a deadly battle had been fought, and that its very fence had been painted with the blood of English sailors! The only reminder now of this state of things is a spiked cannon half-sunk in the shingle of the beach; but it is only some forty years since those things happened in peaceful Kororareka.

In the early days, before the regular colonization of New Zealand, the Bay of Islands was a very populous district and a favourite haunt of whalers. Here, after a successful season, they would bring their booty to be boiled down. They mixed freely with the natives, in most cases marrying native wives. As a rule those whalers were not all that they ought to be; many of them were runaway convicts or deserters from ships, and the life they led on shore was often one continued orgie. There was no government or authority of any kind to hold those evil spirits in check, and they were constantly being recruited by the scum of society from other places, Kororareka being a sort of Alsatia or City of Refuge where the most depraved criminals might find an asylum. It was hardly to be wondered at that there should be antagonism between a white population such as this and the early missionaries, the Rev. Samuel Marsden and his successors, who saw that the natives were being debauched by depraved Europeans.

Such was the state of things when in 1835 the Imperial Government, with the object of maintaining some sort of order, appointed Mr. Busby British Resident at Kororareka. As Mr. Busby had little force to back up his

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authority, except the force of moral suasion, matters were not much improved by his appointment; and, as the French were suspected of designs upon the Islands, and "The New Zealand Company" had commenced in 1839 a system of colonizing on an extensive scale, the Imperial Government saw fit in 1840 to annex New Zealand. In that year, accordingly, just in time to anticipate the French, Captain Hobson arrived in H.M.S. Rattlesnake and hoisted the British standard in Kororareka — the standard which now rises from the hill overlooking the township. On the 5th of March, 1840, on Mr. Busby's farm, was signed the famous treaty of Waitangi by which the most influential chiefs in New Zealand ceded the sovereignty of the islands to Queen Victoria, in return for which Queen Victoria "extended to the natives of New Zealand her royal protection, and imparted to them all the rights and privileges of British subjects."

The first seat of government was established on a green promontory which may be seen as you sail up to Kawa Kawa. It was called Russell in honour of Lord John Russell, but the place was found unsuitable for a capital; and, accordingly, a short time after the signing of the treaty, the seat of government was moved to the banks of the Waitemata, where now stands the City of Auckland. On the site of the original Russelltown not a single house now exists.

But though the seat of Government was removed from the Bay of Islands, the British standard still stood on the hill above Kororareka, just at the spot where we are now sitting, looking down on the town. Now that a fixed Government had been established in the country the turbulent spirits of Kororareka took themselves off elsewhere, and the little town settled down into something

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like decency and order. But with its turbulent spirits departed also its trade and material prosperity; and it need not appear strange if the native mind connected the raising of the British standard with the increasing dearness and scarcity of tobacco and calico.

The Ngapuhi—the "Loyal Ngapuhi" as they used to call themselves—is the tribe that holds sway across the breadth of the island from Little Barrier to Doubtless Bay. Tall, straight, swarthy, and soft-eyed, the Ngapuhi were a race of warriors, proud of their great chiefs and of their prestige in battle. The tribes of the south trembled at their name, for Hongi, their most renowned leader, had slain his thousands on the Thames and Waikato. Hongi was now dead, but there was a young Ngapuhi chief who, as a boy, had learnt from him the art and love of war, and had heard him recount his feats of arms. This was the young chief, Hone Heke—a youth of the most generous and chivalrous instincts, albeit a savage. Heke had received some education, knew somewhat of history, and had, therefore, sufficient political knowledge to enable him to measure the situation of his tribe by the standard of other nations.

In the year 1844 Hone Heke paid a visit to Kororareka, and no doubt found it a very different place from what it used to be in the days of the roystering whalers. The advantages of Pakeha trade were now with the tribes of the Waitemata; and the brave Ngapuhi, who had always treated the white stranger so well, found all necessary commodities growing uncommonly dear. If those were the first fruits of Quini Wikitoria's Government, then down with the treaty of Waitangi! Were they not free Maoris? And should they be governed by a woman?

Some of the more mischievously disposed spirits of Kororareka—probably not anticipating anything serious—

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fanned the flame of Heke's discontent by hinting to him that the prestige of the great Ngapuhi was gone, that they had now surrendered their freedom and henceforth would be merely the slaves of the English Queen—a thought bitter to the Maori mind. And there was the outward and visible sign of this subjection—the British flagstaff on the hill of Kororareka. With great deliberation Heke proceeded to cut down the obnoxious flagstaff, the supposed signal to warn off British ships from the Bay of Islands, so that the natives should be able neither to obtain British commodities, nor to sell their native produce. It was, however, again erected by the settlers. A second time Heke cut it down; this time, however, with some exhibition of anger, and with the threat that if any attempt were made to fly the British flag again on the hill of Kororareka, he would burn down the settlement.

Matters were beginning to look serious. A British war-ship, the "Hazard," was despatched to the Bay of Islands under command of Captain Robertson. The flagstaff was a third time erected on the hill over Kororareka, and protected by a blockhouse of thick planks, manned with a garrison of twenty soldiers. Further down, half way between the crest of the hill and the beach, another block-house was erected and two guns were mounted in front. As a refuge for the women and children, a large house on the beach just under the hill, belonging to one of the European residents, was fortified with palisading.

On a low hill over-against Flagstaff Hill, on the other side of the hollow in which the township lies, and overlooking the little English church, was placed another gun, intended to cover the small valley which forms the only approach to the township by land. This little valley, which is only a few hundred yards in length, leads from the township to

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Matavai Bay—a beautiful little inlet which runs in behind Kororareka, and serves to make it a peninsula. By this bay and valley the native malcontents might be expected to come, and therefore the gun was placed on the little hill above the church to command the approach.

Hone Heke made no great secret of his intentions. He had allied himself with Kawiti, a spirit more ferocious, if not more turbulent, than himself; for Heke, though a determined opponent of English rule in New Zealand, was distinguished by a lofty magnanimity and a high-souled generosity rare in the history of savage warfare. Monday, the tenth of March, 1845, was the day which Heke fixed for his attack on the flagstaff; but the tenth passed, and nothing came of it. The residents of the township, however, were in hourly expectation of an outbreak. The followers of Heke and Kawiti were massing in the neighbourhood to the number of 700. The war-sloop "Hazard" lay in the bay in readiness—anchored head and stern, with her broadside to the beach; and Bishop Selwyn's vessel, the "Flying Fish," with the Bishop on board stood out in the bay.

The tenth had passed, but Heke had not forgotten his threat. On the evening of that day, followed by 200 of his men, he crept by a circuitous route almost to the crest of the hill, and, favoured by the dense growth of fern and manuka, placed his followers in ambush in a dell not a hundred yards from the block-house. Here through the long night-watch he kept his men awake and interested by narrating to them bible stories. Just before sunrise a disturbance in the township below attracted the attention of the block-house guard. Old residents will tell you that this was part of an organised plan to lure the garrison from their post. Whatever the reason, the soldiers on guard advanced some distance in front of the block-house. In the twinkling of an eye Heke and

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his men were inside and the block-house was taken; whilst the discomfited guard had to retreat to the lower block-house. The sentinels were killed and the signal-man at the flagstaff severely wounded. The wife and daughter of the signal-man were taken prisoner and conducted before Heke, who sent them under escort with a flag of truce to the nearest British post.

Whilst all this was taking place on the height, a fierce battle was going on round the little English Church in the valley below. In the early morning before daylight, Captain Robertson of the "Hazard," going forward to reconnoitre the little valley which has already been mentioned as leading by the church to Matavai Bay, came upon a large body of Kawiti's men who were advancing to attack the township. At first the natives were repulsed, but an ambush which they had stationed near the church succeeded in cutting off Captain Robertson from the main body. To this day the sword-hacks in the corner-post of the church fence witness the struggle for life, against fearful odds, made by those gallant English sailors. A native, coming within a few yards of Captain Robertson, fired a shot which shattered his thigh. The Maoris surrounded him, but his men rallied to his rescue, and bore him off to his ship. It was determined that the gun placed on the hill above the church should be abandoned, as it was exposed to the enemy's fire from the brushwood, and a seaman was ordered to spike the gun. Amidst an incessant fire of musketry the brave fellow discharged his duty and then fell dead. This is probably the spiked gun which still lies half-buried on the beach.

When it became evident that the Maoris would soon be in possession of the whole township, it was thought advisable to transfer the women and children from the beach stockade

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to the vessels in the harbour, a measure to which the natives offered no opposition. This was not done much too soon; for, two hours afterwards, the powder magazine exploded, and shattered the house to pieces. Then followed the looting of the houses, and on the following day, when the work of looting was completed, the whole township was burnt to the ground, with the exception of the two churches and the house of the Roman Catholic Bishop, Pompallier, which remains in all its primitive quaintness to this day. The homeless settlers, robbed of all they possessed, were carried by the ships then in the bay to Auckland, where they were received with much sympathy and kindness. The little church and churchyard of Kororareka contain some interesting reminders of those troubled times. Bullets that went wide of their aim struck the church, and have left their marks upon its walls. A tombstone erected to the memory of the slain, and renovated from time to time by the warships that have entered the Bay of Islands, shows where those "who fell in the defence of Kororareka" lie buried. Beneath the names of the dead is written a poetical tribute:—

The warlike of the Isles,
The men of field and wave,
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
The sea and shore their grave?

Go, stranger, track the deep;
Free, free, the white sail spread;
Wave may not foam nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not English dead.

In this little cemetery also is erected another interesting monument—that placed there by the New Zealand Government in honour of Tamati Waka Nene, in recognition of his consistent life-long friendliness to British settlers and the British Government.

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A two hours' sail across the bay from Kororareka brings one to Waitangi (Water of Wailing), of such historical interest in connection with the early colonization of New Zealand. Here, on February 5th, 1840, was signed the title-deed of British sovereignty over this country. A grand assembly of chiefs, superior and inferior, had met to discuss the question of ceding the sovereignty of the islands to Queen Victoria. Tents, gay with flags, had been erected round a central space, on which a spacious platform had been erected. At 12 o'clock Captain Hobson, supported by the chief European residents, moved in procession and took their places on the platform. The terms of the treaty were read, and there followed a stormy discussion, some of the chiefs opposing with great violence the signing of the treaty; then Tamati Waka Nene stepped forward and swept away all objections in a torrent of Maori eloquence, and the treaty was duly signed.

To commemorate this event two monuments now exist on the Waitangi shore. One is a white stone obelisk with a Maori inscription commemorating the event. The other is a large and spacious assembly hall where the chiefs yearly meet to discuss matters affecting the Maori commonwealth. At the end of the hall and communicating with it, are two rooms, one occupied with a printing press where Maori proclamations are printed, the other containing valuable mats and greenstone implements and ornaments. Near the assembly hall is a long narrow shed which serves as a dining-hall for the Maori lords when they are in session; and, still further on, a most comfortable Maori homestead embowered amongst flowers and fruit trees, the paddocks sweet with the smell of white clover and musical with the hum of bees. Opposite the hall, on the other side of the river, are the green knolls and plateaux of Busby's

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farm. Under a clump of orchard trees, moss-grown pears and gnarled fig-trees, festooned with the rampant growth of "gadding" vines, may be, or might have been, seen an excellent specimen of the native canoe of length for fifty paddles. The Lake Omapere (as the canoe is called, after the lake where was cut the kauri log out of which it was hollowed) is not elaborately decorated, its only ornament being a sort of white scroll work; but its lines are graceful and it has distinguished itself at Auckland by carrying off the prize from all competitors. A short row up the river brings one to the picturesque, though not large, Waitangi Falls. If the Falls are visited, the excursion will occupy the best part of a day.

No one who visits the Bay of Islands should fail to see the Keri-Keri River with its old Mission Station and its beautiful falls. The little steamer "Ida" goes up every Saturday, returning the same day; but boats are always available, although the distance (12 miles from Kororareka) is somewhat long for a row. The mouth of the river is entered after passing Moturoa Island. At first it is broad and hardly to be taken for a river, but as you ascend it narrows between its banks. Low hills rise from its sides and stretch away into the distance in brown ferny undulations. Close to the water, however, the banks are fringed with a luxuriant and varied vegetation. The graceful kowhai, the New Zealand laburnum, dips its green tresses into the water. Ferns and grasses and flowering shrubs fill every niche and coigne upon the banks. Where the water is still, rows of mangroves rise from the surface, doubled by reflection in the glassy mirror. Occasionally on an island, or in some sheltered corner on the banks, a Maori woman appears, hoeing her kumeras or potatoes. In many a wind and bout the river descends, now making a circular sweep round a promontory, and again

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gliding in long reaches under its overhanging trees. At the Keri-Keri settlement the tidal part of the river ends where the water descends in a sort of weir. All who are interested in the history of the early missions, more particularly in the career of the first Bishop of New Zealand, will find much to interest them here. Here is the oldest house in New Zealand (now in possession of Mr. Kemp, son of the early missionary of that name) with its old garden and its gigantic pear-trees. Not a plank of it but is as sound as on the day it was built, thanks to the enduring properties of its totara timbers. Next to it is a large and remarkable two-storied blue-stone building, 40 by 30 feet, now used as a gum store. Its walls, over two feet in thickness, were evidently built for strength. This was the old mission store from which supplies were served out to the various stations. One handsome apartment in the second story—27 feet by 17—where you may now sometimes see the beauty and chivalry of the surrounding district "tripping the light fantastic toe," was the cathedral library of Bishop Selwyn. Here on five kauri shelves running the whole length of the room were arranged the Bishop's books, "the central shelf being occupied by a brilliant row for which he was indebted to Eton alone; beginning with a line of bright octavos reaching to the centre, where St. Augustine stood like a tower, between the light bindings of the Eton books and the deeper shades of W. E. Gladstone's goodly store of English divinity." Here, after a walk of nine miles from Waimate, Selwyn, soothed by the sound of the distant waterfall, used to bury himself for an hour or two in his books, returning home again his nine miles as he came, on foot.

About two miles up the river from the settlement are the Keri-Keri falls. The river here, about 20 yards broad, falls in a sheet over an escarpment of basalt 95 feet high.

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The softer rock behind the fall has been washed away by the violent action of the water, so as to leave a sort of cave or vault into which it is possible to walk. A very rich vegetation clothes the precipitous banks below the fall, and the spot is said to have been a favourite haunt of Cunningham, the botanist. "There is, indeed," says Dieffenbach, "a greater assemblage of the flora of New Zealand in this neighbourhood than in any other place so near a shipping place." Amongst other plants to be found here, the same naturalist mentions the beautiful crimson parrot's-bill—(*Kowhai ngutu-kaka*), this being its only known habitat in New Zealand.

The banks of the Keri-Keri River must at one time have had a large Maori population. Near the mission station was the rendezvous of the great Ngapuhi tribe. Here the forces of Hongi met before he set out on that memorable expedition so disastrous to the tribes of Thames and Waikato; and hither they returned laden with booty to celebrate their victories. Hongi's pah was within bow-shot of the mission station; and in the early and unregenerate days of cannibalism, Mrs. Kemp, the mother of the present proprietor of the mission house, then the only European woman in the settlement, used to have to close her ears to shut out the cries of the Hongi butcheries.

Two days may well be spent by anyone who has the time to spare in a visit to Kawa Kawa, a township which lies on a river of the same name flowing from the south into the most southerly arm of the Bay of Islands. The sail up the river is delightful, the banks being full of indentations, and covered with characteristic vegetation. On the way up, the site of the first seat of Government at Russelltown may be seen. The railway has now been extended from Kawa Kawa to deep water at Opua or Newport. On the opposite side of the river from Opua, marked by a pohutukawa tree

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ablaze with its crimson flowers, are two green tablelands divided by a sort of fosse. This is the site of the famous pah of Pomare, a chief much concerned in the early troubles of the Bay of Islands.

The township of Kawa Kawa has not much to recommend it to the lover of the picturesque. It is, however, the largest township north of Auckland, and has up till recently had a large industrial importance on account of the coal mines in its neighbourhood, which afford a supply of excellent coal. The mine that has been worked heretofore now shows some signs of giving out; but those residents in Kawa Kawa who may be presumed to know something of the subject maintain that there is an inexhaustible supply of coal in the neighbourhood, waiting only the expenditure of capital to bring it to the surface. Kawa Kawa carries on also a considerable trade in kauri gum, this being the centre to which the workers in the surrounding gum fields bring their harvest. One of the most interesting features about Kawa Kawa is the Maori element. On certain days large cavalcades of Maoris may be seen riding into the township—the women to do their shopping, and the men to play billiards and to drink, in both of which accomplishments they excel.

There is no doubt that the Bay of Islands will one day acquire that reputation, as a seaside summer resort, which it so well deserves. No more delightful spot for a family to spend a month's holiday can be imagined. It has certainly two drawbacks. The hotels are not, in point of comfort, all that could be desired, though no doubt if more strangers visited the place, the hotels would respond to the encouragement. Further, there are no wheel-vehicles of any kind, and no roads to drive them on if there were any. But then, in compensation, there are wonderful facilities for

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travelling by water; and horses may be had by negotiating with some of the settlers.

Only the nearest and most accessible places of interest in the Bay of Islands have been mentioned. Many other places would repay a visit from those making a stay of any length. From the manganese mines at the top of a range lying south-west of Kororareka, an extensive panoramic view of the bay is to be had. A ride of some 30 miles or so takes one across country, past the old mission station at Waimate, to Hokianga, a beautiful wooded river and estuary on the West Coast. A Northern Company's steamer leaves Russell every Tuesday for Whangaroa, a magnificent fiord lying 35 miles north of the Bay of Islands. Whangaroa will always possess an interest independently of its beauty, as the scene of the massacre of the Boyd, in the early years of this century. Ruapekapeka, an easy ride from Kawa Kawa, is the scene of the last resistance of Heke's followers, and is said to have been a marvel of Maori ingenuity.

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# CHAPTER XV.

## THE WAIKATO.

**Auckland to Hamilton Junction, 84 miles. Railway fares, first-class, single, 17s. 6d. ; second, 11s. 8d.**

**Hamilton Junction to Te Awamutu—First, 3s. 4d. ; second, 2s. 3d.**

**Bus from Hamilton Junction Station to Hamilton, 1s.**

**Coach daily from Hamilton to Cambridge meets the 2.35 p.m. train from Auckland at Hamilton Junction. Fare, 6s. each way.**

**Those who desire to proceed to Rotorua by Cambridge can arrange for a buggy at Mr. Carter's livery stables, Hamilton.**

**Coach for Te Aroha leaves Gwynne's Hotel, Hamilton, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays on arrival of 2.35 p.m. train from Auckland. Distance, 40 miles. Coach fare, 12s. 6d. each way.**

**Hotels. — Hamilton, Mrs. Gwynne's; Cambridge, Duke of Edinburgh Hotel ; Te Awamutu, Lewis's ; Te Aroha, Walker's.**

After exhausting the various excursions which may be made from Auckland as the centre, the traveller will next wish to know how the Waikato district may most conveniently be seen. If you wish to explore the Waikato district and no further, of course there is no feasible plan except after doing so to return to Auckland; if, however, you wish to go afterwards to the Hot Lakes, undoubtedly the best way is to go *via* Waikato. If this plan has no other advantage, it has, at least, this—that you have not to return upon your steps, which is always a gain where there is so much fresh ground to break. Suppose it then determined that the route to be chosen to the Lakes is the one by Waikato, you have again to make your choice between two possible Waikato routes—both attractive. After seeing the Waikato you may either

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strike away for the Lakes from Hamilton by way of Cambridge; or you may strike down from Hamilton towards Te Aroha, on the Waihou or Thames River, take steamer down the river to the Thames township at the mouth, and thence go overland, part of the way on horseback, and part by coach, through the Kati Kati settlement to Tauranga and the Lakes. It will be best to consider both routes, and to commence with a description of that part which is common to both, viz., the journey from Auckland to Hamilton.

If you intend going by Cambridge to Rotorua it does not matter on what day you leave Auckland, since the Cambridge coach is daily in waiting for the arrival of the Auckland train at Hamilton, to carry on passengers at once to Cambridge. But if you intend going by Te Aroha and Thames, it must be remembered that the Te Aroha coach leaves Hamilton on three days a week only, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, the coach starting, not from the Hamilton Junction Station, but from the township itself, which is some two miles from the station. Vehicles are in waiting, however, on the arrival of the train, to take passengers on to the township. Suppose now that you have made up your mind to choose the Te Aroha route, and that you intend going by the coach that leaves Hamilton for Te Aroha, say on Wednesday; then it will be advisable to leave Auckland on Tuesday by the 9 a.m. train. You will reach Hamilton Junction that day about 2.35 p.m., and, as the coach for Te Aroha does not leave Hamilton till next day at the same hour, you will thus have twenty-four hours before you to visit Te Awamutu, the railway terminus, and Hamilton. Instead of getting out at Hamilton Junction, you go straight on the whole length to Te Awamutu, returning by the early morning train to Hamilton, where you may spend the forenoon, and set out

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with the coach for Te Aroha in the afternoon. Or if, instead of going on to Te Awamutu, you prefer to visit Cambridge, you may get out at Hamilton Junction, mount the coach in waiting, and go on to Cambridge, returning by the 8.15 morning coach to Hamilton.

You take your seat, then, in the train which is leaving the Auckland Station, on a Tuesday morning, for Waikato. The train is soon out of the town puffing through the pretty suburbs that lie in the direction of Mount Eden. The Mount itself is a conspicuous landmark, and no one can fail to admire the many beautiful residences nestling in the green fields that stretch away from its foot. At Green Lane Station one comes in sight of the Racecourse of the Auckland Jockey Club and the premises of the Auckland Agricultural and Pastoral Society. Penrose Station is the junction for Waikato and Onehunga trains. To the east of the station lies the establishment of the New Zealand Stud and Pedigree Company. "The buildings have an imposing appearance," says Brett's excellent hand-book, "and, with the bold range in the immediate background, afford a fine subject for the artist. Sylvia Park comprises 740 acres, most of it splendid land, fenced and grassed, with a considerable amount under cultivation. In addition to the original buildings a new twenty-five-stall stable has just been erected, with every appliance that could be desired, and two other buildings, one for young cattle, the other for horses. The arrangements on this fine estate are admirable; water is pumped into a reservoir by means of a windmill, and conducted in pipes to the various paddocks. Drinking troughs are supplied with ball-valves, keeping the water at a uniform height. Of the stud of horses owned by this Company too much cannot be said in the way of praise; it is regarded as the best in the Australasian Colonies. Here

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are located Musket and Sylvia, the sire and dam of Martini-Henri, the now celebrated racehorse, who recently won the Melbourne Cup and V.R.C. Derby, both events in the quickest time on record. Major Walmsley is the manager and resides at Sylvia Park."

By-and-by the train reaches Otahuhu, a quiet township on the Manukau, where its waters come within a short distance of the Tamaki. So narrow is the isthmus at this point that a proposal was once made to connect the Manukau waters with the Waitemata by means of a canal. After passing Drury, the route lies through interminable stretches of undulating fern-land intersected and divided by creeks, showing no trace of water for the dense growth of rushes and raupo that covers them. The dark and sombre green of the rushes and dwarf manuka growing in those swampy creeks is very prettily relieved by blotches, streaks, and ribbons of the most lovely emerald green—the green of the beech when it first bursts into leaf in early spring. The plant which thus relieves the dull monotony of the swamp is the *Gleichenia circinata*, a fern which the collector coaxes into growth with much trouble, but which, here and on the Waikato wilds, grows luxuriantly by the acre.

After passing Pukekohe with its clumps of puriri, Tuakau with its flax industry, and Pukeno, we enter the battle-ground of the Waikato war of 1863. Just where the Waikato makes a rectangular bend to the west, about forty miles from the sea, it is joined by the Maungatawhiri, a sluggish creek running so languidly amongst its sedges that it is difficult to tell which way it flows. At the outbreak of the Waikato war the Maungatawhiri and the right bank of the Waikato formed the boundary line between the King Country and the European settlements of Auckland. The Maungatawhiri was the Rubicon, to cross which was

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tantamount to a declaration of war. But in truth war had been implicitly declared by the natives themselves, whose actions abundantly manifested that they meant war, and that they intended, on the first convenient opportunity, to attack Auckland. In order to check any intended advance upon the Auckland settlements, the Governor, then Sir George Grey, determined to push forward into their own country and call them to account on their own ground. As a base of operations, the Queen's Redoubt was thrown up on the right or north bank of the Maungatawhiri creek, and an advance post was thrown across the creek and stationed at Koheroa, a spot about half way between the Queen's Redoubt and Mercer. As the train passes on towards Mercer a low range of hills may be seen to the left extending in a narrow ridge to the Maramarua stream, which runs parallel to the Maungatawhiri, and enters the Waikato at Mercer. One morning in July, Colonel Austin observed a large party of natives collected on this range. This was indeed one of two detachments of natives sent down from Ngaruawahia to attack Auckland. Colonel Austin, getting his men under arms, proceeded to dislodge the enemy, and was presently joined by General Cameron, and reinforced by troops from the other side of the creek. The natives from their strong position were able to pour a harassing fire upon the English troops; but ultimately they were driven along the ridge to the Maramarua creek where the pursuit had to be stayed, the natives escaping—some swimming the creek, and others ascending the Waikato in canoes.

After being worsted at Koheroa, the Maoris entrenched themselves strongly at a place called Mere-Mere, which the railway passes a mile or two beyond Mercer. No fewer than a thousand natives are supposed to have been assembled at Mere-Mere, and their trenches and rifle pits covered a space

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of 100 acres. A few months after the engagement at Koheroa, General Cameron laid his plans for taking this pah in rear, but when all was ready for executing the plan, the English troops had the mortification of seeing the enemy evacuate their pah and escape in their canoes along the flooded creeks.

About seven miles past Mere-Mere the railway runs along a narrow neck of land which divides the Waikato from a reedy mere called Waikare Lake—to the right the river, to the left the lake. This shallow lake, stretching away for a considerable distance, is bounded on the east side by a low range of hills, and is so densely covered with bulrushes as to resemble rather a field of standing corn than a sheet of water. Myriads of waterfowl make this mere their foraging ground, and the lover of sport might pleasantly pass a week in its neighbourhood. The narrow neck of land, covered with manuka and cabbage-tree, which separates Waikare from the Waikato is called Rangiriri, and was the scene of one of the most desperate engagements in the Waikato war. After evacuating the Mere-Mere Pah, the Maoris concentrated their forces on Rangiriri, fortifying their position by throwing up a strong central redoubt, and drawing a line of entrenchments across the isthmus. The position was exceedingly strong, but, in event of hard pressure, offered but little facility for escape, the lake intercepting flight in one direction, the river in another. On the 20th November, 770 men under General Cameron marched by land to attack the pah, while 500 men were conveyed up the river to make an attack in rear. From three in the afternoon assault after assault was made on the pah; but, though the outworks were taken, the central redoubt defied all attempts to storm it, so that when darkness set in the attack had to be discontinued, and a cordon disposed round the pah to cut off

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retreat should it be attempted under cover of night. Nevertheless many did contrive to escape by the swamp and lake, helped no doubt by their intimate knowledge of the ground. In the morning, after making night hideous with defiant yells, the natives made an unconditional surrender; 185 prisoners were taken, and 175 stand of arms. At the request of Sir George Grey, the prisoners were conveyed to the island of Kawau, and liberated on parole, being allowed the run of the island without restriction of their movements. Alas for Maori parole! In six weeks they made their escape to the mainland, and entrenching themselves at the top of a hill, refused to give up their position until they at last received permission to return to the Waikato.

After passing Huntley, with its coal mines, we enter the first really picturesque or romantic scenery in the Waikato. Heretofore the river, which always serves to attract and rest the eye, has been seen only by snatches. But at Taupiri the Waikato sweeps down between its hills, with majestic stateliness, amidst surroundings appropriate to such a river. Through a magnificent gorge, the sides of which recede upwards in steeply sloping walls, the water sweeps swiftly down to the lower reaches, where it joins the sea. Mount Taupiri, the highest peak of the range through which the river bursts, is 800 feet in height, and almost throws its shadow on the water. At the foot of Taupiri is the ancient burying ground of the lower Waikato tribes—a spot long defended from the profane footsteps of European intruders; but the persistent European has brought his iron road to the very verge of the sacred precincts, and the pious Maoris have carried the bones of their fathers to another resting place. On the opposite side of the river the site of the old mission station may be seen from the carriage

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windows, marked, as all old mission stations are, by the soft green of its peach trees and prickly acacias. The township of Taupiri lies on an oasis of green at the confluence of the Waikato with the Mangawara and Komakarau, sluggish creeks crawling from their swamps of flax and raupo. The journey onward from this point to Ngaruawahia is relieved by the constant sight of the beautiful wooded range which runs parallel to the Waikato on the further side.

Ngaruawahia is a place of no mean importance, since it is no less than the capital of the great Ngatimaniopoto tribe, and the last resting place of the founder of the Te Whero-Whero dynasty, King Potatau the First. Ngaruawahia lies at the junction of the Waipa with the main river, "where," says Bishop Selwyn, "the Waikato comes rushing in like an arrow, reminding one of the confluence of the Rhone with the Saone at Lyons—the quiet Saone answering to the Waipa, the Rhone to the Waikato." Here the train crosses the Waikato, and enters the large triangular plain which lies in the fork of the Waipa and Waikato Rivers. The Waipa, which forms the western boundary of this Mesopotamia, is a sluggish stream, navigable for vessels of considerable tonnage for fifty miles above the junction. Away in the distance, towards the sources of the Waipa, is Pirongia, a most striking isolated mountain and a landmark never lost to the eye on any part of the plain. Under the shadow of Pirongia lies the township of Alexandra, situated on the site of the old Matakitaki Pah, where the wretched Ngatimaniopoto, attacked in front by the dreaded Hongi, and attempting to escape by leaping a rampart at the back of the pah, were crushed, those who went first by those who followed, till the victorious Hongi and his braves, pressing upon them from behind, shot down all who were likely to escape suffocation.

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The eastern boundary of the plain is the Waikato. On this river, about twelve miles from its junction with the Waipa, lies Hamilton, and about twelve miles further up still is Cambridge. The third side of the plain, which is an isosceles triangle, is the Mangapiko River, which, rising in the slopes of Maungatautari, near the Waikato, flows west, across the whole southern frontier of the plain, to join the Waipa, thus forming the base-line of the triangle. About the middle point of this base-line is Te Awamutu, the present terminus of the Waikato railway. After the train has travelled 12 miles of this interfluvial triangle, it arrives at Hamilton Junction, where, if your coach is starting on that day (as explained before), you must get out, and drive up to Hamilton, some two miles, in one of the public vehicles waiting at the station. If, however, your coach does not leave Hamilton for Te Aroha till the following day, you cannot do better than go on with the train to Te Awamutu, which, let us suppose, it is your intention to do.

From Ngaruawahia, along the plain to some distance past Hamilton, the prospect on either hand is not by any means cheering. Swamp follows swamp, or rather it is all one great swamp, where on either side stretches an infinity of flax and manuka, the only break in the monotony of the landscape being the glimpse of distant hills where the misty outline of Pirongia or Maungatautari attracts the eye away to the horizon. At Ohaupo, however, the country begins to look fresher: fields of rich grass carrying fine stock—both sheep and cattle—make you think that at last you have come into the land of Goshen, the much vaunted pastures of the Waikato.

By-and-by the train arrives at the terminus, Te Awamutu, a few years ago an isolated mission station, now the active centre of a thriving agricultural district. The

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best way to understand the importance of Te Awamutu as a dairy-farming centre is to pay an early morning visit to the cheese factory, which is about ten minutes' walk from Mrs. Lewis's Hotel. As you take your walk past the picturesque little church and churchyard, you see milk-carts converging from all points of the compass to one central point, the cheese factory. You have only to follow a cart and enter the factory premises, where you will be courteously received and shown round. There you will see the milk, as it arrives, being measured and emptied outside into a trough, from which it flows inside into a large circular vat of 1200 gallons capacity, where it undergoes the curdling process. Round the building are ranged rows of presses; whilst in the curing room close at hand are some thirty tons of cheese undergoing the process of being dried for the market. The out-put of this factory is about half-a-ton a-day. On the whey and other refuse from the factory about 200 porkers are fed, so that in addition to cheese-making a considerable business is done in bacon.

Within the radius of a few miles from Te Awamutu, there are many places of great interest in connection with the Anglo-Maori war. At Te Awamutu itself, General Cameron had a brush with the hostile natives; and at Rangiawhia they were completely routed by a detachment of the 50th Regiment. But undoubtedly the most stirring event of the war in this quarter was the siege and capture of Orakau, a strong pah lying some five miles to the south-east of Te Awamutu. Here three hundred of the Ureweras, fiercest and most indomitable of the tribes, were collected under the command of the Ngatimaniopoto brave, Rewi. At the end of March, 1864, Brigadier-General Carey, with a force of 1000 men surrounded the pah, and after a few ineffectual attempts to carry it by storm, determined

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to approach the defences by sap. For three days the siege went on. Native reinforcements from Taupo were seen hovering at a safe distance from the English troops; but finding it impossible to relieve the beleaguered inmates of the pah, they were fain to encourage their friends by shouting, and dancing the war dance. Knowing that there were women and children inside the pah, Carey sent an interpreter under the white flag to tell the enemy that if they surrendered, their lives would be spared. To this they returned the memorable and heroic reply—"This is the word of the Maori: "We will fight for ever, and ever, and ever." (Ka whawhai tonu: Akè, akè, akè). When urged to send out at least their women and children, they replied like Spartans—"The women will fight as well as we." On the third day, however, having exhausted their store of food and water, those brave savages left their pah, and in some way (how, has never been satisfactorily explained) passed through a double line of the 40th, who were supposed to have been stationed with a view to prevent their escape. The unfortunates were, however, intercepted by a company of the Forest Rangers, who did great execution upon the fugitives. Rewi escaped unhurt. In the churchyard that surrounds the Mission Church at Te Awamutu, the bodies of those who fell in Orakau and the various engagements in the neighbourhood are buried; but it cannot be said that they have yet received any monument of thanks from their grateful country.

Those places about Te Awamutu cannot of course be visited and inspected in the course of one afternoon, but they are mentioned in case any visitor might be charmed by the pretty rural township into staying a few days in the neighbourhood. In the course of one afternoon, however, it is possible to walk out to Kihi-Kihi, a scattered village on the

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edge of a great swamp some three miles beyond Te Awamutu. Here, if the land-court happens to be sitting, or if races are going on, a large and interesting concourse of natives may be seen. The old chief Rewi—he of Orakau—resides here in a house built for him by the Government, and receives with courtesy the visits of any Europeans who are inclined to call upon him.

By returning with the morning train from Te Awamutu to Hamilton, a whole forenoon may be pleasantly spent in a leisurely walk of inspection round this pleasant country town. At Mrs. Gwynne's Hamilton Hotel, one could imagine oneself in an hostelrie of y^e^ olden time, so plain and homely is the exterior, so clean and comfortable the interior. Should anyone wish to spend a few days or weeks in the delightful climate and invigorating air of Hamilton, let him by all means bespeak apartments in Mrs. Gwynne's Garden Cottage. Here amongst bees and flowers, within view of the magnificent river, he may enjoy all the pleasures of seclusion without foregoing the conveniences of hotel-life.

Let no one with even a few minutes to spare in Hamilton fail to see the view of the river from the passenger bridge. Looking down from this point towards the fine railway bridge, the eye follows a noble stretch of river, the olive-green water—embodiment of quiet and irresistible force—moving with a smooth and silent flow between banks soft with a varied drapery of grass, fern, and willow. Look up the river and you see the water sweeping round in a magnificent curve with an onward movement, so slow and stately as to seem not so much motion as repose. The beauty of this scene is not lessened by the houses nestling in their flowers high up on the river banks, the little wooden church perched on its promontory, the rickety boat-houses

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by the water's edge, and the live stock that browse contentedly on the grassy slopes.

If it be determined to go on from Hamilton to the Lakes by way of Cambridge—a route which is very direct and very comfortable—the first stage of the journey will be from Hamilton to Cambridge (distance 14 miles), by the coach which leaves the Hamilton Junction Station every day on the arrival of the train from Auckland. From Cambridge to Ohinemutu (55 miles) the road, with the exception of some 12 miles, is good. Mr. Carter, who has a coaching establishment at Cambridge, runs a coach to Ohinemutu, leaving Cambridge on Tuesday and Thursday, and returning on Wednesday and Friday. A party travelling this way will find it the best plan to make special arrangements with Mr. Carter for a buggy to carry them through—which will cost very little over ordinary coach fare. By choosing this route, those interested in the agricultural aspect of the Waikato will have an opportunity of seeing the finest farms in the district.

If, however, the route chosen is that by Te Aroha and the Thames, the coach for the former place leaves Gwynne's Hotel every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, on the arrival of the Auckland train. The journey to Te Aroha is not one of much interest for the general traveller. The greater part of the route lies through the territory of the Waikato Land Association—the celebrated Piako Swamp Estate. This enormous estate of 88,000 acres was acquired partly by purchase from private owners, but mostly (to the extent of some 86,000 acres) direct from the Crown, at the low figure of 2s. 6d. per acre. This transaction on the part of the Crown was the subject of much debate in the New Zealand Parliament, and a parliamentary committee was appointed to inquire into the matter. As a set off

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against this ridiculously low price it must be remembered that the land before purchase was in a very useless state, and that only by a very large expenditure of money could it be made available for agricultural purposes.

Almost from the time of setting out from Hamilton, the peak of Te Aroha—40 miles away—marks the goal to be reached in the afternoon's ride, and the progress of the coach is indicated by the gradually increasing distinctness with which the mountain looms up in front. Making a short stoppage at Morrinsville to change horses, and allow passengers to have tea, the coach reaches the punt at Te Aroha some time after dark, and lands its freight at Walker's Hotel—a comfortable place, considering that Te Aroha is a rough mining township only a few years old. On reaching the hotel the first inquiry to be made is about the boat which goes down the river to the Thames. The departure of the steamer depends on the state of the tide, so that you must be prepared to start at an uncomfortably early hour if the tide demands it. However, the landlord of the hotel will make arrangements to have you called at the proper time; and as breakfast is served on board the little steamer in case of an early start, and as it is possible to resume the thread of your sleep on board, there is no occasion to be uneasy.

Te Aroha is not a very lively place to stay at. Gold is found in payable quantity, but is, nevertheless, not found in rich patches, as it often is at the Thames. The chief features of interest about the township, to the ordinary visitor, is the mountain which towers over it, with its cap of cloud and its sides scored with deep wooded gullies. In the township there is also a hot spring which has been covered in and converted into a bath—an excellent refresher after 40 miles of coaching.

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# CHAPTER XVI.

## THE THAMES.

Steamboat from Te Aroha to the Thames. Time of starting depends on the state of the tide. Fare, 5s.

OBJECTS OF INTEREST AT THE THAMES—*Gold Mines, Battery, Totara Pah, Kauaeranga Valley, the Great Kauri, the Soda Springs at Puriri*, (eight miles from township).

Saddle-horse to Kati Kati by Paeroa (52 miles)—horse-hire, about 10s. per day. Arrangements to be made at the Thames for bringing back horse.

Coach from Kati Kati to Tauranga (30 miles)—fare, 7s. 6d.

HOTELS—The Thames, Pacific, Paeroa, Criterion.

If it should seem desirable to make straight for Tauranga without going down to the Thames, saddle horses may be obtained at Te Aroha, at the usual hire of 10s. per day. Of course a groom and horse would have to be taken to bring back the horses. There is a fair road to Kati-Kati—at present 8 feet wide and in course of being widened to 14 feet; from Kati-Kati to Tauranga the road is excellent.

It is unlikely, however, that anyone would choose the Te Aroha route, except with the intention of going down the Waihou (or Thames) and visiting the gold-mining township at the mouth. The trip down the river from Te Aroha is, in fine weather, one of the most delightful of river trips. The first part of the journey is perhaps a little monotonous, the river lying low between its clay banks, and so not allowing any distant prospect on either hand. The flax and toi-toi may be here seen in great luxuriance, spread-

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ing away on the alluvial levels right and left, and dipping over the verge of the channel into the water. Clumps of native bush, interwoven to one impenetrable mass by rampant growths of creeper, are seen at intervals along the stream. The land on each side of the river is mostly in the hands of natives, but little native life is visible from the deck of the steamer. Occasionally a group of raupo huts appears in sight, with a half-starved looking family group squatting in sad silence on the bank; or a stolid-faced Maori glides past in his canoe on an eel-catching expedition, for the eel-weirs of the Thames were celebrated in ante-European times, and their grotesquely carved stakes still remain standing in various spots on the river. Along the whole journey the fine Coromandel range stretches to the right, running northward to terminate in Cape Colville. On nearing Ohinemuri, the river, with its groups of peach and cherry trees, its ample weeping willows sweeping the water, its groves of kahikatea drooping with a weight of parasites, and the rich undergrowth of ferns and shrubs that feather its banks, somewhat justifies its assumption of the name of "Thames," which, as applied to other parts of the stream, is decidedly a misnomer. In early spring time, when the peach trees are in blossom, and the briar is putting out its tender green, the banks of this river must be a very paradise of colour and fragrance; but late summer also, when clusters of ripe peaches overarch the water and dangle overhead as the vessel glides with the stream, has its compensations.

Not the least part of the pleasure of this trip is the interest of watching the navigation of the little steamer. The river is very tortuous in its course, in some places deflecting almost at a right angle, and is very unequal in its depth, being deep enough here to float a frigate, and there shoaling to the depth of a canoe. Besides this, it is contin-

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ually shifting its soundings; every flood that comes down scooping out some channels and filling up others. Under these conditions the navigation of a steamer along the river is a work involving much clever manœuvring and nicety of calculation. Where there is a fine straight stretch of water the second mate is equal to the occasion; but when the river indulges in its "quips and cranks," the skipper himself must take the helm and steer his craft with what dexterity he may. But the most dexterous of steering cannot avoid certain amusing little casualties. Sometimes the nose of the steamer ploughs into the soft bottom of a mud-shallow, and she can only right herself by waltzing out into mid-stream till she again gets a fair start in deep water. Occasionally, when the turns are more than ordinarily sudden, she grazes the curve of the bank, and must be pushed off with poles; and anon, in skimming off with much cleverness, she glides to the opposite side, runs her bow full tilt into the clay bank, and there sticks fast. Here the services of both passengers and crew are brought into requisition. First they rush with a simultaneous rush across the deck of the steamer, hanging with their full weight now over one taffrail, now over the other. This is an attempt to "roll" her off. If this does not answer, a hawser is towed ashore and made fast to some tree, when the engine is reversed and all hands take to the ropes, some there pulling that never pulled before. Thus by dint of alternate pushing, steaming, "rolling," and pulling, the *Despatch* is once more afloat, after giving the passengers and crew an hour's vigorous exercise. Without interruptions of this kind, the passage from Te Aroha to "The Thames" ought to take six or seven hours.

"The Thames," as the united townships of Grahamstown and Shortland are called, is not seen to best advantage from the water side. As at Wellington, the great hills that

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ascend behind it have been denuded of their trees, and present now but a bald surface of grass or fern, disfigured by clay faces, the remains of old workings. But at one time, when the river had not yet taken on its tawny colour, and the hills were clothed with bush to the water's edge, this must have been an exceedingly beautiful spot. Even now you have only to take half an hour's walk back into the valleys and gullies behind the town to come upon unspoiled nature, as charming in its exuberant loveliness as any spot in New Zealand. It will be sufficient to specify one or two of the easiest and most beautiful walks.

First, there is the walk up the Kauaeranga Creek towards the Orphanage, where, in addition to the almost idyllic beauty of the valley itself, you will see what is locally called "the Booms"—a chaotic mass of enormous tree-trunks, apparently hurled one on the other by the action of some colossal force. They are, however, only the trees cut further up the valley, and floated down here with the flood as the best means of transport. A pretty little bridge, called the "Josephine" (not after the discarded Empress of the first Napoleon, but after the heroine of "Pinafore," an amateur performance of this opera having provided the funds for construction), spans the creek, and leads, by a gradually winding ascent, to the Orphanage—a neat building occupying the prettiest site on the Thames. The internal arrangements and management of the Orphanage will repay inspection. The cleanliness and comfort of the rooms, and the blooming and contented faces of the well-clothed and evidently well-fed children are to the credit both of the Thames ladies who interest themselves in this institution, and of the able master and mistress who personally superintend it.

A sight that most visitors to the Thames go to see is the "Great Kauri Tree," which is said to be the monarch of

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New Zealand forests. It measures 46 feet in girth, 130 feet in height, and its lowest branch is 60 feet from the ground. It is well-worthy of a visit, even if the walk there and back were not one of wonderful beauty. The tree lies on the top of the range that backs the town, and the best way to reach it is by the Waiotahi Gully, up which a perfectly good horse-road ascends to the top. On reaching the summit of this ascent a magnificent view opens up of the Hauraki Gulf and the islands and promontories beyond. On reaching the bush a very good track is entered, following, with many a bout and winding, along the crest of a ridge, through magnificent trees, shrubs, and ferns, unequalled for their glorious symmetry and shade. Such a ferning ground as this you may perhaps find elsewhere, as at Coromandel, further north; but, if at all elsewhere, only in a few places. The most delicate filmy ferns, the Tunbridge *Hymenophyllum* and the veined *Trichomanes*, the characteristic diaphanous frond of the kidney fern, the miniature Corinthian column of Frasers' *Lomaria*, with its elegantly carved capital, the umbrella fern, with its little parachute of green, and many other gems, rich and rare, are found growing beside the giants of the fern world. Whoever, for the first time, sees the black-fern (*Cyathea medullaris*) growing, as it grows here, will not easily forget it. As you pass the many openings, where the ground falls rapidly off from the footpath, you cannot but halt to look with admiration upon this noble tree. Its trunk, shaggy with the frond-bases of past years, rises to a height of 20 or 30 feet (sometimes more) not in a straight column, but with a graceful curving sweep, and supports an ample dome of fronds, each of which reaches out, with its own curvature and at its own angle, with a pleasing irregularity very different from the monotonous symmetry of most tree-ferns; from the centre of which dome of green

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the brown crosiers of the undeveloped fronds rise like huge interrogation points.

The Great Kauri Tree lies but a few yards off the path. It is certainly a monster, containing, it is said, £1000 worth of timber. It is not by any means, however, a handsome tree, the head of foliage, though of considerable size, being contemptible as compared with the trunk. Nor is the height of the tree at all in proportion to its girth, so that altogether the trunk looks somewhat plethoric.

Instead of returning by the same way, a better plan is to strike down for the town by the bed of the Tararu creek, which affords a specimen of the finest New Zealand bush scenery. It is, of course, needless to say that this is a walk to be taken only under the guidance of someone who has a good knowledge of the locality. It may be done in the course of an afternoon, though, if there is the time to spare, one might very well spend a whole day in such a pleasant walk.

The town of "The Thames" itself presents no architectural features of much importance. It possesses several very creditable banks; indeed the banks and churches are the first buildings in colonial towns to make pretensions to the beautiful. What most visitors will be interested in will be the gold mines. To leave the Thames without descending a gold mine would be to leave Egypt without seeing the pyramids. Any one who can persuade the courteous and able manager of the New Prince Imperial to descend with him into the bowels of the earth, will add a new experience to his life. As he traverses the long galleries—miles of them it will seem to him—and sees a population digging out ribs of gold by candle-light, and as he looks over a chest of specimens sparkling with the "precious bane," he will acknowledge that one might have done worse than invest in New Prince Imperial shares. From the mine to the battery is the most

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natural of transitions. Here he will see the stampers crushing the quartz to fine powder, and the mercury gathering the gold to itself, and, under persuasive pressure, yielding it up again.

From the Thames the next question will be how to get to Tauranga. You may go back to Auckland by one of the regular Thames-Auckland boats, and thence by boat to Tauranga; or, if you wish to see more of the interior, you may proceed overland from the Thames direct to Tauranga. In point of time the one route is as short as the other. As there is little to be said about the sea route *viâ* Auckland, beyond mentioning it, it will be better to follow the land route *viâ* Kati-Kati.

There used to be a coach which ran regularly three times a-week between Thames and Tauranga, returning on alternate days; but on account of the bad state into which the roads fell, owing to floods, the coach ceased running between Thames and Kati-Kati; that is, about two thirds of the way. This part of the way has to be done, therefore, on horseback or by buggy. In making arrangements at the Thames for saddle-horses, it must be remembered that the horses have to be brought back. This may be managed by arranging with the boys who carry the mails to lead back the horse or horses on the return journey. Horse-hire may be calculated at about 10s. per day till the horse is back in its stable, and in addition to this there will be a gratuity to each of the two mail-boys (say 5s.) and the expense of horse-feed on the way.

The distance from the Thames to Kati-Kati may be reckoned at 52 miles—that from Kati-Kati to Tauranga about 30 miles, in all 82 miles. To anyone unaccustomed to travelling long distances, 52 miles of riding followed by 30 of coaching would be a very arduous day's work. It will

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be better, therefore, on all accounts, to take two days to cover the distance. As the coach leaves Kati-Kati every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, it will accordingly be necessary to leave the Thames on Saturday, Tuesday, or Thursday. The first day's stage will be an easy one—from Thames to Paeroa, 22 miles. Leaving the Thames at about 3 p.m., one reaches Paeroa before dark. The road is a good one all the way, very soft and level– just the thing for a canter. Besides the fertile stretch of country along the Thames valley, two interesting features of this road call for notice. Soon after leaving The Thames at the south end, just beyond Kauaeranga, the road skirts on the left a very remarkable plateau or steep terrace, the conformation of which is evidently due to fluvial action. The sides of the terrace are clothed with a dense cover of karaka trees and pohutukawas of exceptional beauty. On the top of this terrace in the early decades of this century stood a very powerful pah of the Ngatimaru, the most powerful tribe of the Thames. One day in the year 1821, the Ngatimaru saw from their stronghold many canoes of warriors decked in their feathers and war-paint, paddling up the estuary of the Waihou. This was no other than a war party of the terrible Ngapuhi, led by their redoubted chief, Hongi, who had sworn to wreak vengeance on the Thames natives for some insult done his tribe at a previous time—how long before was a matter of small importance. Hongi had just returned from his visit to England where he had professed himself a devout Christian, and had received many valuable presents from King George, which presents he afterwards in Sydney exchanged for muskets with which he armed his tribe. On reaching Totara, the stronghold of the Ngatimaru, they found the pah so strongly manned that even Hongi hesitated to attack it at once, thinking it better at first rather to simulate

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friendship until he was able to reconnoitre, and gauge the strength of the enemy. The unsuspecting Ngatimaru, received the perfidious Ngapuhi with a warm hospitality, glad to find that what they had at first taken for a war party was only a mission of peace. The day was devoted to talk and friendly trade, and as evening fell the Ngapuhi retired from the pah to their own quarters. One old Ngapuhi chief, touched with remorse for the perfidy of his tribe, lingered behind the others and whispered a friendly "kai tupato" (be careful). The caution was not unneeded. That night Hongi attacked and took the Totara pah and slew a thousand of his enemies. The Ngatimaru were not only killed but eaten, and to this day their bones may be seen bleaching in the valley of the Waihou. Rauroha, the greatest chief of the Ngatimaru, was amongst the slain; whilst his daughter, Urimahia, pined for years, a captive, in the Bay of Islands, far from her own people.

About six miles beyond Totara are the soda springs of Puriri. It is not on every journey that soda-water is to be found welling up by the road side; and therefore it is worth while to dismount and cross the stile which leads to these springs. At one time the water was extensively bottled for sale, but it evidently could not compete with the manufactured article. The taste is by no means unpleasant, though just a little medicinal, and probably for mixing with spirits the soda-water of these springs is all that can be desired.

Paeroa, at which the night is spent, is a wretched, dilapidated little place, sadly in need of a coat of paint. The Criterion gives fair entertainment for man and beast, and if a change of horses should be required, a good strong nag can be procured here. It is advisable to make an early start in the morning from Paeroa, because by doing so a

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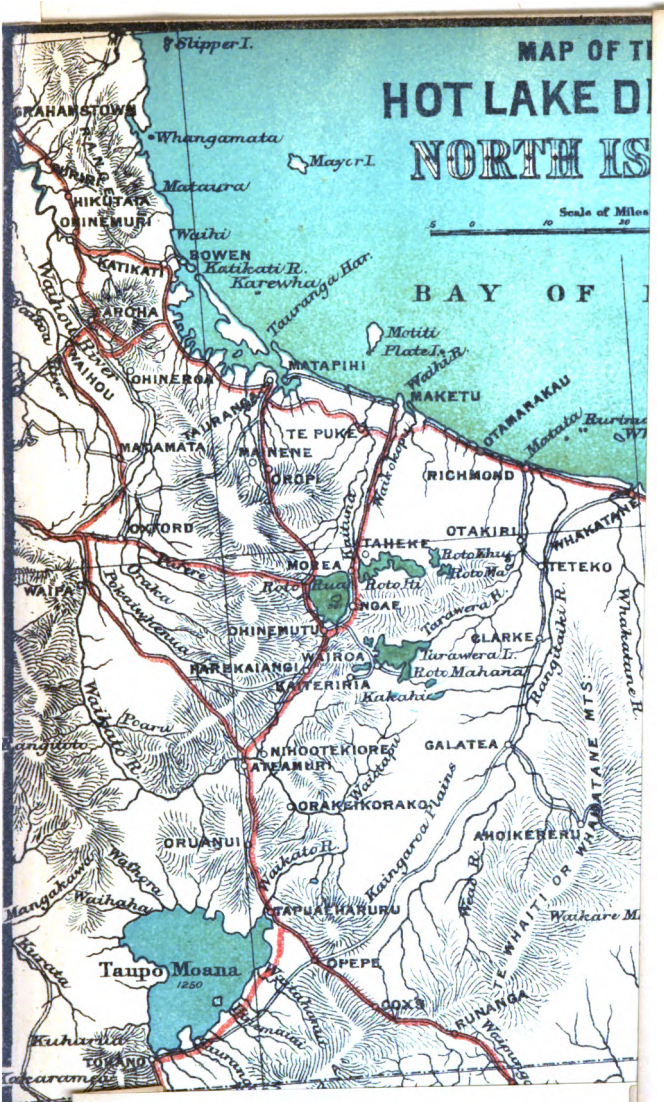


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large part of the ride to Kati-Kati is got over before the sun becomes oppressive, and you thus arrive at Kati-Kati before the mail-boy, and so have a little time for rest and refreshment before mounting the coach for Tauranga. If, however, there is any doubt felt about the way, which is unmistakable enough, it will perhaps be best to accompany the mail-boy. With the exception of three miles of exquisite bush at Owharoa, there is little that is of much interest in the second day's ride until you come to the Vesey Stewart Settlements. After crossing the wide and waste Waihi Flat, you pass along an undulating road through the Hikurangi Gorge, and past Captain Stewart's Settlement to Kati-Kati. At Kati-Kati, a pleasant little village in the middle of green fields, you will find Robertson's Coach waiting the arrival of the mail to set out for Tauranga. The drive is exceedingly pleasant—through open fern country with little or no settlement, and along a shell road equal to any in the Colony. Numerous creeks are to be crossed, and very pretty peeps of the sea are to be had from the various rises. On nearing Tauranga, cultivation gradually increases, until the coach reaches the suburbs of the town, when the road lies between the rich clover fields of dairy farms, where the fine sleek herds of large-uddered kine show what the soil of Tauranga can produce. Night is falling as you reach the doors of one of the excellent hotels of the quiet little town.

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# CHAPTER XVII.

## TAURANGA,

206 miles from Gisborne, is not a regular port of call of the Union Company's steamers, but there is regular communication twice a week (Mondays and Thursdays, 5 p.m.) from Auckland (133 miles) by the boats of the Northern Steamship Co., returning from Tauranga on Wednesdays and Fridays at 4 p.m. (Fares, return saloon, 50s.)

POPULATION—1000.

PRINCIPAL HOTELS—Tauranga, Menzies', Star, Commercial, Masonic, Belle View (private family hotel).

PUBLIC BUILDINGS—Public Hall, Mechanics' Institute.

Tauranga is rich in mementos of the war between the Maoris and the English troops. About 3 miles out of town is the site of the Gate Pah, the scene of the disastrous battle fought in 1864, and in the cemetery are many monuments to those who fell in that and other engagements. Tauranga is the principal point of departure for the famous Hot Lakes District. Private conveyances with experienced drivers can always be had at Robertson's, Kelly's, or Gordon's stables.

A coach leaves every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday (and daily during Summer season if necessary) at 8 a.m. for Ohinemutu (40 miles), skirting Lake Rotorua for 6 miles, arriving there the same day at 6 p.m.; returning every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8 a.m., and reaching Tauranga at 6 p.m. Single fare, 20s.

The pretty little town of Tauranga may well detain the traveller for a day or two. It is a pleasant place in itself, and it is a place full of the associations of times near and remote. Tauranga lies on a very remarkable land-locked harbour running off from the Bay of Plenty, the chief street,

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the Strand, skirting the beach of the little peninsula on which the town is situated. Outside this peninsula a long narrow tongue of land sweeps round into the Bay of Plenty, ending just in front of the town in a most extraordinary mound or conical rock, 860 feet high, known locally as the "Mount," but whose proper Maori name is Maunganui. To meet this tongue of land, a long narrow island stretches down from the north, and between the end of the island and the "Mount" is the entrance to the harbour. Once inside a vessel is sheltered from every wind that blows.

Undoubtedly the first thing in Tauranga to attract attention is the east head of the harbour, Maunganui, conspicuous as it is, not only from the town, but for miles inland and seaward. The Mount is intimately connected with the history of the tribe now settled round Tauranga—the Ngaiterangi. Another powerful tribe once held possession, but the Ngaiterangi, who lived at Maketu, coveted possession of the fertile lands round the harbour, and determined to carry Maunganui, the key to the position, by a *coup de main*.

Choosing a pitch dark night, when a terrible thunderstorm swept across the Bay of Plenty, and the noise of the hurricane drowned all ordinary sounds, the fleet of the Ngaiterangi, under cover of the darkness and the storm, rowed towards the Maunganui Pah. Arrived at the mount, they began their work by scuttling all the canoes upon the beach. Moved with the spirit of prophecy, the priestess of the doomed tribe stood on the edge of the cliff, in the midst of the storm, and cried: "Heaven and Earth are rent—men next." Even then the Ngaiterangi were scaling the sides of the mount. The inmates of the pah, taken by surprise, fell without resistance beneath the meres of their assailants. A few wretches, who escaped the massacre, fled

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to the beach, and pushed their canoes into the water with the intention of rowing to the mainland; but no sooner were the canoes launched than they filled and sank. From that time to this the Ngaiterangi have held Tauranga.

About three miles from Tauranga on the way to Rotorua, the road, here running through fields bordered with strong furze hedges, passes by a gentle rise over a narrow ridge, which falls on either hand into a morass. On this ridge, exactly twenty years ago, was fought an engagement more disastrous to the British troops than any other encounter in the history of Anglo-Maori warfare. Here in the early months of 1864, the hostile Maoris, under the leadership of Rawiri, built a strong pah, fortifying it according to the most approved Maori methods. On the highest point of the ridge, which rises to a height of about thirty feet by a very easy gradient from the Tauranga side, and descends by an equally easy gradient on the other, an oblong redoubt had been constructed, some seventy yards wide by thirty deep, strongly palisaded and enclosed by a post and rail fence. This central redoubt was furnished with three tiers of rifle-pits, roofed over with manuka scrub and fern—the eaves of the roof being so raised as to afford loop-holes for the muskets of the garrison; and in addition, as a further protection, the ground outside the redoubt, where the hill falls off into the swamps, was defended by lines of rifle-pits. The name of this Maori stronghold was Pukehinahina, but it is now better known as the "Gate Pah," from its having served as the passage from European to Maori land.

The British forces, under command of General Cameron, were at this time at Te Papa, near the Church Mission Station, a distance of three miles from the pah. On the 28th of April, after reconnoitring the position of the enemy General Cameron advanced with a force of 1695 men and

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with 15 pieces of ordnance, and invested the "Gate Pah," which is supposed to have been manned with some 300 Maoris. In front of the pah were placed detachments of the 43rd, and 70th, and 371 men of the Naval Brigade, the Artillery being planted in four batteries at varying distances. Under cover of a feigned attack in front, the 68th regiment, commanded by Colonel Greer, was cleverly conveyed along the edge of the swamp on the enemy's right, to the rear of the pah, so as to cut off from the Maoris all chance of escape. At daybreak the British guns began to play upon the enemy's position, but from being directed at a white flag which the Maoris had cunningly placed about 100 yards to their rear, the shot flew over the pah and did damage only to the 68th, who were behind. At last, however, about four in the afternoon, a breach was made in the left angle of the redoubt, large enough to tempt an assault. A rocket was sent up as a signal of attack to the 68th. The storming party—four abreast, two soldiers and two sailors—rushed at the double into the breach. The 68th meanwhile closed in on the rear, to cut off escape. With little loss the storming column gained the breach, and entered the main redoubt; and all seemed over with the Maoris, who rushed to the rear only to meet the bayonets of the 68th. Finding themselves trapped, the natives turned back to the redoubt with the courage of despair. But now, when the pah seemed to be in the hands of the storming party, a panic seized the troops, who rushed headlong from the breach in terrified flight, yelling out "There's thousands of them, there's thousands of them!" In vain did Captain Hamilton, with the Naval Brigade reserve, try to stem the tide. As he reached the breach he fell, pierced with a bullet through the brain, and the whole force—storming party and reserve—retired beyond reach of the enemy's fire.

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Not thinking it advisable to renew the assault, General Cameron threw up a breastwork about 100 yards in front of the pah, intending to renew the attack in the morning. During the night, however, the Maoris evacuated the pah, stealing through the lines of the 68th, who were stationed in rear to prevent their escape.

In the morning, on entering the pah, a shocking sight presented itself. The officers of the 43rd and of the Naval Brigade lay dead or dying on the ground. Four Captains of the 43rd lay dead within a few square yards. Lieutenant Hill, one of the few who had escaped the wreck of the *Orpheus* on the Manukau Bar, had been shot in the neck and through both cheeks, and had lived long enough to bind his handkerchief over his wounds. Lieutenant Glover, one of a family of heroes, lay dead, shot in the attempt to recover the body of his brother, Captain Glover. The gallant Colonel Booth, who led the storming party, was carried to the camp mortally wounded in the spine. The General went to him; but poor Booth felt the repulse too keenly, and he turned away his face, saying—"General, I cannot look at you. I tried to carry out your orders, but we failed." It is said that on this occasion the 43rd lost more officers than any English regiment at Waterloo.

It is to the everlasting honour of the Maori race that in this engagement, when their angriest passions must have been aroused, no mutilation of the dead took place. The bodies were neither stripped nor injured. The watches, rings, and money of the dead were untouched. When one of the English wounded, in his dying agonies, thirsted for a a drop of water, Henare Taratoa, with a tender courtesy worthy of a Christian knight, stole his way in the dark through the English sentries, and returned with water to relieve his enemy's thirst.

In the little cemetery of Tauranga, on the tongue of land

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that faces the mount, the soldiers and sailors who fell at the Gate Pah were buried by their shamed and grieving comrades, who burned to wipe out the disgrace of their disastrous panic. The spot where the dead of the Gate Pah lie, is railed off from the rest of the burial ground, and the obelisk and headstones which record their deaths are carefully tended by the successive men-of-war that touch at Tauranga.

About two months after the engagement at the Gate Pah, the 43rd and 68th, under command of Colonel Greer, wiped out the disgrace of their repulse by a most successful attack on Te Ranga, a pah about four miles beyond the "Gate," mustering it is said 600 natives. The British soldiers took the pah by a brilliant charge. Rawiri, with 67 of his braves, lay dead in their rifle-pits—graves which they had dug for themselves; whilst the loss of the enemy, all told, amounted to more than 120 men.

In the Bay of Plenty, about 60 miles out from Tauranga Harbour, stands the remarkable island, called by Cook White Island from the enormous volume of cloud that perpetually envelopes it, making its position visible frequently at a distance of 70 or 80 miles. White Island has an altitude of about 900 feet, and an area of something under two square miles. In the centre is a huge crater, the precipitous sides of which vary in height from 400 to 800 feet, and have a circumference of a mile and a half. From the undulating floor of the crater, which is covered with sulphur, gypsum, alum, and other minerals, there rises a column of steam varying in density according to the weather, and reaching a height often of 10,000 feet, and never less than 2000. As the little vessel that trades between Tauranga and White Island makes its visits at uncertain intervals, a trip to the island is practicable only for those who make a somewhat protracted stay at Tauranga, or who happen to be there just as the vessel sets out on one of her trips.

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# CHAPTER XVIII.

## TAURANGA TO OHINEMUTU.

### THE OROPI BUSH.

Anyone who arrives at Tauranga by vessel from Auckland will, unless he wishes to spend some time at Tauranga, which he may very pleasantly and profitably do, proceed with the coach which is waiting for the arrival of the steamer in order to set out for Ohinemutu. There is ample time, however, to have a comfortable breakfast, and travellers should provide themselves with a packet of sandwiches and fruit, there being as yet no half-way house in the bush at which they can be served with a good lunch.

Several services of coaches run between Tauranga and Ohinemutu. The mail service, which may be looked upon as the only regular service of coaches, is at present in the hands of Mr. Edwin Robertson, who is extremely obliging and attentive to the comfort of his passengers. Mr. William Kelly also runs a coach in connection with his hotel at Ohinemutu. A party consisting of four or five could not do better than bespeak a trap of Mr. Charles Gordon, who has one of the best posting studs in the Colony, as well as comfortable vehicles and careful drivers. The comfort of travelling in a light springy vehicle, and with such cattle as Mr. Gordon supplies, is well worth the few shillings a head which it costs above the ordinary coach fare of £1.

There are two routes which may be chosen from Tauranga to Ohinemutu, each of which has its advantages. The route by Oropi and the 18-mile bush is the shorter and

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the more picturesque, but infinitely the rougher. The route by Te Puke is longer and less picturesque, but the road is much easier than the other, and the district through which it passes shows a much finer stretch of country from the settler's point of view. Visitors to New Zealand will therefore choose what they most desire to see—the character and progress of its settlement, or the natural beauty of its bush. Anyone not intending to proceed further than Ohinemutu and Rotomahana might go by one route and return by the other. Those familiar with the beauties of the New Zealand bush will have met with scenery finer than the Oropi bush, and therefore the Te Puke road might possibly interest them more. Visitors from neighbouring colonies, however, or from Europe, had better not let this opportunity slip of seeing a long stretch of New Zealand forest, for, though they may see small areas of greater beauty, they will not be likely to see anything on such a large scale. Strangers to New Zealand invariably express themselves as charmed with the beauty of the Oropi Bush.

The driver will be ready, in the matter of the route, to consult the wishes of his passengers, though if left to himself he would probably choose the Te Puke road. To take this route the coach leaves Tauranga by the Hairini bridge and continues along the Government road running parallel with the coast to Te Puke, where it strikes the Maketu and Rotorua road almost at right angles. The Rotorua road at this point makes a direct track inland for Rotorua, following closely the course of the Kaituna river to its source in Lake Rotoiti, and passing over the low piece of ground which separates Rotoiti from Rotorua. For eleven miles or so past this point the road lies along the margin of Rotorua, past Te Ngae Mission Station to Ohinemutu, which lies at the southern extremity of the lake. Much interesting agri-

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cultural country is passed on this route; and on reaching Rotorua you at once commence your acquaintance with the region of hot springs, for columns of steam rise in this direction and in that, and occasionally the breeze brings with it very perceptible whiffs of sulphur vapour.

The Te Puke road may be somewhere about 52 miles long, and there are two relays of horses for the distance. The Oropi, or 18-mile-bush, road is only about forty miles in length, but there is no opportunity of changing horses, though the way is very rough and heavy upon cattle. For the first thirteen miles—between Tauranga and Oropi—the road is excellent. About three miles from the town the coach passes through the Gate Pah, and shortly afterwards, turning sharp to the left, continues to wind its way between fresh, if somewhat monotonous, fern-hills—now near the level of the Waimapu, and again looking down from the height upon its glancing water. To the right, if you ask him, the driver will point out the spot where the battle of Te Ranga was fought, when the 43rd and 68th Regiments took ample vengeance on the Ngaiterangi for the disaster of the Gate Pah. As the coach nears Oropi and gets on to elevated ground it commands a fine view of plains, valleys, and hills bearing a rich crop of tutu and bracken. Some of the hills bear very evident marks of having at one time been occupied by Maoris, and the steep and regular escarpments that crown the summits suggest the labor and skill which the natives in days gone by brought to bear upon their fortifications, before Hongi revolutionized the art of war.

At Oropi the coach enters the 18-mile bush. The road is one of the roughest; the hills are numerous and steep; ruts are plentiful; and occasional stumps and stones add to the general unpleasantness. With a good carriage and horses, however, and a careful driver, those discomforts may

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be reduced to such a degree as to make the journey quite bearable, at least to anyone in fairly sound health. Invalids are strongly advised by Dr. Lewis to travel with an air cushion. "Ladies would do well," says Dr. Lewis, "to bring a pillow, as the back rail of a coach is not comfortable for a lady's back to lean against." Those who are not familiar with bush scenery will find the discomfort of travelling by this route more than counter-balanced by the novelty and beauty of the scenery through which they pass. The massive outline and drooping tassels of the rimu, the picturesque beauty of the birches, the rata with its scarlet blossoms and its rugged, twisted trunk, the graceful parachutes of the tree ferns, the soft luxuriance of the underwood and grasses by the roadside, and other pretty and attractive features of our woodland scenery will delight the eye that sees them for the first time, and divert the attention, in some measure, from the unpleasantness of ruts and corduroy. Bush scenery is never seen at its best from a level road. It is when they hang on a steep slope high overhead, or pave with their tops the depths of some ravine, that forest trees are seen to most advantage. On reaching the Mangarewa Gorge we find all the conditions for seeing New Zealand forest at its best. Elsewhere in the Oropi Bush there is monotony, the road being shut in on each side as if by a hedge of lofty trees—each tree beautiful in itself, but presented at exactly the same angle as its neighbour. But the Gorge is superb—what there is of it: unfortunately it is too soon passed. As the horses take their way down the steep track, cut in places out of the solid rock, the eye ranges with delight over the sea of rich and varied foliage that rolls in waves of loveliest green for miles along the opposite slopes. As we descend to the bottom of the ravine where the bridge spans a creek, bound with its tribute of cool water to join the Kaituna, the rocky

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sides of the gorge close in like a towered gateway. The creek loiters in dark pools, shaded by the thick leaves of the fingered aralia, and fringed with filmy ferns that love the darkness. By and by we wind along the edge of a torrent that makes music among its boulders; whilst on our right rises the sheer wall of a cliff, giving foothold to shrubs and ferns and mosses innumerable.

It will be a kindness to the horses to alight at the little bridge which spans this stream where the ascent begins, and take the way on foot up the long hill to the summit. In this way you will have an opportunity of observing at your leisure the wonderful beauty of a ravine, covered, as to its sides, with that loveliest of New Zealand trees—the Birch, or more properly, the Beech, for it is a *fagus*, not a *betula*. The young bark has something of the nut-brown varnish, and its leaves have something of the form, of the European birch; but here the resemblance ceases. Instead of the pliant, lissome, and generally feminine look of the English tree, the New Zealand birch is rigid, stately, sombre, and masculine in appearance. The column of the trunk shoots up like a mast, sending out branches which carry massive loads of dark foliage, and which have a tabular or shelf-like shape, like those of a Lebanon cedar. Sometimes, very often indeed at this spot, an additional charm is added to the birch, when the small myrtle-leaved rata clings to the trunk, and clothes it with a coat finer in its weft than the finest cut ivy. If the sunlight is playing hide-and-seek in the ravine below, and you are tired with the ascent, you may lay yourself down beneath the shade of a wide-spreading beech and watch the shadows—till the coach overtakes you. After this the interest in the bush is likely to flag. It is with a sense of relief that one finds one's self leaving the last stunted outposts behind, after being confined so long between two

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green walls; and the first glimpse of Rotorua and of the steep terrace of Ngongotaha is welcome. Ohinemutu is visible in the distance at the south end of the lake, a good ten miles away; but as the road is level, this part of the way should soon be covered, if the horses are at all fit for their work. The peculiar nature of the region into which we now enter is indicated by the steam clouds which appear in the distance. A small Maori village and a few isolated whares lie on the left. Springs of the clearest water seem plentiful near the lake; and a creek is crossed about eight miles from Ohinemutu, the water of which has quite an extraordinary transparency. As the coach nears the township of Ohinemutu, and drives past the post-office, up towards the hotels, it passes between steaming pools in which the copper urchins of the place, all innocent of the decencies, are disporting themselves. If a tolerably early start has been made from Tauranga, the coach ought to arrive in time for six o'clock dinner; and the 18-mile bush will have failed in one of its special functions if it has not given a wholesome fillip to the appetite.

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# CHAPTER XIX.

## OHINEMUTU.

HOTELS.—Lake House, 12s. per day, or £4 per week; private sitting-room, 30s. per week. Palace Hotel and Morrison's Hotel, 10s. per day.

BATHS.—At Sulphur Point: single baths, 6d.: if a dozen are taken, 4d. each. At Lake House: ordinary mineral bath, 6d. each; sulphur bath, 1s.

CARRIAGE AND HORSE-HIRE.—Saddle Horse, 10s. per day; Double buggy and driver, £2 per day; Single (driving self), £1; or with driver, 30s. per day.

SERVICE OF BOATS.—Large boat to hold eight, manned, £2; smaller boat, 25s. If an excursion were made to Rotoiti and other smaller lakes, a party of eight would pay probably about 15s. per head per day. This would not include rations.

PLACES OF INTEREST.—*Ohinemutu Pah and Boiling Springs, Sulphur Point* (many wonderful boiling springs), *Tikitere, Whakarewarewa* (mud cauldrons and sulphur springs), *Lake Rotokawau, Mokoia Island and Hinemoa's Bath, The Ngae Mission Station.*

In choosing an hotel at Ohinemutu, the traveller will be guided by his own wants. All three hotels are fairly good. If the visitor attaches much importance to the situation of the hotel, Lake House is the one to choose. It commands a most enchanting view of Rotorua and the Island of Mokoia. On a still night when a great fan of moonlight quivers on the water, away towards the island, the view from the drawing-room verandah is one of the loveliest. The baths, too, are better here than at the other hotels. There are several enclosed hot baths with cold showers; and, besides the ordinary hot baths, there is a sulphur bath of extra strength,

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the water for which is derived from an exceedingly dirty and unctuous boiling spring at the bottom of the garden. Everything is clean and comfortable inside the house. The drawing-room is an unusually spacious and airy room, with an exceedingly beautiful outlook. The table is fairly good, the only noticeable deficiency being a want of fresh fruit. The liquors supplied are good. The greatest drawback to the comfort of Lake House is the smallness of the bedrooms, which are just large enough to turn in. If Mr. Kelly's house has not the excellent situation of Lake House, it has the advantage of being cheaper, and of having roomier bedrooms. What has been said as to the internal economy of Lake House applies also here. Belonging to the hotel there is a hot bath which the guests are free to use; and visitors are driven down, if they desire it, to the government baths. In addition to his hotel business, Mr. Kelly keeps a livery-stable, so that buggies or saddle horses are generally obtainable. He has also boats on the lake, and so can accommodate those desirous of visiting Mokoia or Rotoiti. Mrs. Morrison's Hotel is a well conducted house, having this advantage over the others, that it is quieter and generally less crowded.

Having determined upon your hotel, and dined, advantage may be taken, if time is an object, of the remaining day-light to examine the very interesting vicinity of the township. If you put up at Lake House, a walk to the foot of the garden will at once introduce you to the wonderful phenomena of this district. The bubbling and gurgling and hissing that go on inside and outside the fence are at first somewhat confusing. You hardly know where to stand to be safe; but very soon you learn to distinguish the firm from the treacherous earth. Go through the little side gate, and a few steps warily taken over the boiling ground, will lead you on to the native pah, situated on a narrow tongue of land.

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running out into Rotorua. Cauldrons lie on each side of the path—sometimes on the very edge of it. Some are bubbling and boiling, some gently simmering, some rushing suddenly above ground and then sinking, with a swish and gurgle, back again into the steaming orifice. From some of the boiling springs the water is led in ducts to form reservoirs for various purposes—washing, bathing, and so on. You see a party of squaws approach, with the swinging gait which Maori women affect; they make for a row of flagstones in front of a whare, and flop. This is their warming-pan; the genial nether heat makes its way up through the stones, and they are sitting on a gridiron, where they pass away the hours in the pleasures of conversation and tobacco. As you advance, you turn your head in the direction whence proceed sounds of animated talking and merriment, and you see a steaming pool with two or three copper heads floating on the surface, a pipe in each mouth—another social gathering where warmth, conversation, and tobacco supply at once comfort and amusement. By-and-by you are in the narrow lanes, three or four feet wide, which are the streets of this Maori town, leading on to the public square in front of the *whare-puni* or carved house of the settlement. The *whare-puni*, (literally, the "sleeping-house"), is the public hall of the *hapu* or sub-tribe, where visitors from other tribes are entertained, and where important meetings of all kinds are held. Most Maori villages, however small, have a *whare-puni* of some kind more or less pretentious, distinguished from the ordinary whare by its greater size and by the wood-carving, sometimes highly elaborated, sometimes rude and unfinished, which invariably adorns the beams and supports. The *whare-puni* at Ohinemutu is perhaps one of the best to be found in the more easily accessible parts of Maoridom. It is a building of some 40 by 20 feet, built of weather-

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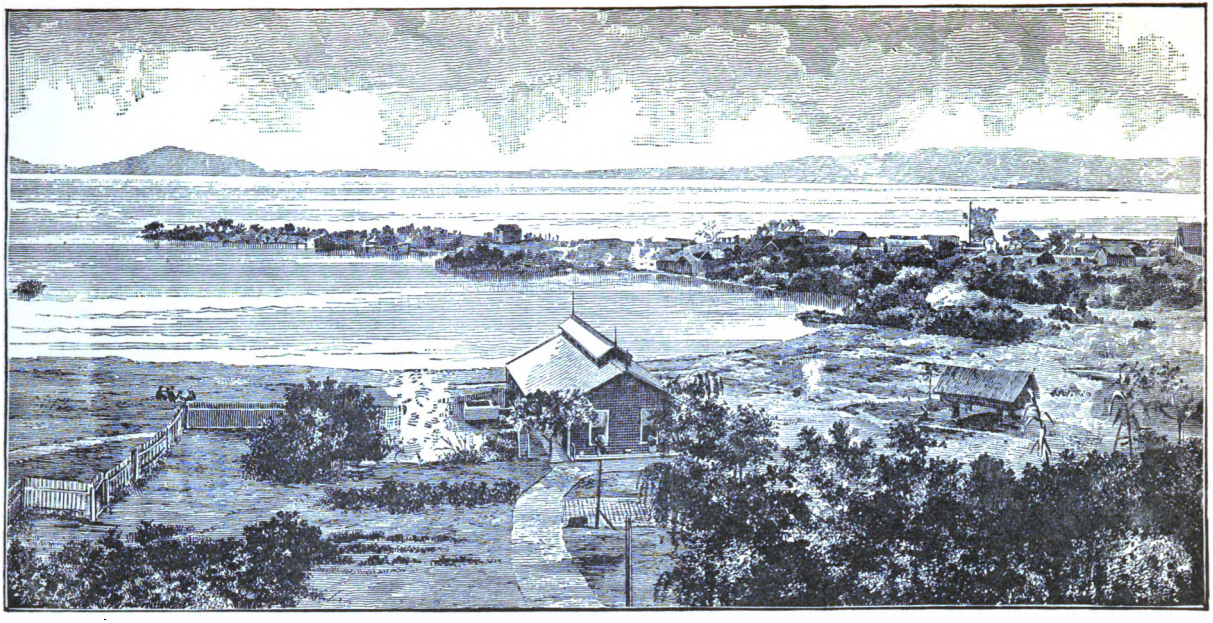

**OHINEMUTU ON LAKE ROTORUA.—VIEW OF NATIVE PORTION.**
*From a Photograph by C. Spencer, Tauranga.*

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boarding and roofed with zinc, by no means so picturesque in appearance as some ruder buildings in less populous pahs, where the sides are of raupo lined with toi-toi, and the roof of raupo or rushes. The front elevation, however, of the building at Ohinemutu is an interesting example of Maori architecture and carving. The whare is an oblong span-roof shed, the roof and sides being carried some ten feet or so beyond the gable, in which is placed the door. This projection serves as a sort of verandah or portico, and is fenced in from the ground in front by a wooden wall, some three feet high, running across from side to side. There is no gate to this wooden barrier; but a breadth of a few feet on the right of the doorway is made sufficiently low to admit of its being easily stepped over. A post rises from the middle of this barrier to support the ridge-pole, having for its base one of those grotesque Maori images which are endlessly repeated, with slight variations, in all Maori carvings—the head large, with lolling tongue, and with goggle-eyes made from the iridescent mutton-shell *(Haliotis)*, the body long and narrow, the arms bent, with the elbows projecting at a sharp angle, the three-fingered hands placidly folded on the stomach with a ludicrous suggestion of "ka-pai," the thighs knobby and ill-shaped, and the nether extremities generally, vague and undefined. Such an effigy forms the base of the pillar which supports the ridge-pole of the Ohinemutu *whare-puni*, and another still more grotesque surmounts the pole, taking the place of the little pinnacle with which Europeans finish off the gables of their wooden houses. The two broad and massive slabs of wood which form the two uprights on which rest the beams which slope from the ridge-pole to the walls, as well as the beams themselves, and the low wooden wall forming a barricade in front, are lavishly ornamented with

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carving of a fantastic Arabesque pattern. Horrible goggle-eyed monsters—the ancestors of the tribes—writhe and twine amongst each other with bewildering intricacy of design; whilst in odd juxtaposition with such uncouth conceptions, may be seen a simple and tasteful scroll-border, rivalling in design and execution the delicate tracery of an Etruscan vase. Every beam, indeed every available wooden surface, is rich with massive carving or intricate tattooing.

If you step over the low wooden barricade in front and enter the whare—which you may do without let or hindrance—what you see inside will depend on the time of your visit. At no time does the interior present a very cleanly appearance. Visiting it in the evening you may possibly find family groups of the interesting population gathered in festive circles round the family tin-basin and black kettle. The tin-basin contains an unsavoury looking mess of pipis or whitebait; the kettle is filled with weak tea, which the family party drink from tin mugs (two or three drinking from one mug) to the accompaniment of thick slices of bread and great gobbets of cured fish. Their food, such as it is, seems plentiful enough, for the viands lie scattered about in profusion over the earthy floor—though the fragments are carefully gathered at the end of the meal and put away for another time. In the interior of the whare is more carving, the walls being decorated at regular intervals with slabs of carved "ancestors."

The open space in front of this Hôtel-de-ville is the fashionable rendezvous and promenade of the pah; and, seated on the low barricade of the portico, you may watch for hours the curious life of this interesting people. In distinctiveness of physiognomy and character, even the stranger, ignorant of their language, soon perceives that they are no whit inferior to their Aryan invaders. The belle and

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woman of fashion is a tall stalwart woman, with a massive, heavy face and the shoulders of a grenadier. The plentiful blue-black hair, carefully combed, falls down over her neck in heavy masses, or, if it is wiry and irrepressible, radiates in a frizzy glory round the head. The lady of distinction is careful of her dignity, moves with a stately stride, holds her head well back, and swings the arms with an easy rhythmical motion, somewhat manly perhaps, but not ungraceful in a Maori woman. In dress, no less than in pose, she is impressive. It may be a scarlet tunic and black skirt that she wears, or a black tunic and scarlet skirt, or it may be a striped plaid of many colours, thrown back from the shoulders and falling down to the heel in easy folds—but, whatever it is, it is something distinguished, and the envy of her more plebeian sisters. Some of the women have a worn and slatternly appearance, more especially the older women, their one consolation in life seeming to be tobacco. The men seem less lively than the women. Octogenarians, with faces like a bit of the carved wood on the front of the whare-puni, squat down in the forum, rolled up in the folds of a blanket, looking stolidly before them or watching the pranks of the youngsters. Those old Maoris are unpleasantly fond of shaking hands with the white stranger. Whether it is the helplessness and loneliness of old age, which amongst the Maoris is very unlovely, that makes them thankful for the notice even of an alien, or whether it is from the garrulousness of second childhood, those aged Maoris are much more affable and courteous than the younger men of the tribe, who are often shy and reserved, and sometimes sullen. Most of those lack-lustre and passive old fellows who sit like heathen idols in the public places of the pah, will nod their mahogany heads on your approach, shout a friendly "tena-koe" ("here you are!") and, if you choose to come to

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close quarters, will proceed to chatter to you as if you understood all they said. Not the least interesting features of a Maori village are the youths and children. Their animal spirits are as exuberant as those of the most robust Aryans. They are full of fun, as indeed are their elders, and chase and tease each other good-naturedly with much shouting and laughter.

Opposite the public hall is a curious carved flag-staff, fenced off with a circular paling. From the open space in front of the *whare-puni*, various small lanes lead in between the whares. Each whare is surrounded by a garden, carefully cultivated, stocked with vegetables, and fenced in with a high manuka palisade, the entrance being in most cases a low stile. As you head your way along these lanes you will see many family parties squatting, each in front of its own particular residence, and if the weather is warm, in most unblushing *négligé*. Here also you will form acquaintance with the Maori dog—an animal *sui generis;* not that he is of a different genus or even of a different species from the European dog, for he is all European dogs in one. The real old Maori dog—the dog which was so plentiful in Cook's time, and which, during his convalescence, he enjoyed so much as fresh meat—is extinct, or at any rate so diluted with infusion of European blood as not to be recognizable. But in his stead has arisen a certain non-descript animal—a mixture of all conceivable breeds—mangy, starved, depressed, and sullen. No two of these dogs are alike in size, shape, or colour—each differing from the other in proportion as mastiff, greyhound, terrier, or collie preponderates in his composition, but all having a common something, the result of similar conditions—cruelty and starvation. Sometimes you may come across one of those miserable brutes so emaciated as not to be able to stand.

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By taking the path to the left and skirting the little peninsula, you come to the general cooking place of the village—a shallow square tank of clear boiling water, the bottom paved with pipi shells. Possibly you may find one or two Maoris cooking their food, which in this wonderful community is a very simple matter. The kit of pipis or potatoes is hung in the boiling water in one corner of the tank, and, when sufficiently cooked, is discussed on the edge of the spring or elsewhere; whilst a kettle in the same way is soon brought to the boil by being set in the boiling water. Should anyone be curious to taste the classic pipi, any Maori who happens to be cooking will be delighted to share the dainty with him.

By continuing along the shore, through some manuka scrub, the point of the peninsula is soon reached. Here one is forcibly reminded of the danger of walking on this very treacherous ground, by the sight of a little grave-stone erected to the memory of Ellen Hinemoa Wilson, a child who met her death by falling into a boiling hole in her father's garden. Tradition has it that this peninsula was at one time much larger than at present, and that it subsided into the lake in the course of a single night, carrying with it the whares built on it. Even now a number of posts, with rudely outlined human faces, are standing, and have stood time out of mind—the only remains of what must at one time have been the fortifications of an extensive pah. The whole of the peninsula is very evidently a thin crust covering a mass of boiling water, the lake on each side being raised to a high temperature by the water that runs from the settlement or rises from the numerous springs at its own bottom.

To see the native settlement will be an agreeable evening or morning's saunter; and the walk may be

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repeated whenever a spare hour falls heavily on one's hands. Or if a survey of the settlement without exertion is desired, an excellent view of it, from the most picturesque point of view, may be had from the balcony of Lake House. On a soft sunny morning, for instance, after the relaxing pleasure of the baths, there is no better spot than this balcony on which to lounge and enjoy the "sweet-do-nothing." The settlement below is swarming with a lazy sort of life—Maori gentlemen sauntering about in morning undress (a modestly long cotton shirt); naked brown-skinned urchins chasing each other on the sandy beach; women in resplendent colours shouting to each other across the pah; Maori washerwomen, waist-high, lathering in Ruapeka Bay; a mother pig, with a dozen piganinnis in her train, industriously foraging and getting little; skulking dogs; basking cats—such are the animal elements of the picture seen from Lake House. The blue lake is seldom without its ripples; and craft of some kind are generally in sight, either a white-sailed sloop, carrying a freight of timber or of pleasure-seekers, or a canoe making from one point of the shore to another. In the middle distance rises the island of Mokoia, just a little dimmed by a thin film of haze; and far beyond, behind the long reaches of the lake which appear on either side of the island, the yellow bluff of the northern shore gleams in sharp relief against the bank of brown hills. To the left, on the west of the lake and beyond the Utuhina stream, Ngongotaha Mountain rises to a height of 2554 feet, and is crowned with luxuriant bush. On the other hand, away towards Tikitere and Rotoiti, stretches another chain—Whakapoungakau, 2524 feet in height. The outline of the shore, though on the whole very unbroken, has yet its little forelands—regular and rounded in outline—with all the appearance of artificial mounds. To

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the left is the prominent Kawaha foreland, and a little distance north of Ohinemutu, on the west shore of the lake, is Ouhata, whence Hinemoa took her plunge into the water; and indeed the stone from which she jumped is there to this day to witness to the truth of the story.

Sulphur Point, where is situated the Government township of Rotorua, lies about half a mile south-east of Ohinemutu. It is a flat point of land running out into the lake, covered, where it has not been reclaimed, by a scrubby growth of manuka. This tongue of land is the sanatorium ground of what will one day probably be a very considerable town. The flat land at the neck of the peninsula has been carefully surveyed and measured off into blocks of ¼ and ½-acre sections, the blocks being separated by streets, cutting one another at right angles. The town land embraces an area of some 600 acres, a trifle less than the acreage of Auckland; but, so far, only 125 acres have been subdivided for sale, the rest being reserved for subdivision as the growth of the city demands it. Ample provision has been made for the amusement and education of the township. The ground sloping back to the Pukeroa hill—some 100 feet above the lake level—has been set apart as a recreation reserve, and commands a full view of Ohinemutu, Rotorua, Mokoia, and other points of interest in the neighbourhood. The Government intends some day improving this reserve for the recreation of the Rotorua citizens, by making extensive plantations and laying it out in drives. Further reserves have been set apart for a Museum and Public Library, College, Grammar School, Government School, Post and Telegraph Office, Railway Station, Cemetery, and Hospital. Most of the sections are quarter-acres, but a few half-acre sections have been set aside for villa residences in the neighbourhood of the proposed

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Pukeroa Park. In the plans of Rotorua, even the suburbs have not been overlooked. Immediately adjoining the township a few suburban sections of 5 and 10 acres have been laid off; whilst outside these again provision has been made for farms of 40 and 60 acres. The land is not freehold, but is let on leases for ninety-nine years, under arrangements made by the Government with the native proprietors of the soil. The Government has appointed an able medical officer, Dr. Lewis, as Sanitary Superintendent, whose duty it will be to superintend the management of the baths, to give advice at the usual charges to visitors who may desire it, to record cases in his experience for the information of those who may contemplate trying the baths, and generally to make such observations as will lead to a more certain knowledge of the therapeutic properties of the various springs. A hospital, with accommodation for about twenty patients, is now in course of erection for the reception of such as may wish to be close to the springs and under the immediate care of the medical attendant. It is intended also by the Government that gratuitous medical attendance should be given to such patients as may be sent here at the expense of hospitals and other charitable institutions in the various parts of the Colony. The Government hospital will be divided into various parts, for paying and non-paying patients, men and women. The charges are not yet fixed; but they will be as low as is found remunerative. A dispensary and consulting-room have also been opened close to the baths where, at stated hours, the medical officer will be in attendance to dispense medicines and give advice.

It will be seen that the plan of Rotorua has been made with great foresight and attention to detail. So far the scheme has not prospered so much as it deserves, the only

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buildings as yet erected being the residence of the medical attendant, the baths, and the hospital. Whether the township will ever reach the dimensions contemplated by the Government is very doubtful. It will require much more than the resources to be derived from even the largest possible influx of visitors in search of health to maintain a town of the proposed size of Rotorua; and it is difficult at present to see to what other resources a town pitched in this locality can look.

There is no doubt, however, that under energetic and skilful management Rotorua ought to become a very prosperous sanatorium, drawing a revenue from all corners of the world. The powerful smell of sulphur that pervades its atmosphere will probably prevent its ever becoming the resort of mere pleasure-seekers; but invalids who derive benefit from its springs will make very light of this inconvenience, associated as it is with the delight of returning health. In order to make Rotorua a success three things are essential—easy access, good accommodation for invalid travellers, and wide and well-sanctioned advertisement of the curative properties of its springs. When the railway from Waikato by Morrinsville to Rotorua is formed, the first of those three conditions will be met. The question of accommodation for invalids has already to some extent been met by the erection of a hospital close to the most famous springs, and of very convenient and comfortable covered baths. The famous spring known as The Priest's Bath has been enclosed and furnished with comfortable dressing-rooms. Besides the *al fresco* basins—one for each sex—a handsome pavilion has been erected, containing twelve baths, with attendants' room and waiting-rooms. One side has been specially reserved for women—the apartments on this side being

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furnished with two baths, so that the pleasures of society and conversation can be combined with the luxury of immersion in hot mineral water. Next in importance to The Priest's Bath (so called from the complete cure effected by its waters on a Roman Catholic priest who sojourned for some time in its neighbourhood) comes that known as Madame Rachel's Bath, from the notion that those who wash in it are made beautiful for ever. This is an immense cauldron of blue water, gently boiling and fearful to look down into, for its very transparency impresses you with its tremendous depth. The water is led off by a duct into a bath at some distance from the spring, having time to cool to the proper temperature before it reaches its destination. In a short time, no doubt, the same comforts and conveniences will be arranged round Madame Rachel's Bath as round the Priest's. At present the cauldron is carefully fenced round; but admission to see it may be obtained by application to Dr. Lewis. Oruawhata is another clear boiling cauldron whose waters have their peculiar properties. Indeed the whole of Sulphur Point is full of boiling and steaming holes, differing as much in appearance as in chemical composition. For instance, here in an open space amidst the scrub, the centre of a small flat of saponaceous mud, is the muddy-looking pond called the White Sulphur Bath, giving out, it is said, a peculiar anæsthetic gas which produces on certain constitutions an effect much the same as that of laughing-gas. "The Pain-killer" is one of those fanciful names which have been lavishly given to the springs of this point—a name bestowed in this instance probably on account of the colour, the water being very dusky—or, it may be, on account of the efficacy it is said to have in curing rheumatism. Round by the shore of Arikiroa Bay are those curious cup-shaped sulphur eminences, some of which

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have been called by visitors the "Sulphur Cups," others the "Cream Cups." Altogether, the examination of the wonders of Sulphur Point would occupy a whole day, if one happens to have that amount of time to give it.

It will be interesting and useful to have the opinion of Dr. Lewis on some of the Sulphur Point Baths. Dr. Lewis has had ample opportunities of studying the effects of the springs on various diseases, and therefore his opinion must necessarily carry great weight. Of Te Pepunitanga (Priest's Bath) Dr. Lewis says :—

"It has a most powerful action on the skin, causing redness of the whole surface immersed, and in some cases causing a small vesicular eruption of the skin. A curious fact that patients have observed is its astringent action on the skin, which is quite contrary to the effect of an ordinary warm bath. As before observed, sulphuretted hydrogen is given off by this water, and some cases have come under my notice in which fainting has been caused by its inhalation. That sulphur is absorbed into the system by the use of this water is proved by the fact that after removal from the locality silver worn on the person is still blackened. On few has it a purgative effect, but there are cases on record in which some diarrhœa has resulted. I apprehend this is the result of an increased flow of bile, which I am led to believe is the case from the benefit that bilious and dyspeptic patients have received from bathing in this water, and also from the change produced in the colour of the stools. In a case of locomotor ataxy, which was treated by this bath and one of the hepatic sulphurous ones for a course of six weeks, a crop of boils was induced. Of one fact I am assured : that is, that it acts as a tonic and alterative generally, and it has an eminently stimulating effect on that organ, so often at fault with obscure symptoms, the liver. This water has the power of destroying the *Acarus scabiei* with rapidity. I have seen in a short time a most severe case of scabies in a Maori completely cured by repeated bathing in this spring. That the vegetable parasitic affections of the skin will be benefited by the use of these waters I also hope to be able to prove soon. This water, as will be seen from the analysis, is not fitted for taking internally on account of the amount of free sulphuric acid it contains. One very similar

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wa'er was taken by a curious tourist, who, to his pain, discovered its astringent qualities. It was beneficial, however, in a case of relaxed sore-throat, when employed as a gargle."

Of Whangapipiro (Rachel's Bath) Dr. Lewis says :—

"It has received its name from the fact of its rendering the cuticle so soft and pliable as to resemble to some the enamelling process of the celebrated 'beautifier.' The luxury, for it is such, of bathing in this water is due to its softness, and to the amount of silicic acid and silicates that it contains. When the body is immersed a gloss is given to the skin which is most characteristic of the alkaline silicious waters in the district. As the water flows from the spring, which is a deep, clear cauldron, at a temperature of about 174° Fahr., it deposits a steel-grey coating of silica on the bed of the stream in the form of a rock. By this process the beautiful terraces at Rotomahana have been formed, one of which is white, the other being slightly tinged pink, due to a small amount of iron oxide in solution. This class of water, of which Whangapipiro is a typical example, has been employed principally in the treatment of gout, gouty arthritis, chronic rheumatism, rheumatoid arthritis, and forms of myalgia, especially lumbago of a rheumatic kind; also sciatica. For these complaints, and many others too numerous to mention, invalids have alternated the use of the alkaline waters with the hepatic sulphurous, of one of which I append an analysis as a type.

"The cases which seem most benefited by their use are those semi-convalescent from the acute forms of rheumatism and gout. These, as a rule, rapidly improve after a few days, and make good recoveries; but the chronic cases take a far longer time than patients will or can give to their treatment, as a rule, so far. It is only due to these waters to state that, though they have not removed synovial fringes, nor relaxed anchylosed joints, to my knowledge, still they appear in many cases to reduce fluid in joints, and they certainly eradicate that wearing pain which is so harassing at times to the rheumatic and gouty, when their use is persevered in. Of the action of this water when taken internally I cannot yet speak with certainty. Several cases of lumbar and sciatic myalgia produced in miners who have been employed in the damp mines on the west coast of the South Island of New Zealand have been cured by the use of a strongly silicious water in the form of a heavy douche."

"It is ridiculous," adds Dr. Lewis, "to state that one bath

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will cure one thing, and one another. With care almost any bath may be used with safety; but I strongly deprecate persons bathing alone."

TIKITERE, WHAKAREWAREWA, AND MOKOIA.

The order in which the various places of interest round Ohinemutu should be examined admits of variation. Much will depend on incidental circumstances, such as the possibility of making up a party, broken weather, and so on. A visit to Tikitere and Whakarewarewa will make an excellent day's work. The necessary vehicle to convey the party may be had at one of the various livery stables, and had better be bespoken at least the day before. A good lunch will be prepared and suitably packed at the hotel, and a comfortable start can be made after breakfast, so as to allow of being back in time for six o'clock dinner. The best plan will be to drive first to Tikitere and take Whakarewarewa on the way back, when the buggy may be sent on at once to Ohinemutu, leaving the party to walk back from Whakarewarewa to the hotel. The way to Tikitere lies along the south shore of the lake past the Government baths at Sulphur Point, and then along the east shore by the Maketu road. Whakarewarewa may be seen steaming away to the right, distant from Ohinemutu about three miles. No road can be easier to follow than that to Tikitere. It keeps along the shore of the lake, for about seven miles, till the interesting old mission station Te Ngae is reached. Up to this point the features of the road are interesting only because a bold range lies to the right and the waters of the lake roll away to the left—the plateau which stretches along the shore being a monotonous stretch of manuka scrub and bracken. On this account the lovely soft greenery of the old Mission Station is only the more pleasant, the wilderness of sweetbriar, and the shady arches

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of the acacia avenue, beautiful in themselves, having their beauty enhanced by the sombre and inhospitable appearance of the surrounding country. In this peaceful and still lovely spot, reminding one of that other deserted village where "many a garden flower grew wild," the Rev. Thomas Chapman for forty years laboured as a missionary.

Some little distance past Te Ngae, after crossing a somewhat difficult creek, the buggy leaves the main road and turns off to the right up a very pleasant valley towards the Tikitere springs. With the exception of one or two breakneck hills, this is a pleasant part of the drive, and by and by the Tikitere valley is reached, about three miles from the point where the track diverges from the main road. It is well to see Tikitere; no other spot in the hot-water region of New Zealand is at all like it. In its Dantesque horror and sublime desolation it is unapproached. It is not that the whole valley is blasted and abominable. The neighbouring hills are softly rounded and covered with ferns; on one side stands a tract of magnificent bush; and in the distance a cascade of hot water falls over a ledge of rock. But any beauty in the surroundings only emphasises the Stygian blackness of the fierce boiling waters that surge and whirl in countless cauldrons over the bottom of the valley.

The Tikitere springs may be said to occupy three levels. On the first and lowest is Huritini, which might be called a lake rather than a spring. This is the most dreadful of many dreadful springs in this valley. A sulphurous cloud hovers over the surface, but blows aside now and then, allowing the swirling water to be seen. The colour is that of muddy coffee. The crater in which Huritini rises is irregular in shape, the silicious deposit and sulphur crust which form its sides projecting at places into, or over,

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the boiling water. Roughly estimated, the diameter may be from 50 to 60 feet. Over its whole surface it is violently agitated. When the steam-clouds clear off for a moment, the water is seen rising towards the centre of the crater in a boiling cone which rushes this way and that, lashing the sides with appalling fury. The ground round this and other mud-boilers is of an extremely treacherous character. A thin crust of pumice, mixed with sulphur, and occasionally overlaid with black mud, is all that separates the upper air from untold horrors down below, so that it is anything but safe to attempt the exploration of this locality without the services of a guide.

In the neighbourhood of Huritini are one or two raupo whares, one of which, under the management of Mr. McCrory, is of considerable size, and is let out at a reasonable figure to such invalids as may wish to benefit by the mineral waters of Tikitere. Mr. McCrory provides sleeping accommodation, and attends to the cooking; but visitors must supply their own provisions. The sulphur water of Huritini is led into a whare-bath, which visitors may use at the charge of 1s. per bath. Some invalids who have visited Rotorua for the sake of their health have declared the Tikitere waters to possess quite exceptional curative properties—more particularly in the case of rheumatic complaints.

On a level slightly above the Huritini spring is a plateau of mud boilers of a very horrible appearance. The ebullition in those springs is as violent as that of Huritini, but they are of much smaller diameter. They have deep sides of unwholesome-looking mud, and smell as only Tikitere can smell.

A path running along a low ridge of manuka lying to the west side of this plateau of solfataras leads to the third

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level of the valley, or rather into a second valley on a higher level. The entrance to this second valley is over a perpendicular wall of pumice, some twelve feet high, down which a hot stream descends in a divided cascade from one level to the other. This is the shower-bath of the place. A rough dressing-place of manuka, with a couch of ferns, has been run up beside it. Here the rheumatic patient in search of health may undress, and with one step place himself under the hot stream that pours, like dirty dish-water, over the pumice rock. On scaling this pumice wall, which is easily done, you find yourself in a second steaming valley, dismal enough in appearance, but not so Tartarean as the one below. Indeed the chain of solfataras continues, with more or less interruption, to Rotoiti, where the last of the series, Ruahine, has its crater on the sloping shore of this lake.

Retracing his steps to McCrory's whare, the visitor to Tikitere will now proceed to visit a scene of rare loveliness —not more than half an hour's walk from the horrors of Huritini. A path leading eastward, past the whares and through the short scrub, soon enters the piece of dense bush formerly mentioned, and, after following a winding and uneven course for something less than a mile, conducts one to the crest of a hill overlooking and surrounding Rotokawau, or Shag Lake—a small circular sheet of blue water deep down in its bed amongst the hills—the resort of all sorts of water-fowl, which seem here to find a retreat, undisturbed by gun or retriever. The path which leads to this beautiful little lake is an ideal bush-path. The tawa and rata trees which overshadow it admit only a few chequered gleams of sunlight; vines, and supplejacks, and parasitic ferns of many kinds choke the gnarled branches with their weight of green; the mouldering trunks of fallen trees give foot-hold

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to myriads of hepaticas, marchantias, fungi, and mosses; the filmy ferns that cover the ground luxuriate in the still moisture of perpetual twilight; and the cool water of a forest creek babbles along its sinuous bed, hidden from the eye by the tangle of creeping things that luxuriate on its banks. The path is thickly corded with the stout roots of various trees, which form, in places where the ground rises or falls, a kind of irregular staircase. About half way to the lake, on the right side of the path, may be seen a very remarkable specimen of the rata, in the very act of strangling its victim. This extraordinary tree commences life as a slender vine, clinging to the trunk of some other tree, something after the manner of ivy. As it gathers strength it throws out great arm-like roots, which hug the tree in a close embrace. The parasite goes on increasing in size, and slowly but surely chokes its nurse by growing round it, till at last the trunk of the foster-parent is completely enveloped by the rata, which stands now, self-supported, one of the largest and grandest of forest trees. The specimen in the Rotokawau bush is just at that stage when the parasite and its prey are about equal in size, and even to the least imaginative mind they cannot but suggest a struggle between some gigantic reptile and its victim. There is a strangely animate look about the murderous rata, and one almost shudders to see it twist its fatal coils round the limbs of its hapless Laocoon. Near the Tikitere side of the bush, close to a pleasant creek of good drinking water, is the usual lunching-spot, and a pleasant spot it is. The spreading parachutes of two silver ferns give a most refreshing shade; and after the hot and sulphurous experiences of the solfataras, one would like to linger long in this cool retreat. If the visit to Tikitere form the day's programme there is ample time to loiter; but if Whaka-

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rewarewa is also to be visited the horses must be again put to, and a start made on the return journey.

On reaching Whakarewarewa the conveyance may either wait until the geysers are inspected, or it may be sent on to Ohinemutu at once, and the return journey from Whakarewarewa (three miles) be made on foot. Whakarewarewa is a district of geysers, occupying the side of a hill which forms the right bank of the Puarenga Creek. On entering the settlement visitors are met by a native youth, who collects the dues (apparently a variable quantity, ranging from one shilling to half-a-crown a head) and points out the more remarkable springs. The number of the springs is very great. On entering the settlement the appearance it presents is that of a disused quarry, where hollows at various levels have been filled with muddy water. Following the guide through this series of sulphur baths to the rising ground, where stands the native village, we come to the general cooking-pot of the community—a clear blue boiling spring of enormous depth, with sides which serve as shelves on which to stand kettles or other cooking apparatus. Thence the path winds round under the hill amidst an infinite variety of strange sights, the enumeration and description of which would be tedious, as they are most of them similar to the hot-water phenomena at Ohinemutu, Sulphur Point, or Tikitere. It may be said, however, that next to Rotomahana and Wairakei, Whakarewarewa gives the most complete example of the various processes which characterise the hot-water district generally—silicious deposits like those at Rotomahana and Wairakei, mud cones, sulphur wells, boiling springs, and fumaroles. The great sight of this locality is the mound, or series of mounds, of sulphur and silica incrustations, of which the great geyser Waikiti

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forms the centre. The greatness of Waikiti must, however, generally be taken on trust, few being so fortunate as to see this geyser in operation. It is very shy—preferring early morning and the month of January for its time of exercise. It has now been quiescent for a long time, and most visitors will have to be satisfied with seeing the cleft from which the column of water rises when it deigns to play, and with hearing a certain ominous grumbling down in the depths, which, however, never comes to anything more. There is one geyser, however, to be seen rising from the top of a mound of silica and sending a considerable column of water up to the distance of four or five feet. The slabs of yellowish silica, tinged here and there more deeply with masses of sulphur crystals, are very beautiful, assuming many fantastic forms and presenting curious convolutions on the surface like a piece of madrepore coral. From the top of the Waikiti cone the best view may be had of the settlement, and of the Puarenga creek making its way along its deep bed by the west side of the village to Rotorua.

If the conveyance has been kept waiting visitors must retrace their steps back through the settlement to the point where they entered; but if a walk is preferred, there is, after crossing the creek by a plank, a short-cut which leads almost in a bee-line to Ohinemutu, and which the native guide will point out.

There is, as yet, no hotel at Whakarewarewa where invalids can stay to benefit by the baths, which are said to be very effective in the cure of rheumatic and cutaneous diseases. It is possible, however, to rent a whare from the Maoris at a few shillings a week; and those who do not object to cater for themselves may take advantage of the baths without having to undergo very great discomfort.

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A good many Europeans are found making a sojourn of this kind at Whakarewarewa in the summer months.

The only other trip from Ohinemutu that requires particular mention is that to Mokoia—the romantic island of the Hinemoa myth. The best plan is to make up a party of eight and hire a boat either from Mr. Taylor or Mr. Kelly. A boat to contain this number comfortably, with two men to manage it, costs about £2 the trip, or 5s. per head. For one person the fare is 30s. If the weather is at all fine — and the trip should not be undertaken in bad weather—the sail across Rotorua will be most enjoyable. The boat will put into a sheltered and most romantic cove at the south-east corner of the island. Here on the turf, in the shade of *coprosma* trees and flax bushes, under lee of a rock which gives foothold to many pretty ferns, is the best spot for luncheon, which had better be deferred till after the island has been explored. Of course the place of greatest interest in Mokoia is Hinemoa's Bath, which lies but a short distance from the landing-place, the way leading by a well-trodden path to the left. There are properly two baths, enclosed with upright slabs—the one tepid, the other hot. Here the boatman will relate to you the well-worn legend of Hinemoa, ancestress of the Ohinemutu natives—how the princess was the pride and beauty of her tribe on the opposite shore—how her love declined on the low-born Tutanekai, foster-son of Whakane, a chief of Mokoia; how she agreed to leave her home and fly to her lover; how, on hearing Tutanekai's flute, the signal for her flight, she found the canoes drawn high and dry upon the shore; how, supporting herself on gourds, she swam to the island through the cold waters of the lake; how she warmed herself by bathing in the hot spring by the shore; how

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she frightened Tutanekai's slave by breaking his pitcher when he came to fetch water for his master; how Tutanekai, enraged at the insolence of a stranger, rushed to the spring, club in hand, to punish the offender; how, on hearing her lover's voice, Hinemoa rose from the water "graceful as a heron"; and how Tutanekai spread his mat over her and took her home to be his wife—all these things the boatman will narrate, with suitable embellishments, as you stand by Hinemoa's bath.

The bath stands on the very edge of the lake at the foot of an open gully, pleasantly broken by clumps of karaka and other trees. A scramble to the top of the island—for it is really a hill rising out of the lake—will be rewarded with a magnificent view of the surrounding country. Away to the south-west is the dark ridge of Horo-horo, from the end of which, well-defined against the sky, stands out a sharp pinnacle of rock, believed to be the spirit of Hinemoa. To the north-east may be seen Roto-iti meandering amongst its many headlands; to the east, the little lake Rotomauiahia—its waters tinged to the brightest sulphur; whilst Ohinemutu, Sulphur Point, Te Ngae, and other features of the landscape lie all mapped out below. In walking along the terraces of the eastern shore, where the Maori whares and plantations lie thickest, you will come to a remarkably handsome young totara tree—that is, young in vigour—for it was brought from Taupo and planted here a sapling more than a century ago. The boatman, if he accompanies the party, will probably also point out a certain karaka, into the trunk of which some human bones have grown.

It should not be forgotten, in visiting Mokoia, that the island was the scene of one of the bloodiest invasions of the blood-thirsty Hongi. Thinking themselves secure

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in their fortress from an enemy who, they conceived, could have no vessels with which to reach the island, the natives of Mokoia rowed up and down the lake in the magnificently carved canoes for which they were famous, taunting the Ngapuhi on the further shore. But the indomitable Hongi had his canoes hauled up from Maketu and made the Mokoians pay dearly for their mocking. Rowing over to the island he shot down the defenceless natives, as in his ruthless slaughter at the Matakitaki pah. Taking the pah at the top of the hill, he killed and ate many of the natives, and when he left the island but few of its inhabitants remained alive.

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# CHAPTER XX.

## WAIROA.

Coach leaves Ohinemutu daily in the season for Wairoa (11 miles). Return fare, 15s. If it is desired, coach will drop passengers to visit Whakarewarewa *en route*.

HOTELS.—McRae's Rotomahana Hotel; Moncrieff's Terrace Boarding-house (no spirit license), 12s. per day.

From Wairoa the visitor proceeds to Tarawera Beach (1 mile), and taking a boat is rowed to Te Ariki (9 miles), fare 40s. for one person and at a sliding scale for every additional passenger—the boat hire for a party of eight being £5 10s. A tariff of 2s. 6d. per head is charged for the right to inspect the Terraces. For crossing Rotomahana in canoe from White to Pink Terrace and back to Tarawera, 10s. each. Return by the same route to Wairoa. Thence the coach conveys visitors back to Ohinemutu, and thence to Tauranga.

The wonders round Ohinemutu exhausted, the next trip to be thought about is that to Wairoa and the Terraces—*the sight* of the Hot Lake Country by pre-eminence. Here again it is better to make up a party before leaving the hotel at Ohinemutu, since to form one of a party makes the visit to the Terraces not only cheaper but more enjoyable. Eight is the proper number, this making one comfortable coach and boat load. Both Robertson's and Kelly's coaches ply to Wairoa, a coach being always available when there is a sufficiently large party bound for the Terraces; but generally, in the season, a coach runs from Ohinemutu to Wairoa daily. Of course, as the distance is only 11 miles, it may be covered either on horseback or on foot—those means

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of locomotion having this advantage, that they allow of leaving the road and exploring pretty spots off the main track. The road to Wairoa lies in a southerly direction from Rotorua. Skirting the Lake and passing Whakarewarewa on the right, the coach enters a winding cleft through the Whakarewarewa range, and, after passing through an exquisite piece of native forest, which forms an avenue of most grateful shade, comes out in full view of Tikitapu Lake—bluest of all the blue lakes of this district. Tikitapu is said to be always blue, whatever the weather may be—but this is probably exaggeration. At any rate in fine weather it is a fine sheet of water, banked round with high fern-covered or wooded hills. The coach keeps along the eastern edge of Tikitapu, and no sooner loses sight of that lake than it comes upon Rotokakahi, separated from Tikitapu by a long, low, and narrow ridge, over which it almost seems as if one might throw a stone from one lake to another. Rotokakahi is an oblong lake of a dull greenish colour, much less pleasant to look at than its sister lake, Tikitapu. At its further end is situated the island of Motutawa, covered with a green grove of karaka trees, whilst at the near end, along which the road lies, its surplus waters are carried down to Tarawera by the Wairoa stream. About a quarter of a mile from Rotokakahi the coach enters the Wairoa Settlement. There are two fairly comfortable houses in Wairoa at which strangers may put up—Moncrieff's Terrace Boarding-house and McRae's Rotomahana Hotel. Moncrieff's house has no license to sell spirits, and will be preferred by some on that account. McRae's house, however, is the larger and more frequented. The accommodation is good and the landlord very attentive to the wants of his guests, the great drawback to the house being the noise consequent on

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the crowds of Maoris that swarm about its doors and windows.

Anyone who makes the distance from Ohinemutu on horseback or on foot would do well to leave the main road and visit the beautiful little lake Okareka. The bush-track that leads to this lake leaves the main road just at the corner where it begins to skirt the eastern side of Lake Tikitapu, that is a few hundred yards from the spot where you first sight that lake. Anyone riding had better dismount, and lead his horse along the bush path. After emerging from the bush on to the lake he may re-mount and (if he has made an early start) follow the south shore of Okareka to the Waitangi Falls, where the surplus water of the lake, after running underground for some distance, falls into Lake Tarawera. Thence a track leads along the shores of Tarawera to Wairoa. It may interest some to know that in the season cherries may be had by the hundredweight on the banks of this lake, and are available for all who choose to gather them.

A few minutes' walk from either of the Wairoa hotels brings one to a singularly lovely spot—one of those places that owe their quaint and picturesque beauty to the efforts of the missionaries in bygone times to establish a comfortable home amongst the population they wished to christianize and civilize. Turning off to the left from the main road and passing through a thicket of the pseud-acacia, with its tremulous soft green foliage, a rough gate admits the traveller to a field in which stands the old mission church, a modest and homely enough building, covered, from base to belfry, with a luxuriant growth of ivy. The first sight of the ivy-covered building is a most agreeable surprise. Apart from its charm as a picture, one receives the impression—rare in the colonies—derived from the sight of an object

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sanctified by age: and the mind is carried back to the times of the pioneers, when life in New Zealand was not the tame affair it now is. On crossing the green paddock that surrounds the church, and entering another gate, you find yourself in the cabbage-tree avenue leading to the old parsonage, with its shingle roof and pointed gables and hop-covered porch—a fit counter-picture to the venerable church. Both parsonage and church are placed amidst surroundings of unspeakable loveliness and grandeur. The sheltering slopes of a wood-covered hill stretch away from behind; bold fern hills rise up in front and enclose the peaceful spot, except where, down below, Lake Tarawera rolls its broadening expanse of waters away to the far north, where Mount Edgcumbe looms in the misty distance. Large oaks and other English trees of fair dimensions stand here and there in the old-fashioned garden, which slopes down in unkempt luxuriance into a cherry grove, loaded in the season with bushels of ruddy fruit. By the courtesy of Captain Way, who resides at the parsonage, those who feel interested may see what the interior of an old mission-church is like. There is a beautiful view of the lake from the north window; and a very curious effect is produced by viewing the scene through the variously coloured glass.

The settlement of Wairoa has seen many vicissitudes during the last forty years. It was in 1845 that the veteran missionary, the Rev. G. M. Spencer, first took up mission work amongst the natives of this district at Kariri (Galilee), a strongly fortified settlement on the west shore of Tarawera Lake. In 1850 he commenced the present settlement of Wairoa, where, with the assistance of an old carpenter, he put up the parsonage already mentioned, utilizing for the purpose the best of the rimu timber which had been killed by the Maori cultivation fires. Te Wairoa

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was considered quite a model settlement. The land was laid off in half-acre fenced lots, each lot being occupied by one family. Mr Spencer instructed them in all useful industries, helping them to erect a church, school-house and mill, and encouraged them to plant English trees. At that time the Maoris grew a considerable quantity of wheat —two of their own people serving as millers. Wairoa saw its best days between 1856 and 1864, when the Maori war broke out and disturbed the peace of the settlement. In 1867 the native population retired to the more easily defended pah of Kariri, and did not return to Wairoa till 1873. During the war Mr. Spencer's family had to move three times; but the missionary himself, true to his colours remained throughout at his post. Mrs. Way, the present mistress of the parsonage, is Mr. Spencer's daughter, and is therefore well versed in the traditions and history of Wairoa. Since the war Wairoa has never recovered itself.

The Native School at Wairoa has been for the last seven years under the management of Mr. C. A. Hazard, who expresses himself in hopeful terms of the good being wrought amongst the native population by the native schools. There are at present over 60 children on the roll, many of whom come a considerable distance to attend school.

A path that diverges to the left from the gate of the church enclosure, leads out again on to the main road, which runs from the hotels to the shore of the lake. By crossing this road and mounting over a stile—the approach to a native whare—one reaches the brow of the hill looking down on Tarawera, from which point undoubtedly the best view of the lake is to be obtained. There it stretches away below, from the cluster of boat-houses where the Wairoa joins it, winding at first in a narrow bed between high wooded banks, here rounding a promontory, there receding into a bay,

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and at last expanding into a wide sea, bounded in the far distance by fern-covered hills, or cliffs feathered to the edge of the lake with clumps of massive foliage. The huge buttresses of the hills run sloping down to the water, breaking the shore into numerous bays, and concealing from the eye long reaches of the lake. This splendid sheet of water is changeable in expression as the human face. When all is clear overhead the lake shimmers and glistens in the sunlight, or reflects from its motionless depths the cloud-flecked blue of the skies. Every breath of wind sets the surface dimpling into a thousand ripples, and the tiny wavelets break upon the shore or on the outstanding boulders with a gentle lapping cadence very pleasant to the ear. If clouds float in the sky, the play upon the surface of the lake, as cloud chases cloud, is like the play of the wind on a barley-field. In close and sultry weather, when the clouds hang low, the water, still responding to the influence of sky and air, takes on a leaden colour and becomes dull, placid, and heavy. Large tracts, smooth and unctuous, like a surface of oil, are curiously broken by ruffled patches, which, for no perceptible reason, quiver and shiver as if with some agitation from beneath. In this smooth state the water gives back very perfect reflections of objects on its banks or floating on its surface; every rush and reed, every bunch of toi and bush of flax are seen double, and the floating shag —like the swan on sweet St. Mary's Lake—"floats double, shag and shadow." Repose like this is apt to be followed by a very ungentle mood. Beautiful as the lake is in sunshine it is yet more beautiful in storm. The Taniwha is angry, and Tarawera from end to end trembles with his wrath. Cloud drifts gather about the jagged trunk of Tarawera mountain, and angry gusts sweep down from above upon the lake. The waves curvet and fret, and run hissing to the shore, lashing

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the rocky bluffs and spouting their spray amongst the branches of the over-arching pohutukawas. This is very fine when seen from a point of vantage on the shore, though no doubt for boating purposes one prefers a placid surface and a fair breeze.

Standing on the brow of the hill down which is the descent to the boat-house and landing-place, one gets a most commanding bird's-eye view of this magnificent sheet of water. We are really standing on a ledge in the gully through which the Wairoa stream flows from Rotokakahi into Tarawera. At our standpoint this gully, or valley, narrows, and makes a very sudden descent to the end of the lake. The consequence of this sudden change in the gradient is that the water of the Wairoa is precipitated over a ledge of rocks about eighty feet high, and thence, for some hundreds of yards, by a series of smaller leaps over boulders, finds its way, along rough and steep inclines, to Tarawera lake, where its impetuous course is checked by luxuriant beds of raupo and rushes. Along this succession of falls and rapids the vegetation is rich and beautiful—forest trees, creepers, tree ferns, and mosses, overarching, climbing, creeping, hanging, and altogether forming a perfect arcade of greenery. By a somewhat steep path—which works out and in, now under an overhanging rock, now along a staircase of tree roots, and again past a spring of water, deliciously clear and cool, welling from a fissure in the rock—we at length get below and in front of the chief fall, where the Wairoa shoots down from its ledge of rock in a white block of water, dashing and breaking amongst the boulders, and rushing on to its destination in the lake in a succession of bounds and runs. A scramble down the course of the stream reveals many a pretty bit of water-play. By descending a short distance below the main fall and rounding

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a large rock that rises up from the edge of the stream, a good view may be had of a small but pretty rapid which many consider as well worth seeing as the water-fall itself.

By reaching Wairoa from Ohinemutu early in the afternoon, there will be time during the afternoon and evening for inspecting the various beauties of the neighbourhood, though it is interesting enough to repay a week of leisurely investigation. Few of those who are out for a holiday, however, have unlimited time at their disposal, and those who must economise their time will probably find one afternoon all they can spare for Wairoa. In this case the time will be well spent in visiting the old Mission Station and the waterfall, and in watching native life in the village itself. To those who have not seen much of Maori life, this settlement will be of great interest. The native population is not large, but for its size it displays great activity of a certain kind. On the arrival of a batch of visitors, the native population of both sexes and of all ages find themselves attracted to the hotel door as inevitably as steel to the magnet. Young men are lounging near the bar; boys and girls—their bodies half in at the parlour windows—coolly examine the newly-arrived "pakehas" who recline on easy chairs or sofas; and by-and-by, when the edge of strangeness has worn off, they will probably proceed to ask impertinent questions in their monosyllabic Maori-English. A gruff "Haere!" may disperse them for a moment, but they soon return to the charge; and when one detachment is tired, another eager batch is ready to take its place. A grass bank opposite the hotel door on the other side of the road is the spot where the ladies of the hapu hold their "afternoons." There in a semicircle, dressed in all the varied costumes of the fashion-plates, they sit in a posture peculiarly their own, knitting, sewing, nursing their babies, or doing nothing, just

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as inclination prompts them. Talk—apparently for the most part of a critical kind—is kept up without intermission, the subject of criticism being the pakehas, as long as a pakeha is within reach. An unusually bright sally of wit is indicated by a chorus of guffaws of various intonations, from the rippling laugh of the young *wahine*, to the toothless cachinnation of the aged squaw. The strange pakeha is necessarily the subject of curiosity and speculation. One pakeha is assumed to be equally wealthy with another, the presumption being that only people with abundance of money in their pockets would think of going so far for mere sight-seeing. The only consideration that remains—in itself, however, a very important one—is to what extent the pakeha may be induced to part with his cash, or to stand treat for beer, it being well apparent to the intelligent Maori that individuals differ in this respect.

The staple amusement for visitors to Wairoa is the *haka* dance, performed by the natives of the village for a certain remuneration. It is very open to question whether the *haka*, even in its ordinary form, is a thing to be encouraged amongst the natives. If it could only be disassociated from the beer-drinking which, almost invariably, more or less accompanies it, it would do little harm either to the visitor who looks on, or to the native who takes part in it, whilst it is undoubtedly a most curious and interesting sight to the European who sees it for the first time. There is, however, an extraordinary form of the dance which the natives are not unwilling to perform for a more substantial remuneration, but which, to judge from certain hints dropped as to its character, must be of a very gross and demoralising nature.

One of the first questions, then, asked by the native loungers is whether the pakehas will have a *haka*. If the

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white visitors will have a *haka* of course they must pay for it, the price being thirty shillings, and refreshments for the performers. When the *haka* is announced, there is quite a bustle amongst the young folks, whilst the old tattooed men and women crouch in the gathering dusk before their whares, smoking their pipes and chatting or looking wisely silent. The young men and women retire to their toilet, and come forth by-and-by arrayed in evening costume—the women dressed, as a rule, in white, with a shawl or sash of some gay colour wrapped artistically round them, and the young men in tweed trousers and cotton or woollen shirts. The Master of the Ceremonies is a powerful and athletic young fellow of twenty-six or thereabouts, who makes all arrangements for the dance, assigns the dancers their places, indicates the proper gestures, and conducts the music.

When all is in readiness for the dance, a young man with good lung-power stands in the street and, in a loud chanting voice, summons the performers to their work. The pakehas saunter down to the village, escorted by the full force of the population—a perfect Babel of chattering and laughter—cross a Maori stile and enter the whare-puni (literally "the sleeping-hut"), which is the assembly hall of the hapu, and is decorated with all the skill and wealth at their command. The carving on the Wairoa whare-puni is not so lavish as in some which may be seen in the lake district; but the natives point with considerable complacency and pride to the carved three-fingered monsters with lolling tongues, whose eyes glare—not with the nacreous iridescence of the mutton-fish shell, as in ordinary whares—but with the genuine metallic lustre of half-sovereigns, florins, shillings, and sixpences.

Enter the whare and take up the easiest position you can invent on the mats which are spread for you over the

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clay floor. A crowd of urchins of both sexes tumble in before and after you, and the elderly and aged, in all stages of decrepitude, crawl in and crouch together along the side of the building, as close as they can conveniently pack themselves, leaving, however, ample room for their white guests to sit either tailor-fashion or in a reclining attitude, as they feel most comfortable. The inside of a whare-puni, at the best of times, is neither cheerful, clean, nor well ventilated; but at night, when the dull raupo lining is lighted up by the dim gleam of two sputtering candles, which serve but to make the darkness visible, and you see crouching beside you dark forms grotesquely tattooed and hideous with age, or restless black-haired imps with eyes that flash like diamonds in the dark, you might be excused if you fancied yourself for a moment in some circle of the damned. Presently the dancers, thirty men and thirty women, troop in and arrange themselves in two rows along the vacant side of the building—the women in front, the men behind. They seem to be arranged pretty much in order of merit—the best dancers being towards the top of the whare, so that their virtues are brought well under the eyes of the visitors, the row tailing off towards the door, where the worst dancers are out of the direct line of vision and veiled in a judicious gloom. The dancers in their places, a short time of preliminary chatter follows; and, whilst the women are adjusting a scarf or putting some other finishing touch to their toilet, one has time to observe the extraordinary variety of physiognomy in the row of brown beauties. Some are of large and masculine build, but often comely, tattooed on the nether lip, and, were it not for the laughter in the face, looking somewhat fierce—such women, one would think, as in bygone times might have taken or held a pah, when pahs were worth the taking. Some are more delicately formed—

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some even fragile and approaching the European standard of beauty, wearing a look of sadness in the rare moments when the face is in repose—but for the most part seeming to enter into the work of the evening with zest and spirit. Towards the tail-end the beauties are very decidedly passeés, appearing to be worn out with family cares and to find but little joy in their mirth. Some of the dancers look self-conscious and modest, some look arch, some have the brazen look begotten of many *hakas*, whilst some are so absorbed in the business of the evening as to be oblivious of everything else.

The M.C. straightens himself up—all eyes look to him: he raises a low whining chant in monotone: bodies and limbs and facial muscles begin to move in a series of rhythmical contortions. Ever and anon the chant of the leader swells into a hoarse and guttural chorus, ending in a series of indescribable sounds, which seem to come from far down the throat, half sighs, half grunts. Gradually the motions quicken. The bodies of the dancers turned now to this side now to that, but always in a state of intense agitation, seem to be animated by one spirit, so perfectly simultaneous are their gestures. The arms, moving in rhythmic motion to the chant, go through a variety of pantomines. At one time they move in a succession of clawing or clutching motions, at if something were being violently drawn towards the body; at another they move as if working a pair of oars; now the arms work as if holding the reins of a galloping horse, and again they are held rigid as a bar of iron — only the fingers quivering so rapidly that their outline becomes blurred. As the dancers warm to their work the gestures become more violent, till at last Fitte the First is ended, and the ladies sink upon their knees to indulge in an interval of gossip and refreshment, having probably hinted the necessity for something of the kind by an unmistakeable bibulous pantomine.

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The beer is at this part of the proceedings brought in in a bucket. One of the white visitors meets the demands of Maori etiquette by advancing to the beer-bucket, dipping a glass, and taking the first drink, when the beverage is served out, beginning with the dancers—the elders of the *kapu* also in due time receiving their share. For those who do not drink beer (and there are abstainers amongst them), raspberry vinegar is provided. When all have had a little rest and refreshment, the dance is resumed in much the same style as before, except that this time the men are in front and the women behind: and so ends Fitte the Second, for another interval of relaxation and refreshment. Again the women come to the front. The Master of the Ceremonies addresses them, stimulating them to still greater efforts, and chaffing some of them unmercifully, to judge by their shamefaced looks and the hearty roars of laughter from the company generally. The third and last dance begins. New attitudes and gestures are resorted to; now they are standing, now on their knees, now bent to this side, now to that; their voices become louder, harsher, and full of a fierce glee; their heads wag violently; their tongues loll from their mouths; nothing of the eye but the white is visible; and the whole face has a look truly diabolical. The impish boys and girls have caught the enthusiasm, and are having a private *haka* of their own at the door of the whare. The old men and women are squatting or reclining like unhappy shades of a lost world. One of the candles flickers and goes out: and this extraordinary dance comes to an end with a rapid and telling *pas de deux* between the leader and the *première danseuse*. Then you pay your shillings and return to your hotel, escorted by the noisy Maori retinue with which you came.

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# CHAPTER XXI.

## TARAWERA.

The time and manner of setting out from Wairoa to Rotomahana will depend upon circumstances. If it is necessary to be back at the Wairoa Hotel the same day, to catch the coach for Ohinemutu, an early start must be made. If the night is to be spent at Wairoa, the start may be made an hour or two later, as it will be quite sufficient if the return journey is made before darkness sets in. It must be kept in mind, however, that the earlier the start the longer time there will be to examine the wonders of Rotomahana. If the intention is to camp out a day or two at the Terraces, it matters little what time the start is made so that there is daylight for the journey.

There are two ways of reaching Rotomahana from the Wairoa settlement—one by a bridle-track over the hills to the Terraces, the other by boat over Tarawera. In case that rough weather sets in and that one cannot wait for a change, it may be necessary to take the first route; or if one has already crossed Tarawera by boat he may prefer taking the bridle route for the sake of variety. Most visitors, however, not having time to try both routes, will probably prefer going by boat over Tarawera, especially if they have done much riding in this locality, where there is a certain monotony of resemblance between all bridle tracks, up this hill, down that, over this flax swamp, through that manuka gully, and so on *da capo*. In case,

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however, of this route being chosen, horses and guides may be procured at the Rotomahana Hotel at Wairoa. There are no regular livery stables, but the landlord of the hotel, Mr. J. McRae, will probably be able either to supply horses himself or to negotiate for them with the Maoris—whose horses, however, are not comfortable to ride, except for the Maoris themselves. It should always be kept in mind that those who ride to the terraces have not the same facilities for moving about which those have who go by boat, and who are ferried over from one side of Rotomahana to the other in a canoe. Those who go on horseback must first dispose of their horses and then prepare themselves for some rough walking, the distance from the White Terrace to the Pink involving a walk of two miles over ground by no means easy to travel.

Anyone who wishes to go by Tarawera to Rotomahana and return the same day to Wairoa in time to catch the evening coach for Ohinemutu, would do well to be up betimes and make an early start. Indeed in every case this is good advice, for Tarawera is far more lovely seen in early morning than at any other time in the twenty-four hours. Arrangements having been made, then, for an early start, you are roused at the proper hour in the morning, and, after having had breakfast, you set out, alone or with your party, as the case may be, and with your native contingent, one guide, one steersman, and six rowers. The landlord takes care to provide a proper luncheon (with whatever beverage you may order), towels for bathing, food for the attendant Maoris, and so on. It is to be hoped that you have brought a pair of old shoes or slippers for walking on the terraces—for if you have omitted to do so the hot water on the terraces will make sad havoc with your boots. Those who have forgotten to bring slippers with them may rent a pair for the

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day at the hotel. It will be as well for the party to settle all money matters with the Maoris before starting. This can be done through the landlord, who speaks Maori, is well acquainted with the various charges, and will afterwards give each one of the party a written account of the various items, thus obviating the necessity for having any money dealings whatever with the Maoris on the lake, and leaving no room for extortion of any kind. This plan will save a good deal of trouble, and possibly some annoyance, especially if the members of the party are strangers to one another.

Amongst other matters which should be settled the night before is the choice of a guide. There are two well-known guides, Sophia and Kate, both thoroughly reliable, careful women. Kate carries one recommendation on her breast, for she wears the Humane Society's Medal for having saved life in Tarawera Lake. She is a familiar figure at the Wairoa Hotel, as she rustles about in her black silk made in the extreme of fashion, a little jaunty hat perked on her head which, on the least approach to courtesy, she doffs with the air of a 16th-century gallant. Kate is an exceedingly robust specimen of the Maori woman, shrill-tongued, and able to protect any party to whom she acts as cicerone. Sophia is a woman of quite another mould. You see at once that Sophia is not an Arawa. She has the soft eyes and gentle manner of the northern Ngapuhi tribe, to which, as she will tell you, she belongs. Among her early recollections are the disturbances at Kororareka when Hone Heke burned down the English settlement in the Bay of Islands. Having married an Arawa, she has thrown in her lot with her husband's tribe, in hopes, however, when she dies, to be gathered to her fathers in the far north. One recommendation which Sophia has as a guide, in addition to her pleasant

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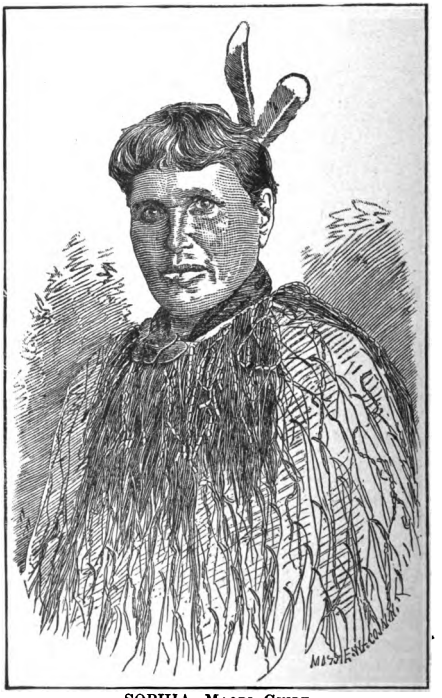

SOPHIA, MAORI GUIDE.
*From a Photograph by J. Martin, Auckland.*

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KATE, MAORI GUIDE.
*From a Photograph by J. Martin, Auckland.*

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and gentle manner, is the command she has of English. She speaks the language fluently, though with an unusual number of ellipses, and her accent and pronunciation might be envied by many an Englishwoman. Too much must not be left, however, to the guides. They take you to the terraces and to the various geysers and steam holes, but are apt to omit certain points of interest unless specially asked about them. They omit to point out some of the more remarkable features even of the terraces, and as the time for staying at each terrace is comparatively short, some visitors actually leave them without seeing the most magnificent of the buttresses. It is well to know beforehand what is best worth seeing, and to ask the guide to point out any places of interest omitted.

All is now ready for the start. Lunch is packed up and shouldered by the attendant natives. Throwing your waterproof over your arm (it is always well to take a waterproof as it costs no trouble, and the weather is often capricious) you saunter down the zig-zag that leads to the boat-house at Tarawera. In the descent a fine view may be had of the lake, stretching away to the east for miles, where the shores are dimmed by distance, and where the Tarawera river leaves the lake to carry its surplus water to the Bay of Plenty. Further away still, in the soft distance, looms the blue dome of Mount Edgecumbe, whilst near at hand the scarred and blasted battlements of Mount Tarawera keep ward over the waters of the lake and seem almost to darken it with their shadow. And now the boat is pushing its way amongst the sedges and rushes in the shallow water at the boat-house, where the lake is narrowed between its steep banks to the size of an ordinary stream. Some of the boatmen wade by the side and push, until the boat is well into deep water, when they all settle to their oars and

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pull for two hours over one of the most lovely lakes in New Zealand. The expanse of water widens, the boat hugs the southern shore, and nook after nook of surpassing beauty reveals itself, as the banks open up in a succession of wooded forelands, receding bays, and stretches of rocky bluffs, fringed and feathered with masses of drooping foliage. The toi-grass bends over its long grassy arches till the tips touch the surface of the lake, and its tawny silken bannerets wave in the wind and coquette with their own shadows in the water. A flax bush here and there sends up its sturdy spikes of dusky blooms, and its lithe and supple blades cross and clash in fantastic sword-play. A blotch of scarlet crowning a bluff or headland marks the position of some floriferous rata, whilst side by side with the rata are masses of the richer blood-crimson flowers of the pohutukawa—a tree which usually consents to flourish only in the dash of sea-spray. Behind the narrow fringe of verdure that lines the shore rise the long fern-covered slopes of the surrounding mountains, sinking here into gullies, swelling there into domes and buttresses, and occasionally capped by an out-cropping minaret of rock. One conspicuous boulder that rises like a colossus from the shoulder of a hill is the reputed ancestress of the Arawa tribe—or, at least, of the Wairoa *hapu* of that tribe; but what petrified this general mother of the Arawas, tradition does not say. If the eye leaves the southern shore, close to which the boat is running, and scans the more distant bank to the left and west, it rests on a landscape which, though it does not allow you to take in minute details of leaf and branch, has, in compensation, that attractive softness which only distance gives. The western shore-line is formed by the low ridge, partly wooded, partly fern-covered, which divides Tarawera from Lakes Rotokakahi, Tikitapu, and Okareka. From the place

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of embarkation at Wairoa the coast curves outwards towards the north in a rough semicircle, the north end of the curve bending in to Waitangi, where the water from Lake Okareka, after running underground for some distance and forming a fine waterfall at the point where it emerges, falls into Tarawera. At the culminating point of this curved coast-line is a little peninsula covered with that soft and exquisite green which one recognises, even in the distance, for the colour of the prickly acacia. This is the once impregnable Kariri pah, fortified on three sides by nature herself. Kariri afterwards became the seat of the first mission to this district, Mr. Chapman and Mr. Spencer having introduced Christianity amongst the inhabitants of the pah when it held a considerable population.

About half-way along the southern shore of Tarawera, the lake shoots towards the south in a long narrow arm called Te Ariki, and it is down this bay that the boat turns to make for Rotomahana; but whilst rowing in the main body of the lake this arm is concealed from view by a spur which slopes down towards the water and, terminating in a sharp cape, forms the western head of the bay. Before rounding this point the boat puts in at a small native settlement, consisting of a few huts, with maize and potato enclosures, to give the pakehas the opportunity of investing in fruit, and in the inevitable *koura*, a fresh-water crustacean, halfway between a shrimp and a crayfish. If the weather is at all genial, the patriarch of the settlement is probably walking about the village plantation, invested in the light and airy costume of a cotton shirt. The women stand on the shore and shout high-pitched greetings to the Maori crew, responding affably to the "Tena Koe" of their white visitors. Presently a matron with blue-black dishevelled hair, who might stand for the picture of the Cumæan Sibyl, steps on to

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the canoe along which we have run the boat, bringing with her one kit of kouras and another of fruit (cherries or peaches), for each of which she charges two shillings. Look well to the fruit before paying for it, for it is apt sometimes not to be fresh.

This little transaction finished, the boat resumes its way, rounds the headland, and shoots into the pretty Te Ariki arm, and so straight to the landing place. On the left rises the remarkable Mount Tarawera, its three summits (Tarawera, Ruawahia, and Wahanga), rising to a height of nearly 2000 feet. There is a strange fascination about this curious truncated mountain. It looks bare and scarred, its steep walls rising up black and terrible as if blasted with lightning—the very sublimity of desolation. No wonder that the Maori imagination invests this spot with a sacred horror. It is to them a city of the dead, and may not lightly be approached; and when clouds gather round its summits, and roll in heavy masses along its sides, driven by the fierce winds that play about the crest, it requires no active imagination to people it with weird and spiritual terrors. Opposite the mountain, on the right side of the Te Ariki arm, is a remarkable hill, readily recognised as the site of a former pah—a position of great strength when the tomahawk and spear were the war weapons. This is Pukekiore (Rat Mountain), and, as the name indicates, must have been the resort of the only mammal member of the New Zealand fauna—the *kiore* or native rat, long since exterminated by its Norwegian congener. But the attention is withdrawn alike from Pukekiore and the fascinations of Tarawera as the boat reaches the native village of Ariki, and begins to ascend the hot stream of Kaiwaka, by which the water of Rotomahana finds its way to Tarawera. A few chains up this stream the boat comes to the landing place;

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and provisions, waterproofs, and such things are transferred to a canoe, whilst the party lands and finds its way on foot for about a mile and a half to Rotomahana, by a path which winds along through manuka and fern, over a carpet of curious and pretty white moss, which retains its colour and purity when gathered. By and by, on coming to the crest of a small hill, the White Terrace is seen for the first time, trending down, like a slope of compact and somewhat dirty snow, to Rotomahana. At this point the hot creek has to be crossed; the canoe is there to ferry you over, and you are presently on the other side, where you take off your boots and put on your slippers, preparatory to a scramble over the Terrace. It is much less sloppy and more comfortable to wear no stockings; but of course, if stockings be worn, it is necessary to be provided with a dry pair to put on when the exploration of the terraces is over.

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# CHAPTER XXII.

## ROTOMAHANA AND THE TERRACES.

To anyone who has been creating a White Terrace of his own from the written descriptions of travellers who have been themselves much impressed with the sight, the general view of Te Tarata obtained from Kaiwaka Creek is by no means prepossessing. First of all he discovers that it is not white; and then as he views it in profile the terraced formation does not fully reveal itself. Afterwards, when he descends the lake in a canoe and gets well in front of the buttresses, he will look with wonder at the great slope of silica, rising, tier above tier, to the boiling fountain out of whose gorge has spouted the water which held in suspension this wonderful incrustation of flint. But what is any distant and bird's-eye view of the White Terrace to the revelation of beauty that strikes one dumb when he ascends the steps of this magnificent staircase? Could Eastern fabulist in his wildest flights imagine any work of the Genii to equal the exquisite workmanship of this range of sculptured fountains? One might talk of snow wreaths, of alabaster, of Parian marble, of any substance pure and rare, but all such comparisons would but mislead. The whiteness of the terrace is not the whiteness of snow or marble, nor has it the bluish transparency of alabaster. It has a soft warm flush which may sometimes be seen in certain madrepores, and which, possibly, might be successfully reproduced in porcelain.

What is called Rotomahana (that is "Hot Lake") is a

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rushy mere lying in a hollow surrounded with somewhat broken, scrub-covered hills. The White Terrace is at the north-east corner of the lake, just where the Kaiwaka leaves it to join Tarawera. The terrace covers the hill-slope, ascending from the lake-level to a height of perhaps 150 feet, and contracting in breadth as it ascends, until the cauldron is reached from which the flint water rises, where the final platform is perhaps fifty feet broad; so that the general outline is that of a huge half-open fan. The surface, however, is not a plane, but rather a large convex, the terraces running in variously sized curves, dipping down to each side, where the silica of the terrace touches the setting of manuka that fringes it.

On reaching the foot of the terrace a short walk over a glistening surface of rippling silica, hard as a pavement of marble, brings one to the lower basins where the water, having had time to cool in its slow, trickling descent, has lost the fierce heat of the cauldron and become merely tepid. The walls of the basins are massive and rounded, running into an infinite variety of scallop and curvature, the lower part of the wall receding, and the upper edge overhanging and forming a thick, rounded lip, over which the water trickles in its descent from one basin to another, to make its way finally to the lake. The water which fills these cold water reservoirs is no less wonderful and exquisite in its beauty than the basins which hold it. It is blue, but such a blue as is seen nowhere else in nature—more delicate than the shade of the sky—a milky, pellucid blue, with a gem-like iridescence like the shifting light of an opal. The basins rise one above the other in unbroken succession, the surface level of one basin forming the base for the wall of the next. Hundreds of these lovely reservoirs, of the most bewildering variety, go to form the terrace—no one the exact pattern of

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its neighbour—the irregular sweeping curve of one being abruptly intersected or broken by the arc of another, but each in shape more exquisite than any curve that could be drawn with compass. As you ascend, the steps become purer in tint and more richly chased and fretted. Their infinite variety of size and form and their exquisite beauty produce at first an impression akin to bewilderment. But when the first bewildering flush of surprise has passed, there is a placidity and repose in this petrified torrent—a hushed stillness and mighty enduring strength which fills one's mind with a sense of the Eternal. Talk becomes painful; and the flippant sounds of tourist chatter jar upon the nerves like a discordant break in solemn music. And yet in a presence such as this some think of writing their names.

The terraces vary in breadth as well as in height. One terrace consists of a comparatively narrow ledge, whilst another has a breadth of many feet. Some are only a few inches in height; others rise in massive walls, ten or twelve feet high. About half-way up the ascent the buttresses become formidable walls which have to be surmounted by choosing a break, where the wall is approached by a series of smaller steps. But the beauty of those buttresses! The silica hangs over the ledge like rich falls of lace. It seems as if foaming cascades were mesmerized into marble in their descent, before the water could reach the ground; and on more closely examining this stony drapery, its texture is a marvel of delicate tracery and chamfered fretwork, down whose fluted furrows the blue water of the upper basin falls in little ropes of foam. Below this flowing crust of silica the wall of the terrace recedes into a shallow alcove, of a sufficient depth in some places to allow a child to sit under it protected from the small cascades of water that fall from the domed upper surfaces of the terrace, whence those particular

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walls have been called the "Umbrella Buttresses." Underneath in those recesses, the creamy white, which is the colour of the silica on the more exposed faces, is overlaid by films of the most brilliant colours—rich green and orange chromes, and ochrous browns and reds.

Those who would see all the beauty and wonder of this terrace must not trust to the services of the guide, but explore the whole surface as fully as the time at their disposal will allow. More particularly must the right side going up not be overlooked; for there the buttresses are larger, bolder, and more imposing than anywhere else; and as the ascent is usually made on the left side, many visit this terrace and leave it without really seeing what is most striking and beautiful.

Hardly less beautiful than the lacy fretwork of the buttresses are the slopes of silica that trend downwards towards each side at every angle, from the almost perpendicular to the easy gradient of 20 or 30 degrees. Those sometimes roughly corrugated slopes run generally towards the growth of dark green scrub, which forms the lateral boundary of the terrace; and sometimes, more particularly on the left side as one looks up the terrace, the stream of silica runs into the manuka, so that patches of dark green bush stand insulated in a sea of flint, thrown out into high relief against their light surroundings. It is to be deplored that the Maoris fail to see the excellent assistance lent by those islands of scrub in acting as foils to increase by contrast the purity of colour in the terrace. Under the impression that patches of manuka rising up from any part of the surface interfere with the grand effect which the terrace should have in the eyes of visitors, they have burned off a clump of manuka on one side, leaving, instead of the fresh living green, a rough

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unsightly surface, covered with charred branches and stumps. It is to be hoped that they will at any rate not interfere with the clump of manuka on the north side—one of the features of the terrace which most impress themselves on the eye on first beholding it from the Kaiwaka Creek.

As you ascend the terrace, not only do the buttresses become purer in colour and more massive, but the water becomes very perceptibly hotter, and, if that were possible, more exquisite in tint. At the bottom you dip your feet into the tepid water, and would willingly dip them there for ever, were it not that you are drawn from one level by the more enchanting beauty of the next above it. As you ascend you feel less inclined to draw your foot from your slipper and dip it in the pools; rather do you avoid the water, whose heat has become unbearable, and pick your way along the delicate lips of the basins, afraid at first to press your foot on the delicate tracery, but gaining confidence as you find that here you have to do with flint. As you near the top, the silica work becomes even more delicate and fairy-like than below—cup rising from cup, in number countless, and in variety infinite—till at last you rise to the top platform, which spreads out in a sea of marble waves, just as if the crested surface of a lake had been struck by enchantment into stone.

Arrived at the top, you cross the marble flooring, ascend a small insular hillock covered with lycopodium and fern, and then look down into the fountain and origin of all this wonder—a semi-circular hollow in the hill, with steep walls of clay, crowned at top with the ubiquitous scrub, and bearing that peculiar reddish and soapy appearance so characteristic of soil which has been subjected to the action of internal steam heat. At the bottom of this semi-circular wall is the great cauldron, measuring perhaps 30 to 40 feet

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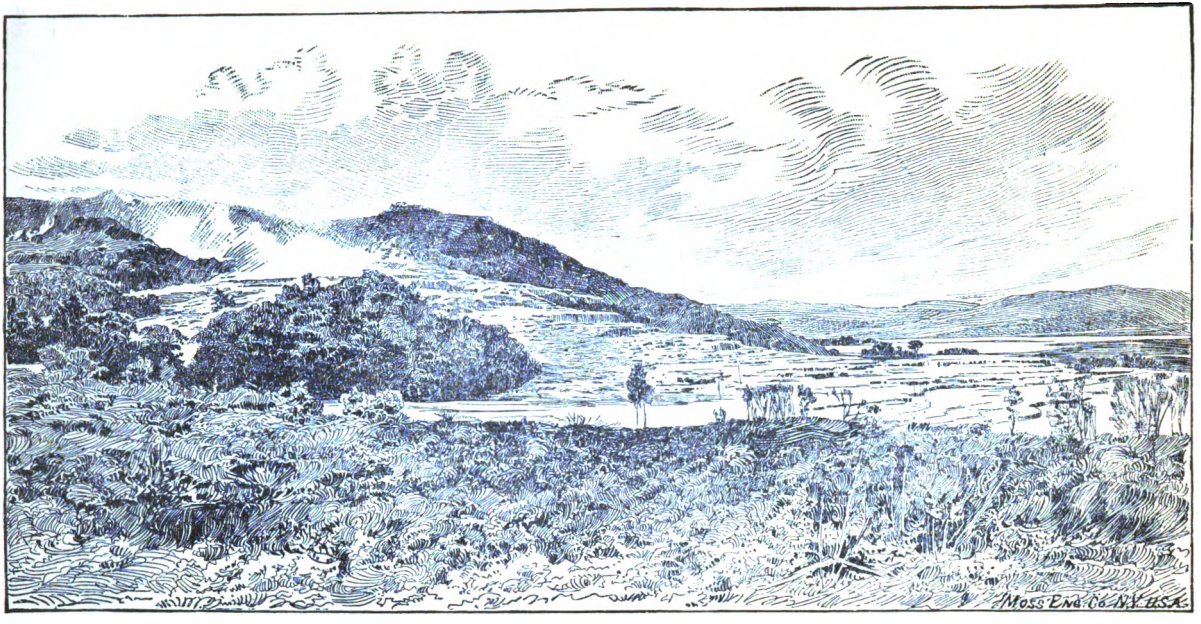


**WHITE TERRACE, ROTOMAHANA.**

*From a Photograph by C. Spencer, Tauranga.*

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in diameter, and going down to depths unknown. How you see it depends upon the wind. When the wind is in certain directions this cauldron sends up a magnificent jet of water—being in its active state one of the finest geysers in the lake district. During the intermissions of the geyser the water sinks down into the funnel, leaving the outer basin dry, so that it is even possible for those who choose to run the risk, to descend into the crater. Usually, however, the crater is full to the brim of the most limpid blue water, through which the coral sides appear with extraordinary distinctness and delicacy of outline. When the cup is thus full to the brim and flowing over, you have to watch your opportunity to obtain a proper sight of the water, for a column of steam rises over the cauldron, only blowing off and revealing the boiling surface as some current of air stronger than usual passes over it. In very hot sunny weather, however, there is little or no steam; but anyone who misses the cloud of steam misses something curious and well worth seeing, for the lower part of the column catches the amethyst colour of the water, and, as the soft violet fades into the greyish white of the upper cloud, it is very lovely. When the cloud does rise from the surface, it reveals a lakelet of blue water, slightly agitated at the edges, but rising towards the centre into a shifting cone in a state of violent ebullition. The overflow runs out at the open side of the crater, in a thin stream, and, descending to the lake from terrace to terrace, deposits its silica as it goes, and produces this wonderful natural flight of stairs, beside which the most exquisite work of architectural art would appear rough. On its way the water encrusts every object it meets with a fine coat of silica—a month or two, or even a less time, serving to cover twigs with a tolerably thick coating. Some of the objects one sees thus encased are very pretty, such as dragonflies, which

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show the reticulations of the wings through the silica; dead birds, feathers, ferns, and even shreds of cloth. Sometimes a number of twigs and branches appear to lie loosely one on the other. You bend to pick one up and find it has become part of the rock on which it lies, firmly cemented by the silicious water. Visitors to the terraces would willingly carry with them as souvenirs of their visit some of the encrusted objects that lie loose on the surface. This, however, is strictly forbidden. A native policeman accompanies every party to watch that the terraces are in no way mutilated or defaced, and that nothing is carried away; any offence of this kind being punishable by fine. The natives have taken this precaution not before time, for, although the appropriation of loose twigs and other such objects by visitors would not perceptibly diminish the beauty of the spot, there is, unfortunately, in the disfigurement of the pink terrace, ample evidence of the gothic destructiveness of the travelling Briton. It might be well if the Maoris were to include in their restrictions the appropriation of the ferns that grow in the neighbourhood. The semi-circular wall behind the cauldron of the White Terrace is a picture of beauty to the eye of the fern-collector, being draped with the luxuriant light-green parachutes of one of the umbrella ferns *(Gleichenia dicarpa)*, whilst the little island of Puhoto, which stands on the edge and overlooks the cauldron, is green with *gleichenia*, *pteris incisa*, and a very beautiful *lycopodium*.

Should the visitor to the terraces feel inclined to indulge in two hot baths in one day, let him by all means undress and plunge into the cerulean deeps of Te Tarata. But if one bath is sufficient let him defer the luxury till he comes to the Pink Terrace, where the baths are even more luxurious than those of the White, the pink silica being smooth and soapy to the touch, whereas the white is fluted and therefore

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rougher. If he will bathe, however, there are baths such as Capri never saw in its most effeminate and voluptuous days —liquid turquoise in gigantic clam-shells, shading off in a series of finely graduated temperatures. He may parboil himself at the top and gradually cool himself by a succession of plunges till he reaches the bottom, when he will probably fancy himself in cold water.

But guides are inexorable, and one must tear one's self even from the charms of the White Terrace. By a winding path through the scrub we follow Sophia along the east shore of the lake, past two very fearful geysers, Ngahutu and Ngahapu. At times they are said to rise to a considerable height, but generally they spout intermittently to the height of only a few feet. But even in their quietest mood one shudders to look down the seething throats of those fierce pools, where the water is constantly struggling as if something infernal were trying to escape. Sometimes, especially in cold and dull weather, the surface is covered with a dense steam, and the only indications of the fearful agitation beneath are the hideous gurglings and plungings of the ebullient water. By-and-by, however, the steam blows aside, and the surface is seen in one spot to rise into a mound of water which careers madly from one side of the cauldron to the other, dying down to begin its dance anew in some other quarter. Occasionally the motive power from beneath concentrates its strength into an extraordinary effort, and the water is sent spouting up in a geyser some ten or twelve feet in height. One should not be too ready to hurry on from Ngahapu, as very often, by staying a little time beside the cauldron, an opportunity may be had of seeing the geyser at its best.

After passing Ngahutu and Ngahapu the track, which has been winding amongst the scrub up one ascent

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and down another, at varying elevations above the lake, and in dangerous proximity to the boiling water, descends to the level of the lake and comes out on a small open platform to which, with the numerous hot springs in its neighbourhood, has been given the general name of Te Tekapo. At some former time, when this part of the lake was occupied by natives, full advantage had been taken of the natural advantages of this spot. On the edge of the lake square shallow baths had been constructed, the sides being formed of large stone slabs set upright, edge to edge, and the water led into them by ducts from the various springs that bubble up everywhere from the ground. A curious platform, intended for the drying of *karaka* and *tawa* berries, has been made by laying broad stone slabs over a spring, which keeps the stones heated to the temperature necessary for drying purposes. Now, however, there is not a whare within sight of the lake, and this pretty spot has become the lunching place of visitors to the terraces; and no prettier or more curious lunching spot could well be imagined. The canoe with the provisions and baggage is waiting amongst the bulrushes. A kit of potatoes and another of crayfish are pulled out from the spring in which they have been steaming. The lunch-basket is opened, the "tucker" spread out, the bottles uncorked, and we lunch amidst surroundings which are unique in the experience of most. Who that has been to Rotomahana does not pleasantly remember Te Tekapo? The pleasant sound of the bubbling water, the aromatic scent of the manuka, the soft sky, the rushy lake, the steam of the hot potatoes, and the delicious flavour of the scarlet *kouras* —may they often strike the senses in our dreams!

Te Tekapo is the starting point for the opposite side of the lake, where lies the Pink Terrace; but, before crossing, there are more wonders to be seen on the eastern side. If

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you have soon finished lunch and are not yet tired of seething cauldrons, take a few steps back into the scrub and you come upon a gently boiling pool; but such wonders are probably becoming monotonous and you desire some fresh and startling novelty.

The guide again marshals her company and leads the way over a small hill through high manuka to the wonderful little valley of Rotokanapanapa. On reaching the proper level, you step on to a broad mud flat, dotted here and there with small mud cones varying from one to two feet high, and pitted in places with boiling mud holes. The ground is treacherous and must not be carelessly trodden upon, for to slip on the edge of one of those witches' cauldrons would be certain death. One mud cauldron is very like another. The mud is generally of a slate-grey colour, though it is sometimes found of a pink, blue, or almost black colour. Owing to its consistency, mud boils with a slow, upheaving motion, very different from the violent action of water. By constant churning it is reduced to a state of great fineness; and, as it gurgles and sputters, great flakes are ejected from the crater, so that it is always well to stand at a safe distance from the edge.

The mud flat covers the whole bottom of the gully, and it is well closely to follow the guide who pilots the way along the firmer ground. Some of the cones that dot the surface have ceased for the time to eject matter, and the mud that has been thrown up has dried and cracked into innumerable fissures. From the edge of the mud flat, the low hills rise up with steep sides, shaggy with manuka, from which igneous boulders project, giving the sides a very rough and broken appearance, in harmonious contrast with the dull, dead grey of the valley bottom. The path leads along the right side of the flat, round and among fumaroles living and

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dead, and at length diverges to the right into a recess of the valley which looks as if all Pandemonium had been let loose, such is the chaos of rocks and debris that lie piled in hideous confusion—the infernal character of the whole scene being intensified by the jets and columns of sulphurous steam that issue from yawning holes and crevices, and the diabolical noise of what has been, not without reason, named the Devil's Hole. This fearful din issues from a narrow funnel in this chaos of shattered rocks, from which, without the slightest intermission, the steam issues with a roar which in its near neighbourhood absolutely stuns you. Owing to the size of the funnel, the sound, though deafening near at hand, is not penetrating, and consequently ceases to be heard distinctly when you remove some distance and put a hill between yourself and it. Turning away, not unwillingly, to the left from the Devil's fog-horn, we approach the end of the small valley and come to Rotopounamu, a pool of water of the most vivid green colour. The scrubby hill which forms its background is blotched with spots of red soil, through which jets of steam innumerable rise and float away along the hillside; but, strange to say, though in such close proximity to boiling water and steam, the water of Rotopounamu is not even tepid. Returning at length along the left side of Rotokanapanapa we come to the Porridge-pot (Te Huka), where, in a comparatively shallow cauldron, a "gruel thick and slab" of an ashen grey colour rises with regular palpitations in unctuous bubbles. This is the edible mud of which the natives readily eat when they have the opportunity. It is quite tasteless, like new-made starch, and is probably liked by the Maories because of its pleasant oily smoothness, though possibly, too, it has some nutritive properties.

There are other steam holes and geysers which may be

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seen on this shore of the lake, but a description of which would be wearisome, inasmuch as any description must necessarily be to a large extent a repetition of what has been already described. There is the Koingo (*i.e.*, the fretting geyser), associated by tradition with the death of a slave who fell in whilst cooking. Its edges are rounded into beautiful mammillary incrustations. The geyser Te Whatapohu, which has also round its mouth fine blocks of silicious incrustations, is said to mean "Pain-in-the-stomach," though that is a complaint from which so many geysers seem to suffer that it was hardly necessary to particularize. Near here is a small cave, Ngawhanga, quite hot inside, which was at one time used as a whare, and in which eight generations of chiefs are said to have been born. Ruakiwi is a boiling spring where, at some former time, a Maori girl, whilst cooking potatoes, allowed her child to slip from her back into the water, and in a paroxysm of grief leaped in after it. But it is impossible to make individual mention of all the steam holes and boiling pools on this wonderful hill side. We must now return to Te Tekapo, where the canoe is waiting to ferry us over to the Pink Terrace.

Crossing Rotomahana in a canoe, one has leisure and opportunity to observe the features of the lake, which, if they are not precisely of that type of beauty we associate with ordinary lake scenery, have yet a picturesqueness and individuality of their own. Rotomahana is a rushy mere of small dimensions, being probably not more than four miles and a-half in circumference. The surface is broken here and there by sheets of rush and sedge, which are particularly dense towards the lower end, where the Kaiwaka leaves the lake. This thick rushy jungle forms excellent cover for the myriads of waterfowl that make the lake their haunt. As the canoe passes on its way across the lake, it is interest-

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ing to observe the motions and evolutions of these pretty creatures, which become so tame from the protection of a long close season, that only near approach to their cover makes them take wing. The most distinguished figure amongst them is that of the pukeko, or swamp hen *(Porphyrio melanotus)*, with black back, and breast of a rich metallic blue, in striking contrast with the orange-red of the legs and bill. Alarmed at our approach it retires hastily into its raupo covert, and presently, as we come still nearer, it raises itself clumsily on its wings, dangling its great red legs helplessly in the air, and slowly flaps a short distance away to the nearest available cover of rushes. This rail is one of the few New Zealand birds that seem to hold their ground even in settled districts, perhaps owing to the fact that the conditions necessary for its existence are less easily interfered with than in the case of forest birds. There is a tradition indeed amongst the Maoris that tame pukekos were brought to New Zealand by the original immigrants from Hawaiki. Ducks and teal move about in the water with very lively and sprightly motions, a mother duck occasionally heaving in sight followed by a flotilla of little fluffy ducklings. The ornithologist would see much in Rotomahana to interest him, and would find unusual facilities for observing the habits of various waterfowl, since, owing to the jealous preservation of the lake by the Maoris, the birds have here a trustfulness which is not to be found in those of other waters. They are probably attracted to this lake by the warmth and shallowness of the water, and by the abundance of vegetable food which they are able to grub up on the reedy margins.

The canoe from Te Tekapo takes a slanting direction towards the Pink Terrace, by a path quite clear from any obstruction by reeds or rushes. Presently it shoots into a pretty little circular bay, and is in full view of Otukapuarangi

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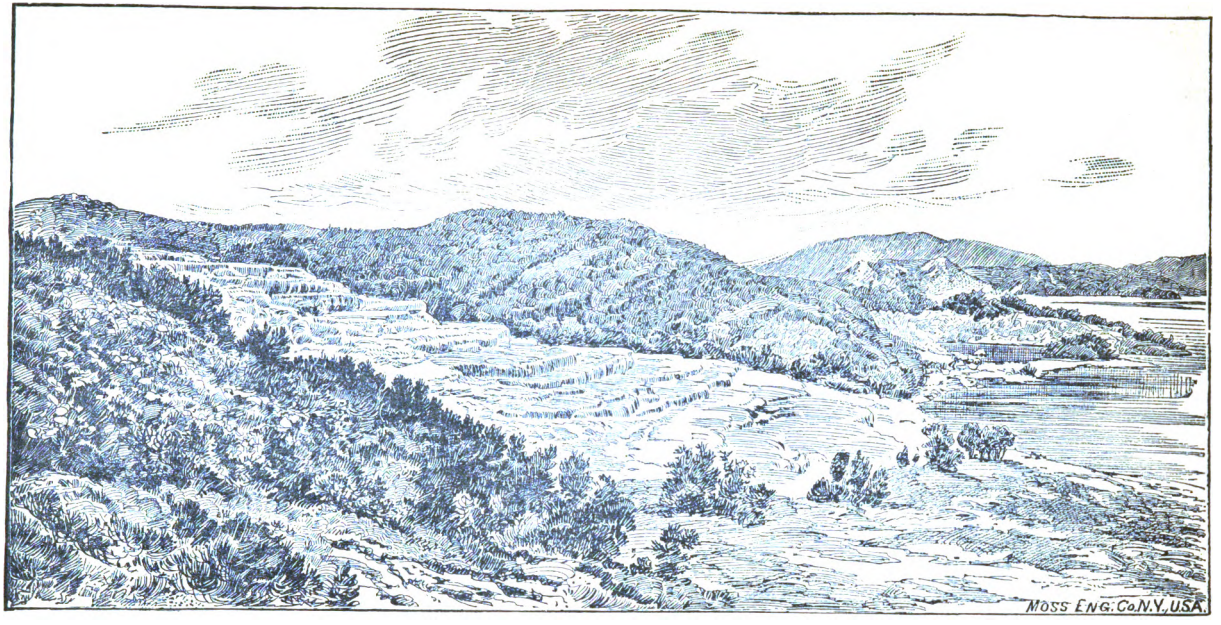


**PINK TERRACE, ROTOMAHANA.**
***From a Photograph by Chas. Spencer, Tauranga.***

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(Cloudy Heavens) as this magnificent flight of pink steps is called. This terrace as a whole is, at first sight, perhaps more striking than the White. It is considerably smaller; but then you scan it at one view from top to bottom. The colour is a soft salmon-pink; and the terrace formation is fully revealed in all its wonderful regularity as soon as the canoe glides into the little bay at its foot. Examined in detail, however, the Pink Terrace, though lovely past description, is yet not so exquisitely beautiful as its white sister. The warm and faint coralline flush of the one, how much more chaste and delicate than the ruddy glow of the other! The broad and massive steps of the Pink Terrace, wonderful as they are, lack the infinitely varied reticulation and tracery so characteristic of the White. But after all it is vain disputing about tastes, for there are some who prefer the Pink Terrace to the White. The Pink Terrace, like the White, has its origin in a geyser raised a considerable distance above the level of the lake. Like a stream of lava from a volcano, this stream of silica descends from the geyser along the hill-slope that trends to the water's edge. It is flanked on each side by a somewhat steep hill, covered, though not densely, with a growth of manuka trees. Full advantage must be taken of the rising ground on each side to get the best view of the terrace. First, however, it will be well to examine the surface of the terrace in detail. The easiest ascent is on the left-hand side as you face the hill. Here the silica forms a straight slope without steps, which gives the firmest footing—one very agreeable feature about both terraces being that the surfaces, however smooth and polished they may look, are not in the least slippery. As you ascend, the various steps are seen to be broad, level platforms, not cupped and lipped as in the White Terrace, but faced with beautifully curved

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masses of pink stalactite. Towards the top, however, several of the ledges form basins four or five feet deep, and filled with water of the deepest blue—not the wonderful opalescent colour of the white basins, but a clear sapphire blue matching the colour of the sky overhead, Here is probably the most delightful bath in the whole world. Nature has supplied a dressing-room within a few yards of the baths—a recess amongst the green scrub—sheltered from wind or sun by a screen of tall manuka. Undressing here, you are in the water in two seconds. You may choose your basin; but it is safest to go low down and work gradually up, since in this way you can rise from a bath of a comfortable and luxurious blood-heat to water almost on the boil; and when the flesh is sufficiently red and tender you may tumble back from one basin to the next lowest, till at last you taper off with a gently warm bath which, after your experience nearer the cauldron, seems almost cold. Such a bath! The smooth and rounded edges on which you rest your hands or head as on a cushion; the polished sides soft and tender to the limbs as walls of alabaster; the finely powdered silica on which the foot rests as on the finest silver sand; and the warm blue water lapping the body in Elysium—a sensuous heaven equal to this was never dreamt of by Mahomet or Nero. It is well, however, not to give one's self too long to this sensuous pleasure, for much of it is very weakening, and the canoe is waiting.

After a refresher in the basins, the various fine views from the high ground beside the terrace will repay a little climbing. At the top of the flight is the broad platform, level with the cauldron which supplies the water. The irregular edges of the vast cauldron—40 to 50 feet in diameter—shine through the pellucid water, and mark the dividing line where the boiling orifice sinks down to unknown depths.

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From this edge the water gradually shoals out to the first step of the terrace, passing from a deep and intense blue just above the cauldron, to a light blue outside the lip, and thence expanding on the outer shallow edges to a sheet of primrose yellow. The background to this remarkable pool of water is a steep semicircular ridge of reddish earth, thoroughly decomposed and rotten through the action of internal steam, and affording a soft and treacherous footing. In descending, the left-hand side should be very carefully inspected, as here, hidden away from the general view, are undoubtedly the most magnificent buttresses of the terrace. A special word of caution on this point is necessary, as the guides sometimes fail to direct attention to this side, preferring to take visitors up the other and easier ascent. The best place from which to see the full magnificence of the largest buttresses, is from the small eminence that divides the terrace from the Solfatara Te Whakataratara, a crater or pool of sulphur water close to the Pink Terrace and communicating with Lake Rotomahana. From the little dividing ridge, the top of which may be reached in two minutes, a most impressive view is obtained of the huge circular tables, like truncated domes of pink soap, rising one behind the other, the silicious water falling from slab to slab in fairy cascades. The evident cause of the large size of the buttresses at this point is that the terrace slope dips in two directions, from the cauldron to the lake, and also from the south side to the north; so that the silicious matter has gravitated towards the north side, and formed those magnificent tables, so much grander than anything on the south side.

On the other hand, if a view of the general shape and flowing lines of the Terrace is desired, the place from which to get such a view is the hill that skirts the south side. Here the

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grandeur of the individual buttresses is hidden from the view; but in compensation the whole stream of silica from top to bottom is seen with one sweep of the eye, and is a sight not soon to be forgotten.

A close and microscopic inspection of the various surfaces is rendered somewhat painful by the array of badly written names which defaces the smoother spaces. One cannot be thankful enough that such defacement is impossible in the case of the White Terrace, from the rough and fluted character of the surface, and that the Maoris have awaked at last to a sense of the offensiveness of this kind of vandalism, and have taken steps effectually to stop it. The worst of it is that the water, instead of washing off such writing, has coated it with a film of silica, like thin glass, and so rendered it indelible for a long time to come.

From the various vantage points round the Pink Terrace good views may be obtained of Rotomahana and the geysers opposite. The reedy lake, with its sombre background of rounded hills, broken into rough hollows, and emitting steam in countless pillars; a glimpse of the White Terrace gleaming beyond; and the rugged sierra of Tarawera, softened now with a film of distance, make up a landscape which, if it is not exactly beautiful, is at any rate interesting and unique. As the canoe takes its way down the lake, and passes in front of the White Terrace towards the outlet stream, an opportunity is given of seeing Te Tarata from the best point for a general view. Details are ignored, and the grandeur of the frozen torrent, arrested there amongst the silence of the hills, fills one with that sense of awe inspired by everything in nature which has the majesty of power and repose.

And now the skiff glides into the "Canoe Destroyer" (Kaiwaka), as the stream running from Rotomahana to

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Tarawera is called, from the wear and tear of the canoes that shoot its rapid waters. It is a narrow sinuous stream, shut in by a luxuriant growth of native plants, which seem to revel in its hot water. The manuka grows high on each side, and graceful clumps of sedge and cyperus bend over and dip into the stream, whilst the rare fern *Nephrodium unitum* sends its roots foraging deep down into the nether warmth. This stream receives a cold tributary from Rotomakiriri (Cold Lake), a small body of water lying east of Rotomahana, a view of which may be had from the hills in the neighbourhood. By and by the canoe, guided by the practised paddle, reaches the mouth of the Kaiwaka, where the boat and boatmen are awaiting its return. Passengers and baggage are speedily transferred from the canoe to the boat, which is soon answering to the lusty strokes of the Maori rowers, and spinning along the Te Ariki arm of Tarawera to Wairoa. The battlements of Tarawera mountain loom up in majesty on the right, if he does not hide his head amongst the rolling clouds. It is pleasant after a day of strange sights to rest in the boat and listen to the melancholy monotone of the boatmen's song—a wailing chant answering to the rhythmic measure of the oars, and, at intervals, interrupted by the sudden shipping of the oars and a variety of gestures and guttural sounds, all executed in the most perfect time and with exact accord. Between five and six o'clock the boat will reach Wairoa, in time to allow of a comfortable dinner before setting out with the coach for Ohinemutu, which will be reached about dusk.

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# CHAPTER XXIII.

## ORAKEI-KORAKO.

After seeing the wonders of the Terraces the visitor to the Hot Lakes may either return by way of Tauranga, or by Cambridge and Waikato; or, if his appetite for wonders be not yet satisfied, he may continue his way to Taupo and see things equally wonderful with those he has left behind. There are two ways of going to Taupo. The usual route is by the coach which plies weekly between Ohinemutu and Taupo, leaving Ohinemutu every Wednesday morning and returning from Taupo on Thursday. The coach-road runs almost due south from Rotorua for 56 miles to Taupo, and does not possess many features of interest to the generality of travellers. After passing the Hamu Gorge, the road sweeps on past the remarkable mountain called Horo-Horo (about 2500 feet), the long level ridge of which, presenting here patches of bush, there bare faces of clay, absorbs the attention during a large part of the journey, to the exclusion of everything else. At Ateamuri, where the Waikato rushes through a gorge in a series of rapids, the coach crosses the river, and, after a run of some 27 miles over somewhat bare and uninteresting country, at length reaches Tapuwaeharuru, or, as the township is more frequently and more easily called, Taupo.

This is the ordinary route; but to anyone who does not object to a long ride and a night's camping out, a much more interesting route is that by way of Orakei-

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Korako, which may be done in two days—first day, Ohinemutu to Orakei-Korako, 30 miles; second day, Orakei-Korako to Taupo, 22 miles. Anyone who has his wits well about him has no need of a guide, as the path closely follows the telegraph line from Ohinemutu to Taupo. It is certainly a wild and lonely track, the probability being that between Ohinemutu and Orakei-Korako, and again between the last-named place and Taupo, the rider will not meet a soul, unless it be some stray Maori. The track from Ohinemutu lies over the range behind Whakarewarewa, and so on to Paeroa. Instead, however, of setting out for Ohinemutu one may go by Wairoa, taking the Terraces on the way. If it is thought desirable to take a guide, one may be procured readily at Wairoa; but as guides are not in much request for this route the natives will probably charge an exorbitant price for their services. Perhaps it would be well, in case of setting out from Wairoa, to take a guide at least part of the way, as far as what is called Hot Water Creek. This is the more necessary as the track from Wairoa does not strike the telegraph route for some five or six miles after leaving the settlement. Suppose then it is intended to make a start for Taupo *vid* Wairoa. The first consideration is a good nag. This may be procured from one of the livery-stables at Ohinemutu. The question then arises how it is to be brought back from Taupo in case of your wishing to go on from that place to Napier. Of course a groom, on an extra horse, may be employed to bring back one or more horses. In the case of a single rider arrangements might be made with Mr. McIlroy, driver of the Ohinemutu-Taupo coach, to lead the horse back on his return trip. The general charge for a horse is about 10s. per day for every day it is out of the

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stable. The next consideration is baggage—how much to take. The best plan will be to take as little as you possibly can, sending portmanteaus and such things on by coach to Taupo. A rug, a waterproof coat, and a change of linen strapped in a waterproof sheet to the saddle, is all that should be necessary. Of course, if the weather looks threatening, it would be advisable to take a complete change of clothing. The third consideration is food-provision for the journey. All that may be said on this head is that the only provisions obtainable between Wairoa and Taupo are potatoes, and that the journey occupies about two days.

Starting then from Wairoa, the track leaves the main road just as it skirts the end of Rotokakahi, and keeps to the eastern edge of this lake along its whole length, till it reaches a small native settlement at the southern end, called Kaiteriria, near which it is joined by the track from Ohinemutu. At Kaiteriria the road turns to the left, winding along the side of a bare gully till it reaches the top of the ridge, near some forsaken clearings, where it strikes the telegraph line. Now, after this, by simply keeping the telegraph line always in sight, it is impossible to lose the way till you reach Taupo. Sometimes the path is to this side, sometimes to that, but always within sight of the wires. Where one is most apt to lose the way is where the track divides, some four miles beyond Kaiteriria, into three, leading to Galatea, Paeroa, and Orakei-Korako respectively. The last-named is the faintest track of the three, and continues to follow the telegraph line. After threading a deep narrow gully with bush growing far up at the top of the slope, we come in full sight of the Paeroa Range, and presently arrive at the Otumakokore, which is perhaps the only instance of a boiling river in the world. The stream

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is spanned by a narrow rustic bridge, on the hither side of which a rich plot of sweet clover turf invites the horse to halt, and a fine broad pool of hot water tempts the rider to dismount for a bath; and a most attractive bath it is. The water is of the clearest, and the banks are draped all round with *nephrolepis cordifolia*, a rare hot-water fern found only here and at the Wairakei Springs near Taupo. Beyond this river, which has its sources in boiling springs some distance up from the bathing pool, the track continues along two extensive plains, having on the left, comparatively near at hand, that most remarkable mountain range called Paeroa. This mountain seems literally to be undergoing the process of boiling down. Along the foot of the range where it rises abruptly from the plain, the ground is thickly pitted with boiling mud pools, fumaroles, hot springs, and solfataras; and a most fatal error would it be here at night to wander from the track, from which it is almost possible to jump into some of the cauldrons. But the range itself, almost through its entire length, presents a perpendicular side which is scarred, and calcined, and deprived for the most part of vegetation by the force of its internal heat. The reddish patches on the sides show where sulphuric acid and sulphuretted hydrogen are escaping from the heart of the mountain to the surface. Nevertheless, it has its clumps of bush, the most conspicuous of which occurs where the opposite range closes in and terminates the first large plain. Here, it may be said, the best marked path leads up the wrong valley; therefore it is well to keep the telegraph line in sight, and to keep close in to Paeroa. Passing over a rising ground which forms a sort of defile between the hills, you reach the second plain—a long dreary stretch of swampy ground, covered with flax and dwarf manuka. At the end of this

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plain the track diverges from the Paeroa Range to the right, and enters a narrow gully which threads its way amongst the hills for five or six miles, to debouche at length upon the river Waikato at Orakei-Korako.

The settlement of Orakei-Korako lies on the further (that is the left) side of the Waikato, and as there is no bridge, horses must swim the river. On reaching the river it will be the best plan to reconnoitre from some commanding stand-point; and the best stand-point for this purpose is undoubtedly the hill on which stands the last telegraph post before the line spans the river, and which for convenience of reference may be called Telegraph Hill. Here you will get a good view of the native settlement on the opposite bank; and very picturesque it is, nestling down by the side of the turbulent river amongst its hot springs and geysers, with the dark summit of the Tutukau Mountain looming up among the mists to the north. From Telegraph Hill you will be able to judge of the best point from which to hail the Maori who acts as ferryman, and who lives on the further side. In reply to your "coo-ee" he will come down and ferry you across in his canoe, afterwards returning to swim your horse across the river, for which service he charges 2s. If you arrive at the Waikato in the afternoon, it might be as well to make the ferryman, before you cross the river, take you to *the* sight of Orakei-Korako—Waiwhakata—better known as the Alum Cave, otherwise you will have to re-cross the river in the morning to see this lion.

The alum cave lies on the right bank, about a mile up the river from Telegraph Hill. A mazy and sometimes not very well-defined path leads to it from the ferry—up this hill and down that, through high manuka scrub, by boiling mud-holes, which are sometimes only about two

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inches from the path. This path lies across a broad terrace of silica in course of disintegration, the geyser which supplied the water for its formation having ceased to emit water in sufficient quantity to renew the silicious coating; and here may be seen that process of decay which the great white and pink terraces of Rotomahana may have one day to undergo when their cauldrons cease to be active geysers.

At length you come to the cave and look down, and very disappointing the first sight of it is. The name leads one to expect a fairy grotto hanging with alum stalactites, glittering with innumerable crystal facets, and breaking the light into a glory of prismatic iridescence. To those who expect anything like this the alum cave will be a grievous disappointment; but, such as it is, it has a beauty of its own, which will commend itself to some quite as much as if it glittered with brilliants. The cave appears to have been caused by the falling of the surface crust into a subterranean hollow. It is entered by a short flight of steps roughly hewn in the rock, the angles and sides of the steps forming a foothold for the most delicate seedling ferns. At the bottom of the steps is a clump of fine tree-ferns—the chief ornament of the cave. Going forward and standing between two fine specimens of the silver tree-fern *(Cyathea dealbata)*, you look down the cave, which is simply a hole some 30 to 40 feet deep, sloping down at a very sharp angle, over blocks of stone, to a pool of clear blue water at the bottom. The back of this excavation, from which the boulders have fallen that pave the bottom, is scooped out into a sort of arch, the walls of which, as well as the loose boulders below, are coated with a pearly inflorescence, which, on tasting, you find to be of pure alum. In the clear blue pool at the

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bottom you may have a hot bath, the temperature of the water being sufficiently low to be endurable. It is not improbable that this water may have some peculiarly curative properties, being so strongly impregnated with alum and other mineral substances that it is with great difficulty that one can keep the limbs from floating on the surface. Owing to this buoyancy of the body and to the uneven stony nature of the bottom, bathing in the alum cave is not a very comfortable proceeding—the best plan being to make for one of the submerged boulders, and there to remain seated as long as inclination prompts. It is really only the bather that sees the alum cave to the best advantage. The green light transmitted through the water quivers on the particoloured arch above, and the vegetation at the mouth of the cave forms a delicate lace-work of foliage against the blue background of the sky. It may interest some to know that one of the ferns that drape the sides of the cave is the delicate *Lindsaya trichomenoides*.

Having examined the wonders on the right bank of the river, and seen your horse swum across and tethered on the best available piece of pasture, the next consideration will be how you are to spend the night. If it is fine weather a bed of fern in some sheltered spot in the open air is to be recommended. If, however, rain sets in and you have no tent, you must needs avail yourself of the hospitality of the Maoris, who will gladly put a spare whare at your disposal, and supply you with such provisions as they have. Should fate oblige you to shelter in a whare you will have a busy night, and will rise in the morning much subdued with loss of blood; therefore, if possible, choose a bed of sweet fern in the open air.

In the morning, before setting out for Taupo, it would

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be well to devote a few hours to an examination of the wonderful geyser and hot-spring phenomena on the left bank. The native settlement is placed under the lee of a sloping bank, on a platform just above the river—a situation romantic and picturesque in the extreme. Down below, the noble Waikato rushes in a white-crested torrent, awful in its impetuosity, widening out into a reach of placid water at the ferry, about a mile below the settlement. The plateau on which the village stands is thickly perforated down to the river's edge with all manner of hot springs, gently boiling pools, active geysers spouting their jets high into the air, cauldrons of seething mud, and steaming fumaroles. On the further side of the river columns of steam are seen rising from the hills in all directions, and the silica streams roll down the incline to the edge of the river like petrified cataracts. From one commanding point Hochstetter counted seventy-six spots where clouds of steam indicated the existence of boiling water. It would only be wearisome to attempt any enumeration even of the larger springs, since they resemble so closely those described in other portions of this work. The chief spring, that which gives its name to the settlement, is a large geyser lying at the foot of the sloping hill that backs the village. Sometimes it spouts (according to the natives) to a height of a hundred feet; but in its usual state it boils continuously, sending its water up in the centre of the cauldron to a height of two or three feet. Near the river there are basins used by the natives as baths, and said to possess highly curative properties.

Before leaving Orakei-Korako all visitors should walk or ride about a mile and a-half down the river bank where the river gathers itself together and forms a fine rapid, hardly less magnificent than the more celebrated Huka Falls.

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The road from Orakei-Korako to Taupo is still along the telegraph-line, over very rough and not particularly interesting country. On ascending the height behind the pah, a fine view opens up of the settlement and the river. About thirteen miles from Taupo the bridle track joins the coach road. A few miles beyond this point the native village of Oruanui is reached. About two miles from Taupo a vast column of steam may be seen rising to the left, a short distance from the main road. This is the famous Karapiti fumarole. The ground in front of it—between the fumarole and the road—many acres in extent, is a quaking bog of boiling water, presenting here and there patches of firm foothold, but exceedingly difficult and dangerous to cross. The only practicable approach to this fumarole is from behind, and it is most conveniently visited at the same time with the Wairakei Geysers and the Huka Falls. A short distance past Karapiti and the tourist finds himself at the Taupo township.

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# CHAPTER XXIV.

## TAUPO.

HOTELS.—Gallagher's Lake Hotel and Noble's Hotel.

WAIRAKEI.—Mr. Robert Graham's Establishment, 6 miles from Taupo.

LOFLEY'S BATHS, 1½ miles from Taupo—£2 10s. to £3 3s. per week—including baths.

PLACES OF INTEREST.—*Glen Lofley*—visiting on way *Crow's Nest Geyser*, *Witch's Cauldron*, *Big Ben*, and other springs. *Huka Falls*, *Wairakei Geysers* (most remarkable in Hot Lake district next to Rotomahana) and *Karapiti*. *Tauhara* (3000 ft.) 4 miles from Taupo. *Rotokawa*, a small lake 8 miles N.E. of Taupo—large sulphur deposits. *Tokano*—Settlement at south end of Lake Taupo—about 50 miles from Taupo township—large number of hot water springs and fumaroles.

A canter of about two miles past Karapiti, across the Waikato bridge, brings one into the Taupo township. There are two hotels, known as Gallagher's and Noble's—Gallagher's being the most frequented. The bedrooms are very comfortable, but not very much can be said for the the comfort of the Taupo hotels in other respects. Any visitor putting up here would do well to arrange for having a different table from the general *table d'hôte* of the hotel.

The first and most pleasant feeling that strikes the new arrival at Taupo is a sense of boundless openness and freedom. There is little that is absolutely beautiful in the landscape, the pervading colour of which is a dull barren brown, mellowed, however, in the distance where the soft outline of the hills meets the sky. The object which the eye is ever seeking and on which it always

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rests with delight, is the green crest of Tauhara, an isolated, wood-covered mountain that stands about four miles from the township. Then there is the sinuous loveliness of the green river, the ever-changing face of the lake, and away beyond, where the water of the lake vanishes from sight, the majesty of the snow-crested Tongariro and Ruapehu—a majesty frequently rather hinted than expressed, for their summits are often covered for days with a veil of cloud.

The township of Taupo lies on the right bank of the Waikato, on the angle formed by the lake and the river. It contains from twenty to thirty houses besides the Armed Constabulary Station (under command of Major Scannell). On the Government ground there is a redoubt built of fascines, with ditch and angles. Near the redoubt is a fine large wooden hall, fitted up with a stage, on which the amateur talent of the station occasionally displays itself for the amusement of the Taupo public; and to the north of the hall stands a neat Post and Telegraph Office.

The prettiest walk in the township of Taupo is certainly along the bank of the river, from the point where it leaves the lake, to the bridge. Standing on the bank, you may watch the river stealing from the lake and gliding over its green weeds in a slow and stately current, until, a few hundred yards from the outlet, it broadens out into a wide sheet of water, of great depth about the middle, but shoaling off about the edges into little sandy coves, or beds of raupo and rushes. On the further bank is a small Maori settlement, which maintains frequent communication with the township by means of canoes—this being a readier means of transit than going round by the bridge.

The first day at Taupo should be devoted to visiting

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Lofley's baths and the various points of interest on the way thither. There is a carriage road all the way from the township to Glen Lofley, branching off to the right from the main coach road, a few hundred yards from the hotel door. An easy walk of half-an-hour will cover the distance, and therefore walking is better than riding or driving, as it allows of your making various detours to examine places lying off the main road. About a mile out from Taupo, where the road comes very near the bank of the river, you may, by stepping a few paces from the road, see one of the loveliest bits of river scenery it is possible to imagine. The Waikato at this point describes a sharp curve something like the half of a rough ellipse. Standing as it were at the middle point of the arc, you see, away to the right, the river sailing slowly and grandly down from the lake—a broad expanse of glassy water, bordered with grass and sedge, and breaking on the "aits" that divide it in mid-stream. On approaching the spot where you stand, it narrows, to flow through a gorge formed by cliffs projecting from either side, and, after boiling softly through the defile, again expands into its former placidity and continues its course towards the sea. Beyond a few dwarf native shrubs the banks have no foliage to grace them; but the soft green fern slopes, rising and falling in irregular swellings and depressions, and broken here and there by an outcropping rock, seem the most appropriate of settings for the beautiful river. The water in the narrows, fifty feet below, is very deep—but such is its transparency that you can see every stone that lies at the bottom. As the sun shines on the surface of the river the play of colour is wonderful; the green of the water varying in intensity, according to the character of the bottom or the depth of shade on its surface—dark in some places almost to black-

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ness, and in others dashed with blotches of verdigris green, so that the smooth surface of the river looks like a slab of polished malachite. The cliffs and boulders seem, in the distance, to have their faces stained with a brilliant red, which on closer inspection you find to be a peculiar lichen, encrusting not only the rock faces but also the stems of such plants as grow in the neighbourhood. To anyone who has seen the rival of the Waikato, the Clutha, rush from the Otago Lakes in its headlong and troubled course, never to run smoothly or loiter on its way till it nears the sea, will be much impressed by the contrast between the two rivers. The character of the Clutha is a constant unrest and fury, subdued only when the river merges into the greater power of the sea: the Waikato, though it occasionally rouses itself into ungovernable fury when any considerable obstacle chafes its waters, is characterised for the most part by a slowness and stateliness of flow—the very embodiment of river majesty. Perhaps the Clutha is the more impressive; but the Waikato is the stream to wander by and watch—a river superlatively beautiful.

Sitting on the cliff overhanging the Gorge, and looking down the stream, you will see on the right hand bank, nearly on a level with the water, a number of steam-columns, indicating the presence of hot springs. Presently, from a raised funnel, a column of water will shoot up into the air to a height of fifty or sixty feet, and descend in a magnificent parabola of foam. This is the celebrated Crow's Nest Geyser; and it will be well to walk down the bank a little and descend to its level, taking good care to find the beaten path, for the surrounding ground is of the most treacherous nature, and careless walking may lead to a most painful scalding. The Crow's Nest is a raised funnel of silica, about 10 feet high, presenting the appear-

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ance as if sticks had been arranged as in a bird's nest, and had been afterwards cemented by some substance which left the outline of the sticks still visible.

Near the Nest is a large spring boiling up from under an overhanging arch of rock, and covered with so dense a cloud of steam that it is only at fitful intervals that a glimpse of the horrid pool can be obtained. This gate to Tartarus has been suggestively named "The Witches' Cauldron." There are numerous other springs and boiling mud-holes at this part of the river's bank.

Re-ascending the bank and crossing the road you will see a dense column of steam a few hundred yards before you in the manuka scrub. This is Big Ben, certainly one of the most extraordinary mud-springs in the lake district. The funnel—the sides of which are composed of moist red clay —sinks about 15 feet into the ground. In the orifice at the bottom of this funnel the clay is boiling up with a regular pulsation, the beats resembling the thuds of the stampers in a quartz battery. That the ground hereabouts must have been at one time densely perforated with such mud-holes is witnessed by the number of craters now overgrown with moss and scrub.

A few hundred yards from Big Ben over the barren scrubby ground will bring you to the edge of the plateau, where it suddenly dips into what you will at first sight conceive to be the "Happy Valley" of Rasselas, so peaceful and prosperous does it look, and so little suspected is its existence. Cottages peep here and there from encircling trees—all grouped round a central large building with a Gothic cast of features which you take to be the church; though the Abyssinian and un-Christian complexion of the valley is not belied by the appearance, in its high places, of certain grim idols, which grin, and loll their tongues at you

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with a malignant and devilish defiance. Descend into the valley and you will probably meet the *genius loci*, Mr. Lofley, who will be glad to lead you through the groves and arborous walks of his little paradise, called Tapapakuao, or, in the vulgar, Glen Lofley. First he will show you his baths of every kind—douche, plunge, swimming, vapour-baths. A stream of cold water and a stream of hot run down the valley, and at their confluence form one of those polar-equatorial baths so much appreciated by folks in search of new sensations. Having seen the various cottages in which Mr. Lofley makes his guests comfortable, you ask to be shown the chapel, only to find that what seemed a chapel is a dining-room —its table spread with a tempting lunch of scones and fresh butter, cheese, crisp lettuce, and lush onions; whilst a few yards from the door the tea-kettle is simmering in a hot spring. Surely this valley is the spot to restore the jaded energies; it breathes the very spirit of repose.

Another day may be devoted to visiting Wairakei and the Huka Falls. Many visitors to Taupo appear to visit Mr. Graham's establishment at Wairakei, and to return without seeing anything more; and so they miss the group of geysers which undoubtedly comes next in importance to the Rotomahana Geysers, being, if not more extensive, infinitely more interesting than the Whakarewarewa group. It will be necessary, therefore, to take a guide; and one cannot do better than employ Taylor, who now lives in the township, and, having at one time managed Wairakei for Mr. Graham, has a competent knowledge of the locality. One had better walk or ride to Wairakei, there being no good buggy track; and it is better to ride than walk, in order to husband strength for an examination of the geysers. Having then procured horses and a guide, you will be taken first by a track winding through the scrub to the Huka Falls, a

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distance of about three miles from Taupo. Here the Waikato, becoming suddenly contracted, has its water forced in between two perpendicular walls of stone so closely approaching each other that it almost seems as if a good jumper might leap across. This narrow trough which is of considerable length, dips down at a sharp angle, so that to anyone standing on its edge the water swirls past with an almost sickening velocity. About half way down the rapid there is a sort of recess or small cave, down into which it is possible to scramble, so as to be on a level with the rushing water. This alcove is a bower of pretty ferns of the most delicate growth and texture, including maidenhairs and several varieties of filmy ferns. Overhead, great masses, such as are rarely seen elsewhere, of the sweet-scented New Zealand orchid *(Earina autumnalis)* hang their pretty amber blossoms. The rapid ends in a waterfall, the whole body of water leaping down over a ledge, some twenty or thirty feet, into a pool of white foam which boils off in a soft whitish green, as the river expands to its usual breadth and resumes its former leisure and majesty of flow between scalloped cliffs fringed with a wealth of handsome shrubs.

Looking at the terrible force of the rapids and fall, one thinks with horror of the fate of Tamateapokaiwhenua and his 68 Wanganuis, who, according to Taupo tradition, once tried, in fulfilment of a vain-glorious boast, to shoot the Huka rapids. The Taupo natives had dared their visitors, who were renowned canoe-men, to navigate the Waikato at this point; and the strangers, accepting the challenge, were swallowed up in the vortex below the fall—all except one chief who, as the canoe entered the rapids, leaped on to a boulder and so escaped; and the boulder is there to this day.

A ride of about five miles brings one to the Wairakei

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Geysers—after passing on the way Mr. R. Graham's establishment, consisting of a raupo cottage partitioned off into comfortable bedrooms, and a wooden building just now in course of erection to supplement the cottage. The surrounding ground looks at present somewhat bleak and barren, the trees that have been planted presenting rather a stunted appearance, and the grass refusing to take kindly to the inhospitable pumice soil.

About two miles beyond Mr. Graham's homestead, and across a pretty high range of hills is the geyser valley. The geysers lie on both sides of the Wairakei, a stream which is largely fed by the water from their springs and which makes its way down the valley to join the Waikato. So numerous are the boiling springs of this locality that a particular description of each would only be tedious; but perhaps a few of the principal may be enumerated. The descent down the steep bank is made by a zig-zag path round an escarpment which forms the edge of a huge boiling cauldron called Tuhuatahi. The basin is nearly circular and the water is in a constant state of violent ebullition. A little down the stream lies the Terekereke Geyser; and further down still, where the creek expands into a pool edged with boiling sand, is the wonderful Steam Hammer. You seat yourself upon the bank, and presently you feel a heavy thud below you, repeated at regular intervals, and like nothing but the sound of a heavy hammer muffled by the intervening ground. Ascending the stream above Tuhuatahi, you reach the Wairakei Geyser proper. It lies in a circular recess in the bank, and has an irregularly formed funnel of mammillary incrustations resembling coral, from which a little runnel with similarly encrusted sides leads off the ejected water to the creek. It is wise to keep at a safe distance from Wairakei whilst watching its operations. A

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premonitory gurgling and gushing deep down in the funnel warn you when to look for a display of water-works. Presently the water reaches the top of the basin, struggles for a little to rise above the edge, and then shoots up into a fine column, the whole display lasting about a minute and a-half.

Crossing the stream, you come, in succession, upon a boiling pot of pink porridge, a pond of blue milk, and messes of mud of every possible complexion and consistency. Presently, going down the stream you reach what without doubt is *the* sight of Wairakei, a spot which might well be called Geyser Hollow. Only a small part of the creek is visible, the place where it enters and where it disappears being hidden by a mass of boulders and a tangle of ferns and other greenery. The opposite bank of reddish clay, close to the foot of which the stream runs, is draped with luxuriant moss, manuka, and the rare hot-water fern *Nephrolepis cordifolia*. The side on which you stand is a broken slope, every inch of which is thickly encrusted with silica. It contains two geysers playing large volumes of water, and seeming to act alternately. The incrustations at the mouth of these geysers are exquisitely and fantastically shaped, like huge mushrooms and sponges—the colour, a warm drabbish pink. Every branch and twig that have come under the influence of the water have been coated over with silica. One tree stump, standing still in its natural position, with its roots coiling like so many snakes, has been turned into stone, and shows every crease and scar in its gnarled and corrugated bark; and a manuka tree which has fallen headlong down the terrace within reach of the spray has been covered, to the smallest twig, with a flint-sheath of dazzling white. These are a few of the many wonders to be seen in this

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place of wonders. There can be no doubt that next to Rotomahana, Wairakei is the place that presents the most varied and the most interesting group of hot-water springs.

In returning to Taupo, after ascending the hill beside Mr. Graham's house, it is advisable to make a detour to the right in order to visit Karapiti, the famous fumarole already mentioned. It is rather difficult of access, but the approach from this direction is easier and safer than from any other.

There are several other interesting excursions which may be made from Taupo. Tauhara (3000 feet) may be easily ascended, three-fourths of the way being practicable on horseback; and from the summit a most extensive view may be obtained, reaching as far as White Island in the Bay of Plenty. Then there is Rotokawa (Bitter Lake) lying eight miles north-east from Taupo. This makes a pleasant ride, and may comfortably be done in half a day. Rotokawa is a small lake fringed with thick beds of bulrushes, and swarming with water-fowl. The chief point of interest is at the north end of the lake where there are extensive sulphur deposits. Here beautiful specimens of sulphur crystals may be obtained by those who come with some iron instrument, a tomahawk or spade, to dig them up. Those who wish to secure specimens must, of course, provide themselves with something in which to carry their finds. Magnificent slabs of sulphur glittering with crystals may be dug up anywhere at the north end of the lake, but they are exceedingly brittle and require careful packing in sawdust if they are to be carried any great distance.

The lake of Taupo itself will be a never-failing source of delight to the visitor staying at the township. Especially towards evening, when the skies in the west begin to take on those tints of red and yellow, amber, steel blue, and

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saffron, which make a sunset on Taupo so glorious, is it pleasant to walk along the pumice beach, and watch the swell of the lake reflecting the colours of the sky, till the light fades and darkness gathers slowly in on the sullen heaving of the water. It is but a small portion of the lake that is visible from the township, the great body of water stretching away beyond the headlands that shut in the Tapuwaeharuru Bay, and branching away to the west into an arm called Western Bay, which would of itself make no mean lake. Taupo Moana, as the lake is properly called (Moana meaning "sea"), measures about 24 miles along its greatest length, from Taupo township, where the Waikato leaves the lake, to Tokano, at the southern end, where the same river enters it. Its greatest breadth is about 18 miles, and its elevation about 1250 feet above sea level. At Tokano, a settlement at the southern end, there is another extensive region of hot-water springs, geysers, and fumaroles, which anyone making a long stay at Taupo would do well to visit, riding the distance, some fifty miles along the east shore of the lake.

A day's ride further on still would give one a near view of Tongariro and Ruapehu. Tongariro (6500 feet), lying about twelve miles south of the lake, is a volcano, not yet extinct, although it has been quiescent for a good many years. Ruapehu, which lies about sixteen miles further south, is 9000 feet high.

A small schooner plies on Lake Taupo, trading between the township and various points on the lake. By taking a trip with this little vessel one would have an excellent opportunity of seeing the lake to advantage. To do this, however, one would require to have abundance of time, as the schooner is very uncertain in her movements, and is often wind-bound for days at certain points at which a long sojourn would be undesirable.

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# CHAPTER XXV.

## HAWKE'S BAY—NAPIER AND GISBORNE.

Taupo to Napier, 99 miles.

Coach leaving Taupo for Napier at 6 a.m. on Thursday reaches Tarawera (the half-way point) same evening at 6; leaving Tarawera at 6 a.m. on Friday, reaches Napier at 6 p.m.; fare, £2 10s. Return coach leaves Masonic Hotel, Napier, every Tuesday at 6 a.m., arrives at Tarawera at 6 p.m.; leaves Tarawera at 6 a.m. on Wednesday, and reaches Taupo at 6 p.m.; fare, £2 10s. Coach leaves Taupo on Thursday, at 5.30 a.m., reaching Ohinemutu same day at 5.30 p.m.; fare, 30s.; Leaves Ohinemutu on Friday morning and reaches Tauranga same day at 6 p.m.; fare, £1. Through fare from Napier to Tauranga (or reverse journey), £5.

NAPIER TO WELLINGTON.—Leave Napier by 7.25 a.m. train on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, for Makatuku. Thence coach to Palmerston; thence 8.30 p.m. train to Foxton, remain night, and leave next morning at 4.45 a.m. by coach for Wellington. Fare (including train), first class, £4 1s.; second class, £3 12s. 8d.; or, instead of going by Foxton, take coach from Makatuku to Eketahuna (changing coach at Woodville), where remain night; leave Eketahuna following morning at 7 by coach for Masterton, whence train to Wellington, where arrive at 6 p.m. Fare (including train), first class, £3 17s. 9d.; second class, £3 6s.

Also by the U. S. S. Co.'s steamers (203 miles), which make the passage in about 18 hours. Fares, single saloon, £3; steerage, £2; return, £4 16s.; £3 4s.

For return journey see Wellington.

POPULATION OF NAPIER—5756.

PRINCIPAL HOTELS.—Masonic, Clarendon, Criterion, Empire, and Exchange.

CLUBS.—Hawke's Bay, Clarendon (both resident), strangers admitted on introduction—Working Men's Club.

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PUBLIC BUILDINGS. — Government Buildings, Town all, Athenæum (admission free to strangers).

PLACE OF AMUSEMENT.—Theatre Royal.

GISBORNE (POVERTY BAY, AUCKLAND PROVINCE).

Eighty miles north-east of Napier.

U. S. S. Co.s vessels twice-weekly. Fares, single saloon, £1 15s.; steerage, £1 5s.; return, £2 16s.; £2.

PRINCIPAL HOTELS.—Albion Club Hotel, Masonic, Argyle.

At Gisborne Captain Cook is said to have first landed in New Zealand. A short walk from the town is the cemetery, in which is erected a monument to those who fell in the massacre by Te Kooti in 1868.

The visitor to Taupo, on exhausting the sights in that neighbourhood, will, if not bent on retracing his steps, take the coach from Taupo to Napier, a two days' journey. The distance between the two places is about 100 miles, the half-way point being at Tarawera. The coach leaves Taupo at 7 o'clock on Thursday morning and reaches Tarawera at 6 p.m., leaving the latter place for Napier at the same hour on the following morning, and arriving at Napier in time for 6 o'clock dinner. The country between Taupo and Napier is in some parts of the grandest possible description, the bush and mountain scenery on each side of Tarawera being infinitely more impressive than the much vaunted route from Tauranga to Ohinemutu. For the first 24 miles, from Taupo across the Rangitaiki to Runanga, the journey is over bleak and uninteresting country; but at Runanga the road strikes the Waipunga River and enters upon the most enchanting forest scenery, up this hill and down that, with the constant company of the cheering mountain stream, which puts forth for your amusement all the arts and blandishments of which a mountain stream is capable—now playing hide-and-seek amongst the trees, or scamper-

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ing away among its boulders; now disappearing down the valley in a mere silver thread, and again reappearing at some turn where you least expect it; anon washing the wheels of the coach, and by and by turning somersaults down the face of a cliff in the snowiest of waterfalls. It is impossible to weary in the company of a lively and versatile stream like the Waipunga. The vegetation, too, along this route is of the most varied description—amongst other forms being conspicuous the broad metallic swords of the *Cordyline indivisa* and the green plush fronds of the *Todea superba*.

At Tarawera a halt is made for the night at an hotel which, for its old-fashioned homeliness, might have been transported—hostess, bill of fare, and rooms—from the middle of England in the 18th century. At seven next morning, after an early breakfast, a start is made for Napier. For about four miles the Waipunga still keeps the coach company, and then turns off to join the Mohaka. As you ascend the Luranga-kuma range by a winding zig-zag, the distant prospect of hill and valley and wood is indescribably lovely. After crossing Turanga-kuma the road passes the Te Harato native settlement, and descends into the valley of the Mohaka river, which is crossed by a bridge near a pretty cascade. Crossing the river, whose bed, by the way, is paved with fossils, the coach ascends the break-neck slopes of the Titiokura Range, the summit of which is 2750 feet above sea level. The view from this hill is also very extensive, but lacks the charming variety of that from Turanga-kuma. A short stay is made at a wayside house at Pohui, where travellers may have a cup of tea whilst horses are being changed. The journey from Pohui to the Esk river is somewhat uninteresting. About 14 miles from Napier the road enters the bed of the Esk, which it

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crosses in all no fewer than 45 times, so that passengers are glad when at length they enter the Petane valley, from which a good carriage road leads into Napier through Petane and over the Spit, a long strip or bar of shingle which divides the inner harbour at Napier from the open sea. However much one may have enjoyed the wild and barren beauty of Taupo, it is with a pleasant sense of contrast that he passes into the quiet and cultivated loveliness of the Petane valley and village, and rests in the luxurious ease of a Napier hotel.

The Province of Hawke's Bay, originally part of Wellington Province, extends over two and a-half degrees of latitude on the east coast of the North Island. The common boundary of this Province and Auckland on the north, is latitude 39 degrees. On the west, Hawke's Bay is separated from Wellington by the Ruahine Range, and extends as far south as the Manawatu River. The bay which gives its name to the Province is a magnificent semicircular bight, the two horns of which are the Mahia Peninsula to the north, and Cape Kidnappers to the south. Off Mahia lies the little island of Portland which, with the names "Hawke's Bay" and "Kidnappers" carries one back to the year 1769, when Captain Cook in his ship "Endeavour" landed the first Europeans on New Zealand shores. On the 12th of October Cook first sighted the little island which he named from a fancied resemblance to Portland Island, in the English Channel. The bay he named in honour of Sir Edward Hawke, though as you look at the stately gyrations of the hawks above the bed of the Esk River, the driver of the Taupo coach will assure you that the bay was named from its being a favourite haunt of this bird. Cape Kidnappers commemorates the well-known incident of the theft by Maoris of the little Tahitian boy, Taiyota, who succeeded,

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however, in escaping from the canoe of the kidnappers and swimming back to the ship. There was no special settlement in Hawke's Bay as in the case of Wellington, Canterbury, and Otago. Its settlement was rather a gradual growth, as the extraordinary fertility of its soil, and the excellence of its climate came to be known and appreciated in other parts of the Colony.

In 1855 the township of Napier was laid out; and in 1858, the European population having considerably increased, Hawke's Bay was constituted a Province, having its own Superintendent and Provincial Council. The town of Napier is situated on Scinde Island, which, however insular it may at one time have been, is now a peninsula, lying about seven miles north of Cape Kidnappers. Scinde Island runs northward to meet the "Spit" which runs south from Petane, the two being connected by a bridge, and shutting in what is called the Inner Harbour, a large sheet of water unfortunately not available for harbour purposes. At present all large steamers have to lie out in the Ahuriri roadstead, passengers and freight being brought off in tenders to the wharf at Port Ahuriri, which lies on the north side of the island. By-and-by, however, Napier expects to have a harbour at which vessels of the largest burden can load and unload in safety.

In the town of Napier itself there is not much to detain the visitor. Although a prosperous and pretty town it is not large, and has few fine public buildings, the best being the Government Buildings, Town Hall, and Athenæum. The hills which lie to the north of Scinde Island are covered with the houses of the wealthier citizens, and the gardens, with their beds of flowers and their fine collections of trees, sufficiently attest the virtues of the climate and soil. By climbing Prospect Hill and taking a seat near the light-

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house, an extensive view may be obtained of the bay, where it curves in a fine regular sweep away to Cape Kidnappers. From this point also there is a good bird's-eye view of the business part of the town, which lies to the south side of the peninsula towards the isthmus ; whilst away in the distance, beyond the marsh formed by the Tutae Kuri River, may be seen the rich pastoral and agricultural districts round Meanee, Taradale, and Puketapu.

A drive through Napier on a fine sunny day is very enjoyable. One of the most pleasant drives is up Milton road to the Hospital, where you get an excellent view of the Tutae Kuri and the Inner Harbour, away along the Spit to Petane. From Milton Road you turn and descend by Chaucer Road into Carlyle Street, which runs between Tennyson Street and Dickens Street, and parallel with Browning Street, into Shakespeare Road. The nomenclature of their streets is sufficient guarantee that the citizens of Napier will always be familiar with the great names in our literature.

Napier is well supplied with comfortable hotels, amongst which may be mentioned the Masonic, Criterion, Clarendon, Empire, and Exchange. There are always also a number of very clean and comfortable public conveyances on the stand, with attentive drivers, ready to show visitors whatever there is to be seen. Anyone having a few days to spare cannot do better than drive out into the surrounding country towards Meanee and Taradale, or north in the direction of Petane.

Napier is a good point of departure from which to visit GISBORNE, a pretty little township lying 80 miles to the north, in the Auckland province, on Poverty Bay. The Union Steam Ship Company's steamers run twice-weekly between the two places. Gisborne lies on a semicircular bay

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which looks like a miniature copy of Hawke's Bay. The southern horn is remarkable as being the first land sighted by Cook, and received the name of Young Nick's Head, in honour of the lad who first sighted it. Round the whole length of Poverty Bay there stretches a narrow crescent of flat and fertile land, backed by tier upon tier of ranges, so that the settlement seems as if it were cut off from all communication with the world except by sea. This settlement, now the very picture of peace and plenty, was the scene of the most painful incident of the late Maori war, when in November, 1868, Te Kooti surprised the inhabitants and massacred 33 European settlers and 37 friendly natives. The particulars of this massacre are of the most horrible description; women and children—even babies—were murdered without pity: and instances are related of the most wonderful escapes and of the most heroic endurance. In the cemetery, which stands at the northern end of the crescent, three miles from Gisborne, a monument erected to the victims of the massacre gives the names and ages of those who were murdered.

There are two ways by which one may leave Napier. If it is desired to proceed by sea to some other New Zealand port, passage may be taken in one of the Union Company's steamers which call four times a week at Napier—twice going down, and twice up the coast. In order, however, to get some idea of the resources of Hawke's Bay one cannot do better than take the overland journey either to Wellington or Wanganui, by way of Woodville. Whether bound to Wellington or Wanganui one must go first of all to Woodville, a township in the extreme south of Hawke's Bay on the Manawatu River; so that this part of the journey must first be discussed. The journey, then, from Napier to Woodville, consists of 68 miles of

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railway (Napier to Makatuku) and 32 of coach (Makatuku to Woodville). The days on which the coach meets the train at Makatuku are Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Thus, by setting out from Napier in the afternoon of Saturday, Tuesday, or Thursday, a break might be made in the journey by stopping a night at Makatuku; but as the hotel accommodation at that place is not of the best description, this course is not to be recommended.

Setting out then on a Monday, Wednesday, or Friday from Napier at 7.25 a.m., the train runs almost the whole length of the Hawke's Bay Province; and a finer stretch of country it would be difficult to see in either hemisphere. The railway passes through many small, prosperous townships, and by hundreds of well cultivated farms. The stock which one sees grazing, up to the knees in grass and clover—sheep, cattle, and horses—is sufficient evidence of the pastoral pre-eminence of this province; whilst the fields of grain—oats and wheat bearing fine heads on strong, elastic, and even hulms—show the grit of the soil for agricultural purposes. As the train passes in succession such places as Hastings, with its poplars and its pines, its churches and its homesteads, its flats of white clover and its flocks of long-woolled sheep, you might fancy yourself in one of the most fertile of the eastern counties of England. And Hastings is only one such spot. Following it are Te Aute, with its native school; Kaikora, a village in a large agricultural plain, bounded on each side by soft, undulating downs, and subdivided into fields, stocked with thoroughbred sheep and cattle; Waipawa, with its wealth of Kahikatea timber; Waipukurau, the ideal of a country township; Takapau, with its comfortable station in the midst of parks of cabbage-trees—the Ruataniwha Plain stretching away to the west as far as the eye can reach.

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At Ormondville the railway enters the 70-mile bush—and as the name indicates, the route from this point lies through a very extensive tract of forest. A coach will be in waiting when the train reaches Makatuku, the terminus, at 11.30 a.m. and an immediate start is made on the onward journey to Woodville. This part of the route is of the most varied description—a succession of beautiful stretches of forest, stump-clearings, and homesteads. The two chief townships are the Norwegian settlement of Norsewood and the Danish settlement of Dannevirke, at which last an excellent lunch is served up to the passengers by coach.

On arrival at Woodville you must make up your mind which route to choose, for at this point the routes diverge. If your chief object be to reach Wellington, there is a choice of two routes. You may change coach at Woodville and go on the same evening to Ekatahuna, where you remain the night, taking coach at seven next morning for Masterton, and thence rail to Wellington, where you arrive at 6 p.m.; or you may continue in the same coach and proceed from Woodville to Palmerston, and thence to Foxton the same night, leaving Foxton next morning by the 4.45 coach, and arriving at Wellington about 6 p.m.

Both routes are interesting; but if the object be not so much to reach Wellington at once as to see the country, it will be better to take the last-mentioned route, turning north at Palmerston to visit Wanganui and the Taranaki Province. The Wairarapa Valley can very easily be visited from Wellington. Assuming the Palmerston, Wanganui, and Taranaki route to be the one chosen, we continue on the coach that has brought us to Woodville, and proceed, two miles beyond that township, to enter the Manawatu Gorge, a cleft in the Ruahine Monntains by which the river Manawatu, on leaving Hawke's Bay, enters the Wellington

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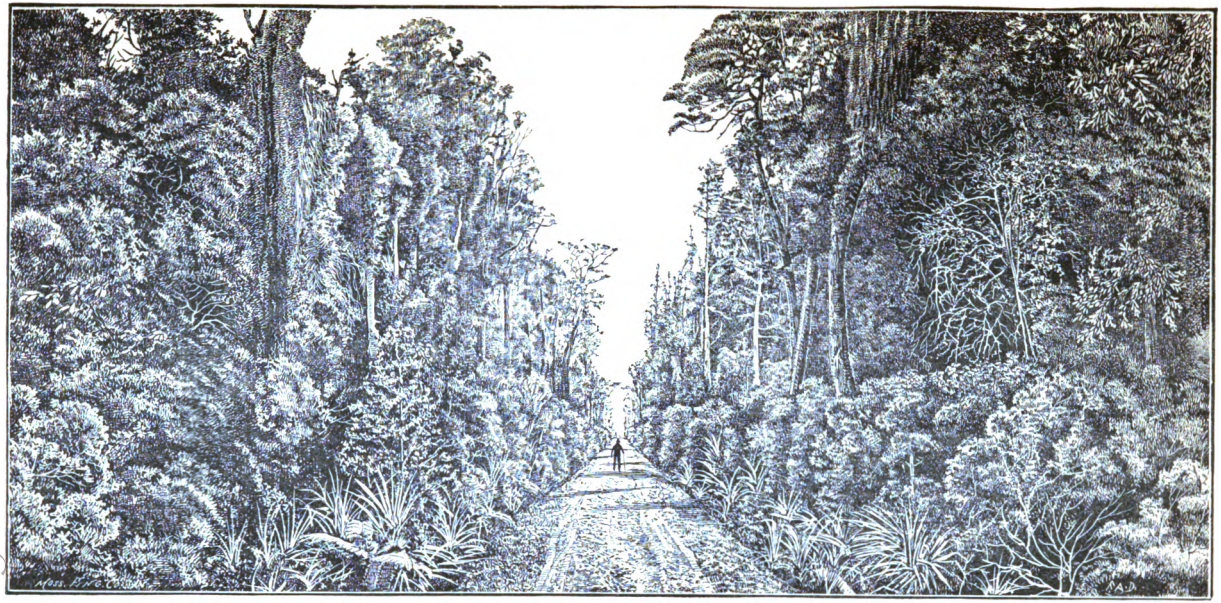

**LONG AVENUE—SEVENTY-MILE BUSH.**
***From a Photograph by J. Bragg, Wellington.***

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Province. A gently sloping and winding avenue leads down to the entrance of the gorge, where the river is spanned by a fine bridge, over which the coach proceeds to the southern side, and thence along a narrow shelf which is cut out on the face of the mountain, and which follows, with many a sharp bend and curve, all the sinuosities of the river. Fifty feet below rolls the "drumlie" stream; on the further side of which the buttresses of the hills slope sharply back, covered from the water's edge to their summits with a dense and varied vegetation—tree-ferns, nikau-palms, creepers, pines—whatever in New Zealand forest life is rich and beautiful; whilst overhead, from the narrow shelf of road, the hills ascend for many hundred feet with an ascent so steep that it strains the eyes to follow them to the top. Every here and there the sides of the gorge are seamed with deep ravines, darkened to perpetual twilight by the overspreading green of shrubs and ferns that luxuriate in their dank recesses, down which the cool pellucid runnels tumble from the hills to mix with the yellow water of the river. Owing to the windings of the gorge, its full magnificence is not at once revealed; and there is something delightful in the feeling of expectation with which one looks for fresh revelations at each successive turn of the road. After passing several pretty cascades that tumble down the hillside and rush through culverts underneath the road, to the river, the gorge gradually widens, and presently the coach is out in the open.

On emerging from the gorge, the coach crosses the Manawatu on a punt, and bowls over the level road between fields of rich grass covered with excellent stock, to Palmerston, where it arrives about 7 in the evening. Palmerston north, originally founded by a Colony of Norwegians and Danes, is a town of growing importance. Placed as it is at

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the junction of several important highways, it bids fair to become one of the most thriving inland towns in the Colony. In the centre of the township is a large square which has been laid out as a park, and which will one day, when the trees grow, be a great ornament to the place. The hotels here are very comfortable, the best being the Royal Clarendon, Commercial, and Club Hotels.

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# CHAPTER XXVI.

## WANGANUI AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Distance, overland from Wellington, 157 miles.

Coasting steamers run at short intervals between Wellington and Wanganui.

Population, 4500.

The Wanganui river is navigable by canoes for 70 miles ; and for steamers of light draught, 35 miles.

HOTELS: Rutland, Criterion, Provincial.

A train leaves Wanganui at 8.35 a.m., and reaches New Plymouth at 6.40 p.m. of same day. The distance between Manutahi and Hawera (12 miles) must be done by coach.

The train for South leaves Wanganui at 8 a.m., reaching Foxton at 2 p.m. ; or, leaves Wanganui at 4.15 p.m., reaching Foxton at 9.55 p.m.

The traveller who wishes to proceed from Wanganui at once to Wellington will, after having tea at one of the Palmerston hotels, take the 8.30 p.m. train to Foxton, where he will remain the night, leaving for Wellington next morning by the 4.45 coach.

Anyone, however, wishing to see something of Taranaki, will spend the night at Palmerston, and set out next morning by the 6.45 train for Wanganui, which he will reach about 11.20 the same forenoon. The passenger by train from Palmerston to Wanganui (62 miles) passes through an exceedingly fine stretch of country, brought to a high state of cultivation, and carrying first-rate stock. Within a comparatively short time a chain of towns has

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sprung into existence on this route, some of which, such as Feilding and Marton, contain a large population, and are active centres of business. Before reaching Wanganui three considerable rivers are crossed—the Rangitikei, Turakina, and Whangaehu—all of which run through scenery more or less picturesque.

Whoever can spare the time would do well to spend a few days in the pretty little town of Wanganui. Lying on a fertile alluvial flat, sheltered from every wind by the high river banks, it is the picture of sunny, prosperous contentment. The town itself, which numbers about 4500 inhabitants, contains some handsome wooden buildings, and the neighbourhood offers a number of pleasant walks and rides along both sides of the river, up towards the point, down in the direction of the Heads, or out towards St. John's Hill and Virginia Lake. A fine view of Wanganui and its surroundings may be had from the sandhills in the centre of the town, on one of which stands the Rutland Stockade, originally built as a protection against the natives who threatened a descent upon the town, and now used as a gaol. An interesting memorial of the war may be seen in the handsome monument erected by the river side to commemorate the heroism of "those brave men who fell at Moutoa, 14th May, 1864, in defence of Law and Order against Fanaticism and Barbarism." At that time the citizens of Wanganui were in daily expectation of a descent upon the town by the Hau-haus, who were mustering strong about 70 miles up the river. It was then that the friendly Wanganuis, who lived within the settlement, determined to oppose the threatened invasion, and sent a challenge to the Hau-hau fanatics proposing that they should join battle next day on the Island of Moutoa. Accepting the challenge the Hau-haus swept down the river in their canoes, and

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landed without opposition on the shingle spit of the island, where the friendlies were waiting to receive them. Jumping on to the shingle, the rebel Maoris kept up their horrid incantations for two hours, making mystic passes with their hands and shouting "Hau! Hau!" under the impression that they were in some mysterious way destroying the strength of their enemies. Then they joined in a hand-to-hand battle. The frendlies were retreating, and the day seemed to be lost, when Haimona Hiroti, shouting "I will go no further," rallied his men and drove the Hau-haus back into the river, whence but few of them escaped.

The chief places of business in Wanganui are on Taupo Quay and in Victoria Avenue, the principal street, which is continued across the river by a very fine iron bridge, nearly 600 feet long—provided with a swing which admits the passage of vessels up and down the river. From the north end of this bridge, as the sun is setting over the Heads, the citizens of Wanganui can enjoy a picture which, for brilliant colour and richness of effect, it would be difficult to surpass in New Zealand or elsewhere. The brilliant yellow glow of the sky reflected in the quivering water, the distinct reflection of the jetty-piles and of the sloops on the river, the ripple of oars, the long lines of tremulous light, and, behind all, the low background of hills towards the mouth of the river, make up an exceedingly lovely picture—as full of colour as the sunset afterglow under which painters love to paint the Scheldt or the Dutch Rhine.

The train for New Plymouth leaves Wanganui at 8.35 a.m., and reaches Manutahi at 12.20 p.m. At Manutahi there is a break in the line of railway, the next twelve miles being done by coaches which are in waiting daily at the station to convey passengers on to Hawera,

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whence they may proceed by the 3.15 train and reach New Plymouth the same evening at 6.55. This break in the railway from Manutahi to Hawera will in a short time be bridged over, and then passengers will be able to pass right through by train from Wanganui to New Plymouth.

Between Wanganui and Manutahi the train passes over very fine agricultural country and by several thriving townships, chief amongst which are Waverley (23 miles from Wanganui) with a population of about 700, and Patea, a seaport town, situated upon a piece of high ground at the mouth of the Patea river. Patea numbers about 1300 inhabitants, and possesses four hotels and a few considerable places of business. It is distant from Wanganui 35 miles, and about 130 by sea from Wellington, with which it holds more or less communication by vessel. Patea is further an interesting landmark in the journey, inasmuch as it is the entrance to the Province of Taranaki, the river here forming the boundary between that province and Wellington. Besides those two, other places on the route to Manutahi are of interest in connection with the Maori war, amongst others Kai Iwi, Nukumaru, and Waitotara. At Waitotara, on an elevation visible from the railway station, was the celebrated Wereroa Pah, which General Cameron considered so strong that he would not venture to attack it with his force of 1100 men—estimating the force required to take it at 2000. The Governor, however, Sir George Grey, succeeded in capturing the pah with a force not larger than 473 all told.

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# CHAPTER XXVII.

## TARANAKI.

From Hawera to New Plymouth two routes may be chosen—the direct route by rail, the train leaving Hawera at 3.10 p.m. and reaching New Plymouth at 6.40 the same evening; or the coast route by coach, which leaves Hawera about 3 p.m., reaching Opunake (28 miles) the same night; leaving Opunake the next morning at seven o'clock, the coach reaches New Plymouth (40 miles) same day at 4 p.m. Through fare, 18s.

Parihaka may be visited from Opunake.

### NEW PLYMOUTH.

Population—3310.

HOTELS.—Criterion, Imperial, and Coomber's.

PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.—Alexandra and Masonic Halls.

The visitor should ascend Marsland Hill, on which stand the old Imperial Barracks, now occupied by a detachment of the Armed Constabulary, inspecting on the way quaint old St. Mary's Anglican Church, in whose cemetery lie the remains of many settlers and soldiers who fell fighting in the protracted Taranaki war. A further walk through Mitchinson's garden at the Henui, and a ramble through the cemetery adjoining, which also contains many mementos of the war, will prove interesting; while the breakwater, now in course of construction, with its concrete wall to be carried 2200 feet seaward, should be inspected before leaving.

The return journey from New Plymouth to Wellington may be made in two days. First day by rail and coach through Wanganui to Foxton; second day, by coach to Wellington, Through fare (including coach and railway fare), first class, £3 1s. 11d.; second, £2 12s. 11d.

There is also regular communication with other New Zealand ports by means of U.S.S. Co.'s steamers.

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The distance from Manutahi to Hawera by coach takes about two hours, so that there is only time for dinner at the latter place before the train sets out for New Plymouth. At Hawera it will be well to consider what route to choose in going to New Plymouth. The railway continues in an almost straight line inside and east of Mount Egmont, and New Plymouth is reached the same night. There is a coach, however, that runs from Hawera to New Plymouth, following the coast line west of Mount Egmont, and taking part of two days for the journey. Leaving Hawera about 3 p.m. it reaches Opunake (28 miles) the same night. A start is made from Opunake next morning at 7 a.m., and the coach reaches New Plymouth the same day about 4 p.m., the distance covered being about 40 miles. By choosing the coach route along the coast in going to New Plymouth, and the railway on the return journey, an excellent opportunity is given of seeing the Taranaki Province.

Taranaki is the smallest province of the North Island. Its northern boundary, the Mokau River, is in latitude 38° 40′; and the southern boundary, the Patea, about latitude 39° 40′. The eastern boundary runs along the Wanganui River for the first half of its course. The coast line stretching from the Mokau to the Patea describes a rough semicircle, the centre of the circle being the conspicuous volcanic cone Mount Egmont (8,270 feet), which is visible in fine weather from the deck of a vessel 100 miles out at sea. The base of Mount Egmont, from which the mountain ascends at first by a very easy gradient, may measure about 30 miles in diameter. Between the coast line and the base of the mountain there runs a belt of very fertile country, averaging in breadth about 15 miles. The outer ring of this belt, that next the coast, is mostly open flax or fern country, and is very level until you pass Opunake

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and approach New Plymouth. The inner ring, that next the foot of the mountain, is densely wooded. The whole of this belt is thickly ribbed with rivers, mostly rising in the Egmont slopes. From New Plymouth to the Patea there are in all 97 streams, great and small.

It is along the edge of this semicircle of well-drained and well-watered plain, known in colonial history under the general name of the Waimate Plains, that the coach road from Hawera to New Plymouth runs. The first day's coaching (to Opunake) is a somewhat monotonous drive through budding townships and rich but uninteresting fields and flax swamps. The sea, though within a mile or two of the road, is seldom visible, owing to the dead level of the land and the height of the cliffs that form the coast line. The one relieving feature in the landscape is the glorious majesty of Mount Egmont. If he condescends to show his head it is difficult to feel monotony in his presence, but he is shy of revealing his features to the vulgar eye.

At Opunake the question will arise whether Parihaka is to be visited or not. It is certainly well worth a visit, being at present the most considerable native settlement left in the Island. Parihaka lies along the coach road from Opunake about 12 miles. At this point a branch road turns to the right to the settlement, which lies about a mile from the main road. If economy of time is no object, the traveller may of course remain a day at Opunake, visit Parihaka, and go on the following day with the coach. But if a day cannot be spared, the only plan is to set out in a buggy from Opunake some hours before the coach which starts at 7 a.m., and, after visiting Parihaka, to get picked up by the coach when it passes the settlement about 10 a.m. If arrangements are made with the proprietor of the Empire Hotel in the evening, on the arrival of the

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coach from Hawera, he will have you called at the proper time, and provide a buggy and driver to take you to Parihaka. If a start is made from Opunake at 5 a.m., you will reach Parihaka probably about 7. This will leave two hours to explore the settlement, and ample time afterwards to walk down and meet the coach at the main road.

At Parihaka, besides the native pah, there is a Constabulary Station of considerable size, under the command of Major Goring. The quarters of the Constabulary occupy two hills and some flat ground at their foot, the redoubt, mess-room, and some of the men's cottages occupying the larger, Major Goring's quarters the smaller hill. On a flat at the foot of the smaller hill are cricket and lawn-tennis grounds, covered with a smooth turf of fine grass. Some natural bush closes in the cricket ground on one side, whilst a little stream, filled with water-cresses and edged with ferns, bounds it on another. The whole Station, from whatever point you look at it, is exceedingly picturesque, seeming rather the work of a skilful landscape gardener than the quarters of armed constables. The huts of the force, neatly built of raupo and thatched with cyperus and rushes, are constructed after the native pattern; only in learning the art of whare-building from the Maoris, the men have "bettered their instruction." The men of the force evidently take a pride in the neatness of their whares and the sweetness of their surroundings. Look wherever you will your eye rests on the old-fashioned flowers of English gardens, sweet peas, pansies, mignonette and such fragrant favourites. The cottage and garden of the Sergt.-major, with its ornamental porch of fanciful lattice-work, its little garden fenced in with fern-tree and gay with sweet peas and scarlet runners, its miniature grass plots, and its runnel of clear water, matted with cress, is a

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home for a poet. And such cottages are perched wherever the character of the ground makes it evident that nature intended a cottage to be.

Separated from the A. C. Station by a stream and gully, is the native pah—but how different from the trim and airy neatness of the constabulary settlement! It stands on a clearing in a hollow, surrounded by low hills, from which the once plentiful bush is now fast disappearing. The best point of vantage from which to see the pah is Fort Rolleston, a small hill in front, which the Volunteers, during the celebrated "raid," entrenched and mounted with a 6-pound Armstrong gun, to overawe the natives.

The Waitotaroa river flows through the middle of the pah, dividing the main village from the quarters appropriated by visitors from other tribes, chiefly from Wanganui and Taupo. Immediately in the foreground, on a small rising ground—the only wholesome situation in this Maori city—is the Necropolis of the pah, the graves, which are fenced off with rails of tree-fern, lying thick together, and overgrown with a tangled mass of broom, fern, and willows. Round the whole pah there runs a palisade composed of upright posts with cross pieces woven in and bound with flax. The whares, some of which are of a considerable size, are arranged in rows, the gable end which contains the door facing the street. In the centre of the village is the public square, provided with a sort of rude dais or platform from which Te Whiti used to harangue and teach the people. The prophet's house is conspicuous by its European appearance, having been built to receive the Governor when he proposed to visit the settlement, and handed over to Te Whiti when it had served that purpose. Anyone who takes a walk through the streets—or, more properly, passages—of the pah will see the usual sights to be seen in

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a large Maori village, old men and women basking in the sun, children rushing about in a state of nudity, and swarms of mangy, half-starved curs; and he will no doubt regret that nature has not provided hot baths for Parihaka as for Ohinemutu, so that the citizens might be induced occasionally to wash. At the doors of some of the whares bags or mats may be seen covered with a grey fungus of gelatinous appearance; this is the fungus which is so largely collected by the Taranaki natives and which, after being dried, is sold for exportation to China.

After inspecting Parihaka the visitor will make his way back to the main road, taking care not to be late for the coach, which will take him up at Pungarehu—the spot which was the beginning of all the Parihaka troubles. It was here that the natives, acting under Te Whiti's instructions, were so obstructive when the present coach-road was being laid off—a course of action which led, in November 1881, to the march on Parihaka, when Te Whiti, Tohu, and the murderer, Hiroki, were taken prisoners.

The journey from Opunake to New Plymouth is of a much more varied and pleasant character than that from Hawera to Opunake. The country is greatly diversified with hill, valley, and bush; whilst on approaching New Plymouth the Kaitaki Ranges on the right, and frequent glimpses of the Pacific on the left, at all times give the eye something pleasant to rest upon. This part of Taranaki is interesting as being the cradle of the Hau-hau religion—the fanatical superstition afterwards so disastrous to the country. The founder of the faith, Te Ua, lived near Opunake at that part of the coast where the "Lord Worsley" was wrecked, and exerted himself to prevent his tribe from looting that vessel. A short time after the vessel was wrecked, Te Ua begun to have visions, in which the Angel Gabriel played an impor-

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tant part, telling him to proclaim the new faith, the believers in which were to be known as the "Pai Marire," the "good and gentle." But the "Pai Marire" religion soon assumed characteristics and proportions unlooked for by Te Ua, and became, under such savage prophets as Hepanaia and Kereopa, a murderous and bloodthirsty fanaticism. It was at Ahu-Ahu on the New Plymouth road, a few miles south of Oakura, that the first skirmish took place, in April 1864, between Europeans and Hau-haus. A detachment of the 57th and about 100 settlers under Captain Lloyd were destroying crops on the Kaitaki Ranges, when a band of Maoris rushed upon them, barking like dogs, and appearing to have no fear of death. After a faint resistance the troops and settlers fled, but Captain Lloyd, who stood his ground and refused to retreat, was killed. His head was cut off, and, preserved in the Maori fashion, was thenceforward carried throughout the tribes by the propagandists of the new faith, under the belief that through its mouth their divinity spoke his oracles.

When the remarkable Sugar-loaves heave in sight, it is a sign that New Plymouth is not very far away; and presently, after passing to the left the Waireka Hill where a hot engagement with the Maoris took place in 1860, the coach is rolling past the sharp cone of Paritutu into the town.

The town of New Plymouth lies about 1½ miles east of the Sugar-loaf Islands, on a fine sweep of the North Taranaki Bight, the shore of which glitters with the metallic lustre of its iron-sand. Of the Sugar-loaf Islands or Ngamotu, as they are called by the Maoris, the most striking, Paritutu (which is properly no island, being on the mainland), rises in a sharp cone to a height of 503 feet. Moturoa, which is also conical, is 266 feet high, whilst Motumahanga

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(Twin Island) is saddle-backed, the highest cone being 190 feet. At present vessels visiting Taranaki lie out in the roadstead, but a fine harbour, now in course of construction, will enable large vessels to come into deep water close to the town.

There is not much in the town of New Plymouth itself to detain the visitor long. It is not a large town—the population probably not exceeding 3,500; but it is pleasantly situated at the foot of its green hills, one of which, Marsland Hill, is worth climbing for the view from the top. Through the middle of the town a river called the Huatoki flows; and further to the east another, the Henui, near which are the Cemetery, a pretty spot with several interesting monuments of the Taranaki wars, and Mitchinson's fine nursery gardens, both well worthy of a visit.

Before leaving New Plymouth on the return journey, a pleasant ride by train may be taken to the township of Waitara (sometimes called Raleigh) about 12 miles east of New Plymouth on the Waitara River. The country on both sides of the river is extremely fertile, and the whole river-basin is intimately associated with the inter-tribal native wars and the outbreaks between Europeans and Natives. Beyond the Waitara, and about 36 miles from New Plymouth, are the White Cliffs, at which the Rev. John Whiteley, with Lieutenant Gascoigne, his wife, and three children, were so treacherously and brutally murdered by some Mokau Maoris.

If the coast route has been taken in coming to New Plymouth, the railway route will naturally be taken going back. The distance from New Plymouth to Wellington may be done in two days. By leaving New Plymouth the first day by the 7.15 a.m. train, Foxton may be reached at 9.55 p.m. the same night; and from Foxton to Wellington

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makes one day's coaching. The train on leaving New Plymouth runs east for 8 miles to Sentry Hill, where the distinct lines of a redoubt may be traced, in a mad attempt to storm which Titokowaru lost an eye. From Sentry Hill the train turns south, running behind Mount Egmont, in a straight line to Hawera, almost along the track cut through the bush by General Chute in January 1866. There are many rising settlements along the line of railway, the most flourishing of which are perhaps Inglewood and Normanby, each with a population of about 400.

From the train, if the weather is fine, an excellent view may be had of Mount Egmont. Seen on a clear, sunny day, when the snows on its top are unobscured by mists or cloud, the appearance of this mountain is most majestic; but, if you would see it at its best, it must be when the clouds are driving about its summit, not in massive shrouds, but in long sun-lit flakes and wreaths, now creeping down the mountain buttresses into the dark ravines that seam its face, now moving like a gauze curtain across the side, or floating away from the shoulder of the mountain to be dissipated into invisible vapour in the blue sky. Occasionally the very apex of the mountain is seen to emerge from the massive sea of cloud that floats upon its sides; and this appearance of the crest towering above the clouds gives one a sense of enormous height. As the sun rounds towards the west, and the cone looms up black against the brightness of the sky, the violence of contrast between the light, where the sun shoots back from a sloping buttress of snow, and the shade where the sunless ravines are almost already in the darkness of twilight, is very impressive. Anyone fond of mountain climbing will find Mount Egmont quite practicable. But a spell of fine

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weather must be chosen for the climb, and a reliable guide must be obtained to point out the track.

At Normanby, if you choose to stay a day or two, you may see several places of great interest in connection with the Taranaki War. At Turu-Turu-Mokai, about half-way between Normanby and Hawera, a terrible attack was made on a garrison of 25 men occupying the redoubt, Captain George Ross and nine of his men being killed, and most of the others wounded. About seven miles north of Normanby, across the Waingongoro river, is Te Ngutu-o-te Manu, which will always have sad associations for colonists, from the disastrous fate of the expedition sent to attack it in 1868, when Von Tempsky and many other brave men fell in the bush in an attempt to carry the pah by storm A grassy clearing, surrounded by dense bush, marks the position of the pah, but the only relics left of this disastrous engagement are the charred trunks of the gigantic ratas from which the Maoris poured such a deadly fusilade upon Von Tempsky and his rangers.

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# CHAPTER XXVIII.

## WELLINGTON.

The Capital of New Zealand and Seat of Government.

Population, including suburbs, 20,563.

PRINCIPAL HOTELS.—Occidental, Empire, Albert.

CLUBS.—Wellington (resident), Central (non-resident). Admission to both granted on member's introduction.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.—Houses of Parliament, Government House, Government Buildings, Post and Telegraph Offices, Supreme Court-house, New Hospital, Colonial Museum (in which is a perfect specimen of a Maori house), Athenæum (reading-room open to strangers).

PLACE OF AMUSEMENT.—Theatre Royal.

CONVEYANCES.—Steam and horse tram-cars run along the main routes at frequent intervals to Newton (fare 3d.), and cabs ply in the principal thoroughfares (fare 6d.), while hackney carriages (2-horse) can be hired at 5s. per hour.

PLACES OF INTEREST.—A walk of less than a mile from the terminus of the tram-line brings one to *Island Bay*. By ascending Mount Victoria—Signal Station—or by walking along Wellington Terrace to the R. C. Cemetery, a fine view of the harbour and city is obtained. The *Botanical Gardens*, situated in the hills behind the city, deserve a visit. A visit should also be paid to *M'Nab's Gardens* at the Hutt (9 miles), an hour's pleasant drive from town, or by rail (fares—first class, 1s. 9d.; second class, 1s. 2d.; return, 2s. 3d. and 1s. 6d.). The gardens cover an area of eight acres, and are rich in the possession of horticultural rarities.

The railway which connects Wellington with the rich Wairarapa district is a triumph of engineering skill. Visitors should not fail to take a run on this line at least as far as Cross Creek, the station at the foot of the hill on the Wairarapa side. (43 miles. Fares—First class, single, 8s. 1d.; second class, 5s. 5d.; return, Saturday

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and Sunday, 10s. 9d. and 7s. 2d.) During the journey the traveller passes through scenery of the most varied and picturesque description.

WELLINGTON TO NAPIER.—Coach leaves the booking-office, Lambton Quay, at 4.30 a.m., for Foxton, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; leave Foxton 4.25 p m. train to Palmerston, remain night, thence following morning at 5.30 a.m. by coach to Makatuku (distance 49 miles) and thence by 2 p.m. train, arriving at Napier 6.30 p.m. Fares (including train)—First class, £4 1s.; second class, £3 12s. 8d.

Also by 7.20 a.m. train from Wellington, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, to Masterton; from Masterton by coach at 1.20 p.m. for Eketahuna (distance 30 miles), remain night; leave Eketahuna following morning at 4.30 a.m. for Makatuku; thence by 2 p.m. train, and arrive at Napier at 6.30 p.m. Fares (including train) —First class, £3 17s. 9d.; second class, £3 6s.

Also by the U.S.S. Co.'s steamers (203 miles), which make the passage in about 18 hours, landing passengers at the Spit, whence cabs ply frequently to the town, a distance of two miles (fare, 1s.).

For return journey, see Napier.

The train from New Plymouth and Wanganui reaches Foxton at 9.55 p.m., and the coach for Wellington sets out from the latter place about 4.45 next morning. The coach makes its way through loose sand from Foxton down towards the mouth of the Manawatu (which is crossed in a punt) till it reaches the firm beach, along which it proceeds for about 38 miles to Paikakariki. The hard clean sand which the horses' feet hardly indent, and which sends up no unpleasant dust, the fresh saline breeze blowing from the sea, which sometimes washes in about the wheels of the coach, the sight of the well-wooded Tararua ranges away to the left, behind the sea-board plain, all go to make this part of the journey particularly delightful. This part of the country is interesting, too, as that over which the victorious Rauparaha passed in his march of conquest from Kawhia to Cook Strait; and the island of Kapiti, the goal of his

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longings, lies before you throughout the whole journey, till it is left behind on entering the hills abreast of Paikakariki. The route crosses in succession the Horowhenua, Ohau, Otaki, and Waikanae rivers. At the village of Otaki, where there was for many years a mission station, may be seen a marble bust of Rauparaha, set up in the public square of the township, near a wooden obelisk of a mysterious character erected by the Maoris. An excellent lunch is provided at the Paikakariki Hotel, which is reached about 2 p.m.

The ascent of the hill above Paikakariki is undoubtedly the finest part of the journey from Foxton to Wellington. By a zig-zag, the coach reaches a height of something like 1000 feet above sea level, from which the Pacific is seen stretching away below, following the line of sandy beach in a sort of a double curve towards the north, and extending southwards into Cook Strait, till it washes amongst the peninsulas and promontories of the Middle Island: whilst the oblong Kapiti and the tabular island of Mana lie mapped out on the water with peculiar distinctness. No long time, however, is allowed to look at this beautiful sight; for the coach crosses the hill and descends to the Porirua Harbour, passing, on the way, Horokiwi, where a desperate engagement took place in 1846, when a detachment of the 99th Regiment and a contingent of blue-jackets attempted to storm a strong pah held by Rangihaeta. Porirua is associated with the history of early mission enterprise, as well as with the later history of Rauparaha—this being the place where that warrior was "kidnapped" by Sir George Grey and carried on board the "Calliope." The road skirts the edge of the harbour, which is eight miles in length, and, after leaving the water's edge, ascends through a fine valley to Johnsonville, whence it descends by the

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Ngahauranga Gorge to Wellington, the last three miles of the road being along the Wellington Harbour.

There are various reasons why the City of Wellington should have a special interest for the visitor to New Zealand. It possesses considerable natural beauty. It has a magnificent harbour from which is exported the varied and valuable produce of the province of which this is the chief city; and finally it is the seat of government and the capital of the Colony. The Province of Wellington, covering on area of something like 7,200,000 acres, stretches from Port Nicholson north almost to Lake Taupo, a distance of about 150 miles. From Pencarrow Head, on the right as you enter the harbour, the well wooded and not very lofty Tararua Range runs north through the province like a backbone, dividing it into two great plains—on the west, the long, littoral plain that follows the shore of the South Taranaki Bight to Patea; on the east the remarkable Wairarapa Plain, which is again hedged in on the eastward by broken ranges, of which the most distinct is the Puketoi Range. The continuity of the Tararua Range is broken by the Manawatu River, which flows through it to the West Coast. But beyond the gorge the range is continued under the name of the Ruahine, and forms the boundary between the Provinces of Wellington and Hawke's Bay.

It is to be expected that the city which is the outlet for a large province abounding in rich pasture and in almost every kind of valuable native timber, should take a foremost place amongst New Zealand cities. Wellington has, besides, the honour of seniority amongst her sister cities. It was in the year 1839, before New Zealand had yet become an independent Colony, that the "Tory," commanded by Captain Chaffers, cast anchor in Port Nicholson. This was a preliminary expedition sent out by the New Zealand

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Company; and in the following year, January 22nd, the "Aurora" reached Port Nicholson with the first party of settlers. Under the new Constitution Act, the first Superintendent of the Province of Wellington was elected in 1853; and in 1865 the seat of government was shifted to Wellington, and this city became the capital of the Colony.

Undoubtedly that of which the citizens of Wellington are most proud is their harbour; and indeed it is something of which to be proud. Entered by a narrow entrance, where a few jagged reefs show their teeth, leaving a deep and safe channel in the middle, the harbour opens up into a magnificent sheet of water, some 19,000 acres in extent, where the largest ships can ride in perfect safety, and advance to load or unload at the very streets of the town. Anyone who walks along the curved line of Lambton Quay—the chief business thoroughfare of Wellington—will hardly require to be told that he is walking on what was once the strand. Since the time when this was the coast line, however, the burghers of Wellington have driven back the sea, and so have obtained that of which they stood much in need, a considerable extent of level land to form the business part of the city; and still further reclamations between the Queen's Wharf and Te Aro are in contemplation.

In order to get a good view of the whole city, one cannot do better than ascend the hill behind it. By walking along Wellington Terrace, which leads by a very gradual ascent to the hill on which lies the Roman Catholic Cemetery, it is possible to command an excellent view of the Te Aro flat—the most populous part of Wellington—stretching away to the south and evidently fast extending its limits. In this part of the city are the Asylum, Hospital, College, Armed Constabulary Barracks, and the Sussex Square Recreation Ground. Beyond Te Aro the Signal

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Station on Mount Victoria is a prominent object; and on the further side of the mount lies Evans' Bay, with its pretty township of Kilbirnie, which may be reached by a pleasant drive round by Oriental Bay and past the Patent Slip. Looking down in another direction, north from the Cemetery, you get a view of Thorndon and the Botanical Gardens. In Thorndon are many fine wooden buildings, amongst others Government House, the Parliament Buildings, and the Roman Catholic Cathedral. Behind the Cathedral is the Museum, and on the southern side of Lambton Quay are the Government Offices—said to be the largest wooden building in the world. An inspection of the excellent library in the Parliament Buildings will delight the lover of books; and the Maori House in the Museum is one of the sights of the Colony. This house, which is 43 feet 8 inches long, and 18 feet broad, was built by the Ngatikaipoho, a tribe resident on the shores of the Bay of Plenty, and famous for their skill in carving. Along the sides and ends are slabs of Totara elaborately carved in the most approved Maori style, while the interspaces are filled with wooden panels, fluted in imitation of the toi-toi grass *(Arundo conspicua)* which usually lines the better class of Maori buildings. The house, besides being itself a perfect specimen of Maori art, contains a very large collection of Maori curios, every sort of weapon and household appliance being numerously represented.

The Botanical Gardens, which cover about a hundred acres of hilly ground behind the city, lie half-a-mile up the Tinakori road, about half-an-hour's easy walk from Lambton Quay. It is a well-kept garden and, from the nature of the ground, presents many varied features—trim beds, winding walks, smooth grass banks, and fine groups of specimen-trees. But the great feature of the gardens is the gully, where, in

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**PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, WELLINGTON.**

*From a Photograph by Burton Bros., Dunedin.*

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*... & Horton, Auckland.*

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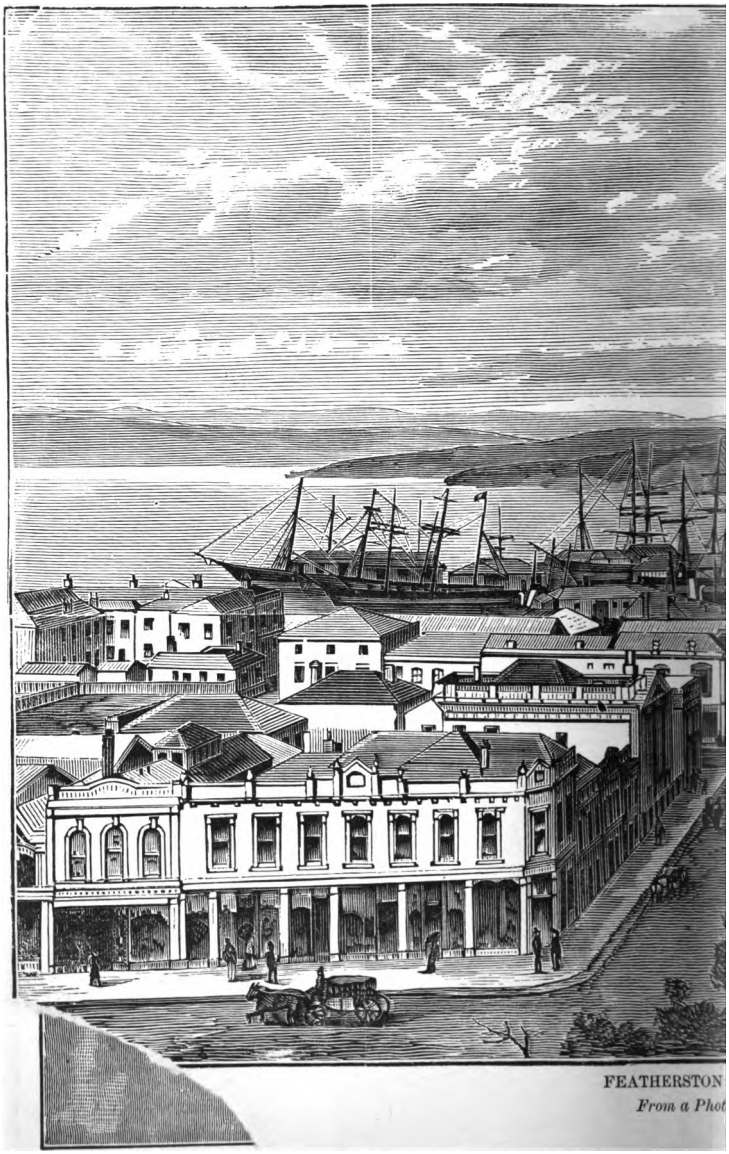

FEATHERSTON

*From a Phot*

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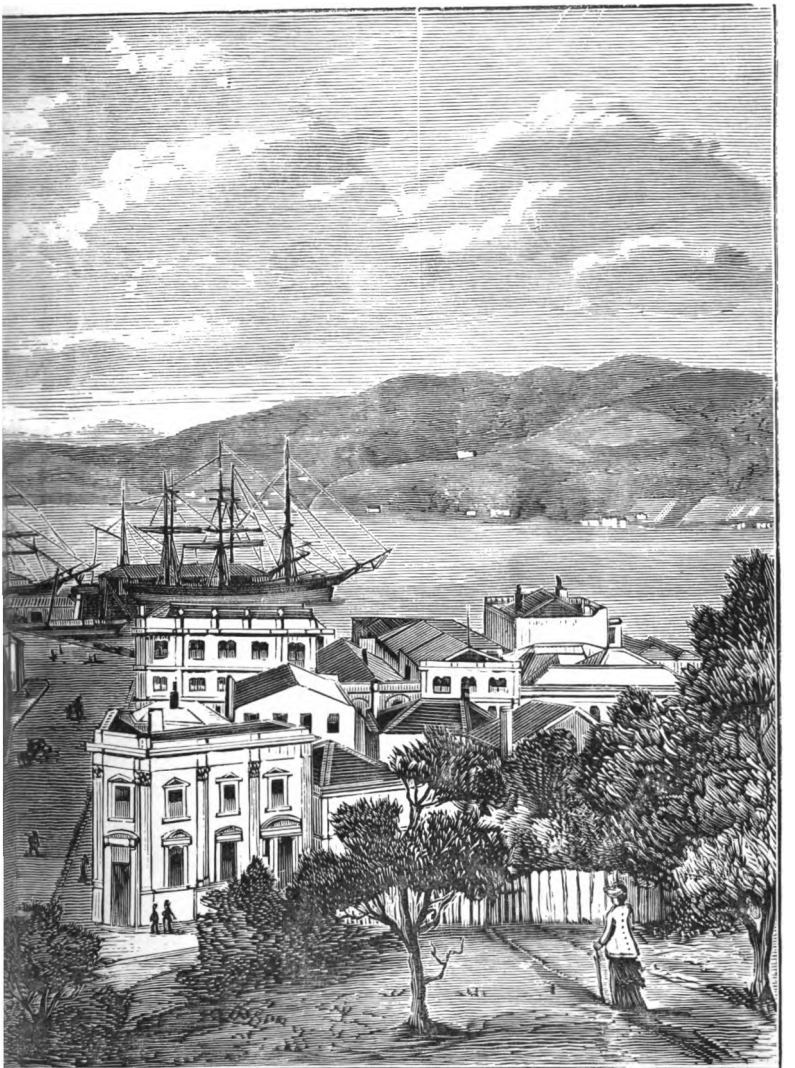

STREET, WELLINGTON.

*Engraved by Wilsons & Horton, Auckland.*

*Photograph by Jas. Bragge.*

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the dense shade of the natural bush, ferns and kindred plants flourish as they are rarely found to flourish in the neighbourhood of cities.

The great sight of Wellington is undoubtedly the harbour. Seen from Waterloo Quay in a bright calm day, when the water is smooth, and the gulls are floating in the air or dipping into the water, the secure peacefulness and capacious roominess of this harbour are very striking. Soames' Island—the quarantine station—lies in front about four miles from the city: away to the left lie Petone and the Lower Hutt; to the right is Mount Victoria, with pleasant villas clustering near its foot, upon the shore of the bay; and the distant ranges descend and lock the harbour in an amphitheatre of dimpled hills—baked and browned with sun and weather. Beautiful as this harbour is now, how much more beautiful must it have been when those hills were feathered with foliage to the water's edge!

No one thinks of leaving Wellington without seeing the Hutt—the pleasant village that lies where the Hutt river enters the bay. Here is the Wellington racecourse: and here, too, are McNab's Gardens, one of the lions of Wellington. The visitor, going from Wellington to the Hutt, may either drive along the pleasant road which skirts the western side of the bay, or he may go by rail. Half-a-mile from the Hutt Station, by a pretty road bordered with trees and gardens, will bring him to McNab's Gardens, where, on payment of a shilling, he may spend a few hours on pleasant lawns and amongst beds of beautiful and fragrant flowers. On entering the gate, an avenue, some seventy yards long, bordered with handsome tree-ferns, leads up to the house, a quaint gabled building, smothered in Cloth of Gold roses. In front of the house is a smooth-cropped lawn, dotted over with some of the finest specimen

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conifers in the Colony. A labyrinth of walks conducts one through the flower garden, and nothing could better illustrate the accommodating geniality of the New Zealand climate than the magnificent collection of plants that Mr. McNab has gathered round him from every latitude and longitude. In addition to excellent specimens of native trees and shrubs, there are fine single specimens of cedar, abies, pine, and picea, some of them very rare in this Colony: orange, lemon, and loquat trees: araucarias and palm trees. The long coralline racemes of the erythrina, and the lacy sprays of the jacaranda, grow side by side with the old-fashioned sweet-smelling favourites of British gardens—stocks and mignonette, roses and lilies. Pic-nic parties wishing to spend the day amidst the leafy beauties of the Hutt, will find Mr. McNab a most attentive and courteous host. They may make sure of abundant fruit in season, of excellent cream and fresh butter, and of cut flowers to their hearts' desire.

If the visitor's time at Wellington admits of it, let him by all means take a trip up the Wairarapa Valley. Not only will he thus extend his knowledge of the Colony by the sight of one of its most famous valleys, but he will see in the railway over the Rimutaka, a piece of engineering well worthy his inspection, and some forest scenery of unsurpassed grandeur.

A day will do for the trip. Leaving Wellington by the 7.20 a.m. train, you reach Masterton at 12.10 p.m. After dining at Masterton you leave by the 2.5 p.m. train, reaching Wellington again at 6.55 p.m. On leaving the Hutt village the train, after passing along a rich alluvial valley, reaches Silver-Stream where the valley expands and runs away on either side to the foot of a well-wooded range. Passing further up the flat, through birch woods and stump-

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numbered 44,097, being 24,368 males, and 19,729 females; and the Chinese, 5,033, of whom 16 were females. At the 30th June, 1884, the population of the Colony was estimated at 552,507 persons, exclusive of Maoris and Chinese.

VITAL STATISTICS.

A recent return gives the following:—

Birth-rate, 37·95 per 1000 of the population.
Marriage-rate, 13·28 ,, ,, ,, ,,
Death-rate, 23·8 ,, ,, ,, ,,

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.

Customs Revenue Returns for the year ended 31st March, 1884:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Total value of Imports into New Zealand ... ... | £7,477,287 |
| Total value of Exports ... .. ... ... ... | 6,863,583 |
| Total amount of Duty ... ... ... ... ... | 1,548,304 |

GOLD EXPORTED.

Return of gold exported from 1st April, 1857, to 31st December, 1883:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Total quantity for New Zealand ... | 10,322,333 ozs. |
| Of the value of ... ... ... ... | £40,457,495 |

WOOL SHIPMENTS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Total quantity of wool exported from New Zealand for the season 1883-84 ... ... ... | 77,174,676 lbs. |
| Of the value of ... ... ... ... ... ... | £3,136,699 |

EXPORT OF FROZEN MEAT.

Return showing the total number of sheep exported from New Zealand since commencement in February, 1882, to 31st August, 1884.

Shipped from the following Provincial Districts:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Auckland ... ... ... .. ... ... | 7,549 |
| Hawke's Bay ... ... ... ... ... | 32,970 |
| Marlborough ... ... ... ... ... | 10,132 |
| Wellington ... ... ... .. ... | 91,267 |
| Canterbury ... ... ... ... ... | 130,412 |
| Otago ... ... ... ... ... .. | 136,892 |
| | 409,222 |

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### AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS.

Average yield per acre in New Zealand, 1884, wheat 26⅛ bushels
" " " oats 35 "
" " " barley 30 "
" " " potatoes 5¼ tons

### ESTIMATE OF SHEEP IN NEW ZEALAND, 1884.

Estimated number of sheep in Colony on 31st May, 1884, 13,980,000.

### PROPERTY TAX RETURNS

For the year ending 31st December, 1883.

| | |
|---|---|
| Assessment capital value of real property under the Property Assessment Act ... ... .. ... ... | |
| Real Estate ... ... ... ... ... ... .. | £101,000,000 |
| Personal Property ... ... ... ... ... ... | 64,000,000 |
| | £165,000,000 |
| Mortgages (Foreign Capital) .. .. ... ... | 15,018,904 |
| Do (Colonial) ... ... ... ... ... | 14,997,557 |
| | £30,016,461 |

Exclusive of railways, telegraphs, and other public works.

### FREEHOLD ESTATE.

30,684 persons and 80 companies own 18,511,350 acres freehold land outside boroughs and townships, of the value of £53,350,812.

Of these, two companies hold areas over 150,000 acres, two over 100,000, one over 75,000, and three over 50,000. The total number of freeholders in the Colony is 71,240, of whom 30,764 own 5 acres and upwards of country land.

### THE NATIONAL DEBT OF NEW ZEALAND.

| | |
|---|---|
| Gross Public Debt, 31st March, 1884 ... ... ... | £32,367,711 |
| Less Sinking Fund Accrued... ... ... ... ... | 2,792,808 |
| | £29,574,903 |
| Cash balance in hand 31st March, 1884 ... ... ... | 877,912 |
| remaining to be expended out of the Five Million Loan | |

Deducting cost of construction of railways, £11,251,633, from the total indebtedness of £29,574,903, leaves £18,323,270, as the National Debt of the Colony at the present time apart from railways.

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Amount of Public Debt per head, less Sinking Fund accrued, £53 19s. 9d.

MINERAL SPRINGS.

The following are the analyses of five types of the mineral waters in the Hot Lake and Waiwera Districts :—

TE TARATA (White Terrace).

| | Grains per gallon. |
|---|---|
| Silicate of Soda ... ... ... ... | 68·48 |
| Mono Silicate Lime ... ... ... | 1·62 |
| ,, Magnesia ... ... ... | ·53 |
| ,, Iron ... ... ... ... | ·51 |
| Sulphate of Soda ... .. ... ... | 7 84 |
| Chloride of Potassium ... ... ... | 2·57 |
| ,, Sodium... ... ... ... | 62·61 |
| Phosphate of Alumina ... ... ... | traces |
| Lithium ... ... ... ... | traces |
| | 144·16 |

Temperature, 210°

OTUKAPUARANGI (Pink Terrace).

| | Grains per gallon. |
|---|---|
| Silicate Lime ... ... ... ... | 1·91 |
| ,, Magnesia ... ... ... ... | 1·16 |
| Chloride Potassium ... ... ... ... | 1·05 |
| ,, Sodium ... ... ... ... | 93·55 |
| Sulphate Lime ... ... ... ... | 10·96 |
| Alumina as a phosphate ... ... ... | ·54 |
| Silica, free ... .. ... ... | 43·95 |
| Iron Oxides ... ... ... ... | traces |
| Temperature, 204° to 208° ... ... ... | 153·12 |

TE PUPUNITANGA (The Priest's Bath).

| | |
|---|---|
| Sulphate of Soda ... ... ... ... | 19·24 |
| ,, Potash ... ... ... ... | traces |
| ,, Lime ... ... ... ... | 7·41 |
| ,, Magnesia ... ... ... | 3·03 |
| ,, Alumina ... ... ... | 21·67 |
| ,, Iron ... ... ... ... | 1·24 |
| Sulphuric Acid ... ... ... ... | 22·12 |

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| | |
|---|---|
| | 74·71 |
| Hydrochloric Acid ... ... ... ... | 3·65 |
| Silica ... ... ... ... | 18 41 |
| | 96·77 |
| Sulphuretted Hydrogen ... ... ... | 2·98 |
| Carbonic-acid Gas ... ... ... | 2·16 |

Temperature, 94° to 110°

WHANGAPIPIRO (" Madame Rachel's Bath ").

| | Grains per gallon. |
|---|---|
| Chloride of Sodium ... ... ... ... | 69·43 |
| „ Potassium ... ... ... | 3·41 |
| „ Lithium ... ... ... | traces. |
| Sulphate of Soda ... .. ... ... | 11·80 |
| Silicate of Soda ... ... ... ... | 18·21 |
| „ Lime ... ... . ... | 4·24 |
| „ Magnesia ... ... ... | 1·09 |
| Iron and Alumina Oxides ... ... ... | 2·41 |
| Silica ... ... ... ... ... | 5·87 |
| | 116·46 |
| Carbonic-acid Gas ... ... ... | 3·79 |

Temperature, 170° to 210°

WAIWERA.

| | Grains per gallon. |
|---|---|
| Chloride of Sodium ... ... ... ... | 116·715 |
| „ Potassium ... ... ... | ·091 |
| „ Lithium... ... ... ... | traces. |
| Iodide of Magnesium ... ... ... | traces. |
| Sulphate of Soda ... ... ... ... | ·383 |
| Bicarbonate of Soda .. ... ... | 87·513 |
| „ Lime ... ... ... | 10·692 |
| „ Magnesia ... ... ... | ·954 |
| „ Iron ... ... ... ... | ·683 |
| Alumina ... ... ... ... ... | traces. |
| Silica ... ... ... ... ... | 2·464 |
| | 219·495 |

Temperature, 110°

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# Government Life Insurance Department.

**The Government Insurance Department is the only New Zealand Life Insurance Office.**

No business is transacted out of the Colony: the full benefit of the low rate of mortality in New Zealand being thus secured, the extra risks of inferior climates are avoided, and the entire funds of the Department retained in the Colony for investment.

**Government Security for the Payment of every Policy.**

The all-important consideration for insurers is the security for payment of the sum assured. Policy-holders in this Department obtain THE SECURITY OF THE COLONY, in addition to that of a Mutual Insurance Office.

**Policy-holders are entitled by Law to the whole of the Profits**

The surplus Profits for the ten years ended 30th June, 1880, amounted to **£77,000**, of which **£56,000** was divided amongst policy-holders, with usual bonus options.

**Prospective or Intermediate Bonus**

Has the same object in view as an ANNUAL DIVISION OF PROFITS, WITHOUT THE COST of a yearly investigation.

**Moderate Premiums.**

This Department alone combines the advantages of MUTUAL ASSURANCE with MODERATE PREMIUMS and GOVERNMENT SECURITY. A policy for as much as **£1,200** to **£1,250** may be secured from the first in this office for the same yearly premium as would elsewhere purchase only **£1000**. In addition to this advantage, which is equivalent to an IMMEDIATE BONUS of **£200** or more, all surplus profits that may arise belong entirely to the Assured.

**Liberal Regulations.**

POLICY-HOLDERS have an absolute right to a surrender value DEFINED BY LAW, and not subject to the discretion of Directors.

POLICIES CANNOT BE FORFEITED FOR NON-PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS when entitled to a Surrender value, and unencumbered by a loan, for a period not less than *one-half their age at the date of non-payment*.

POLICY-HOLDERS CAN BORROW ON SECURITY OF THEIR POLICIES, at 6 per cent. interest, to the extent of 90 per cent. of the cash surrender value.

POLICY-HOLDERS MAY TRAVEL or reside in any part of the world without license or extra charge.

POLICY-HOLDERS may engage in any occupation without license or extra charge.

POLICIES AFTER FIVE YEARS' DURATION are, if age has been admitted, INDISPUTABLE AND UNCHALLENGEABLE, on any grounds whatever, except fraud or suicide of the insured within the first twelve months.

POLICIES ARE PROTECTED FROM BANKRUPTCY after two years to the extent of £200; after five years, to £500; after seven years, to £1,000; after ten years, to £2,000.

PROPOSERS NEED NOT PAY AN INCREASED PREMIUM, but may have in lieu of the loading an equivalent debt indorsed on policy, which will be satisfied should the assured attain the *average* duration of life.

PROOF OF AGE MADE EASY on application to the Head Office or any agent of the department.

For TOTAL ABSTAINERS there is a SPECIAL SECTION, in which PROFITS are ALLOCATED SEPARATELY.

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*Forms and full information at any Money Order Office in the Colony.*

D. M. LUCKIE, Manager.

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